



HEROES *of the* WILDS

CHELSEA
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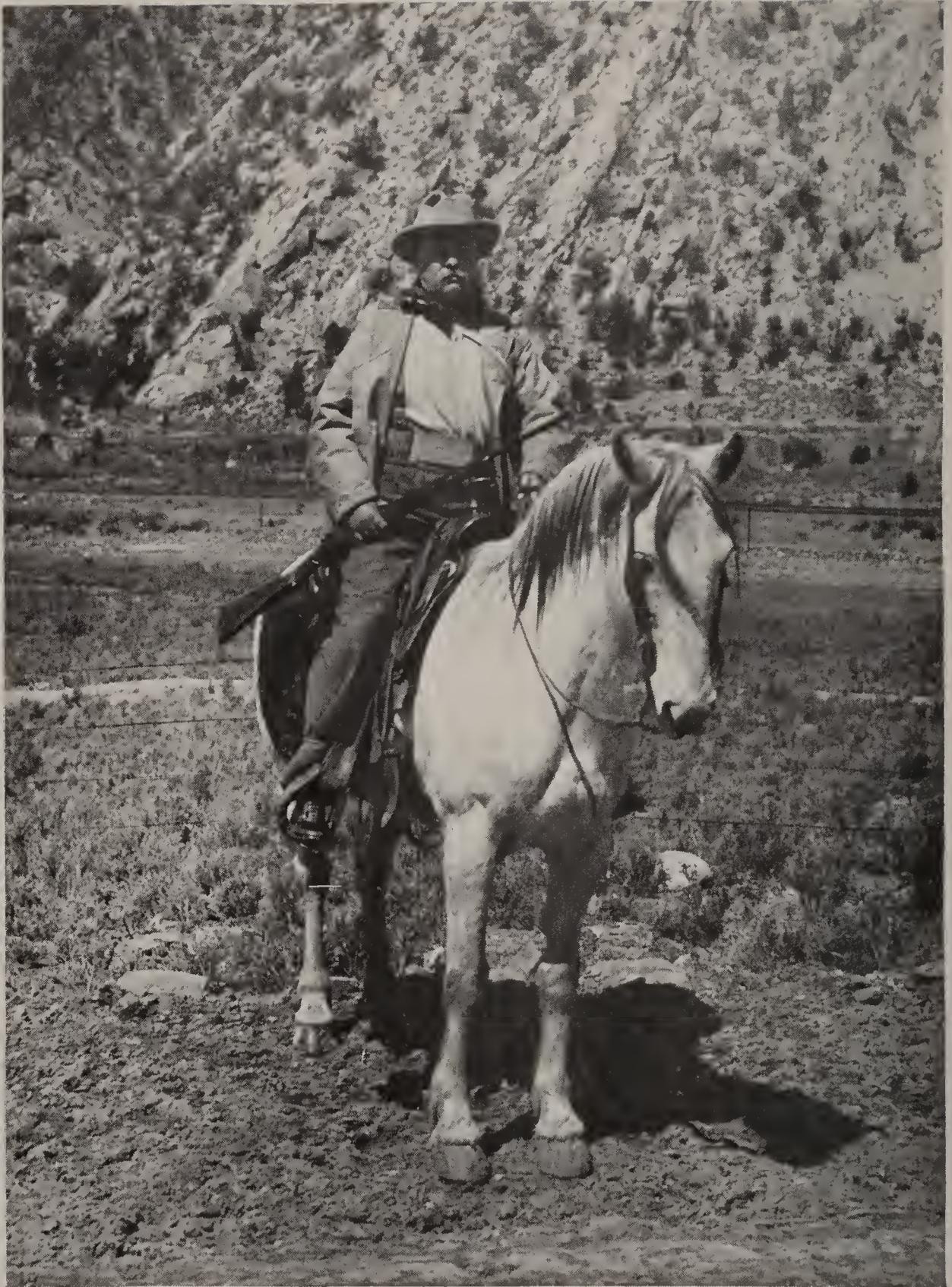


HEROES OF THE WILDS

BOOKS BY CHELSEA FRASER

**HEROES OF THE WILDS
AROUND THE WORLD IN TEN DAYS
SECRETS OF THE EARTH
WORK-A-DAY HEROES
BOYS' BOOK OF SEA FIGHTS
BOYS' BOOK OF BATTLES
THE YOUNG CITIZEN'S OWN BOOK**

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., NEW YORK



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON A WESTERN HUNTING TRIP

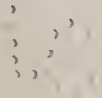
HEROES OF THE WILDS

BY

CHELSEA FRASER

Author of "Around the World in Ten Days,"
"Work-a-Day Heroes," etc.

ILLUSTRATED



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TO THE
RED-BLOODED MEN WHO
MENACED DAILY BY DANGER
EARN AN HONEST LIVING
UNDER THE WIDE ROOF OF THE SKY

PREFACE

IN a preceding volume, entitled "Work-a-Day Heroes," I told of the lives and work of that sturdy class of toilers whose duties bring them in daily contact with peril within the circle of civilization. In this book I attempt to make you acquainted with just as sterling a class of humble workers, but men leading far lonelier lives and even more rugged ones—the stout-hearted, rough-shod, unwhimpering, oak-sinewed, magnificent "Heroes of the Wilds." To the courage, alertness, and fortitude of these splendid outposts of toiling humanity, we of the populous town and city owe much.

To the fearlessness and painstaking effort of the explorer we owe a debt too great to be paid with the baubles of trade. We must thank him for the very ground we tread and live upon; for the dirt of the wheatfield which furnishes flour for our daily bread; for the wonderful knowledge of world geography which spreads out before us in maps and printed pages. Indeed, the chances are that the boundary line of our own State was won at the cost of an explorer's great hardship

and suffering—if not actually accompanied by death itself, as in the case of the tragic story of Leonidas Hubbard, narrated in this book.

To the perseverance and skill of the trapper—he who pits the intelligence of the higher order of life against the cunning of the lower order—we are likewise under obligations. To him we owe our ability to purchase agricultural products at a more reasonable price than otherwise, simply because he catches every year hundreds of predatory wild animals, thus saving many thousands of dollars' worth of crops and domestic stock to the farmer. The trapper also aids us in keeping warm in the winter-time, his steel traps and dead-falls contributing the beautiful, glossy furs in which we wrap ourselves against the chill blasts of King Frost. In Michigan alone, in 1922, trappers took more than three million dollars' worth of pelts.

To the photographer of wild life, and to the scientific hunter of big game, we should pay homage for much of our understanding of the ways of birds and animals, rare specimens of which we would never be able to identify except for the wonderful pictures men have taken, at the outlay of an astounding amount of patience, a rare ingenuity, and in many cases at the risk of their lives.

To the forest-ranger, that lonely sentinel tucked away in the deep solitude of an immense woodland, where catamounts and wolves howl by night, and where timber-thieves and withering fires give combat by day, we cannot assign too much credit. Crusoe'd from his own kind, working for pure love of the magnificent trees he stands guard over, that they may live to bear golden-hued boards in their maturity for a generation of needful people, this noble son of the wilds thinks more of his work than of his small salary from the Government.

So also the cowboy, the Texas-ranger, the surveyor and the lumberjack. Heroes all are they, to whom we owe many of our own comforts. The cowboy, flirting with death on his wiry little mustang or cow-pony, does his share in providing our table with beef and mutton, and our feet with shoes and boots, and our hands with gloves. The Texas-ranger protects our side of the frontier from guerilla raids, whisky-running, and lawlessness of many kinds. The surveyor, wonderful magician, lays plans for turning boglands and swamps into fertile farms; schemes out highways and dams and bridges and tunnels in the most hopeless places—and all under trials and hardships which no one but a surveyor can appreciate. The lumberjack, taking frightful risks

from injury, also has to face great peril every time his combination of skill and tools brings a forest giant crashing to his feet.

Thus treading virgin soil, penetrating untrammelled forests, facing thirst on desert wastes, vying with starvation and benumbing cold in bleak regions, fighting vitality-sapping fevers and tormenting insects in hot lands, threatened alike by wild animals and the onslaughts of nature's most violent storms, these men gain their livelihood under a constant, never-ceasing menace of injury or death.

To the majority of such gallant fellows as these, about whom you may read in the following pages, I am personally indebted for information modestly given. In weaving these strands together I have departed as little as possible from the narrator's style and vernacular, and in no case have the facts been modified or tampered with for the sake of literary or dramatic effect.

C. F.

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Heroes of the Wilds

I

THE LUMBERJACK

I GET you. Your idea is to learn all you can about the lumberjack and his work, ain't it? All right, then; this is the best way: Meet me the fore part of next week at the Evergreen Bough Hotel, in Vancouver City. Go with me to our camp at the head of Coola Inlet. See all you can. Hear all you can. Fire questions at me as hard and fast as you can. Try your own hand at logging if you want to. I'll be looking for you. Remember—the Evergreen Bough."

SO wrote Dave Crandell, master-faller for the Henry & Rust Lumber Company, with huge timber holdings in British Columbia. Dave was one of those big, husky, breezy, fearless-eyed sort of chaps who just couldn't have been raised anywhere except right next to a big, husky, breezy tree. You would know he had chummed with the deep forest the moment you set eyes on him. Since a boy only fourteen years old he had been around lumber-

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camps; and now he was thirty-two. Yes, Dave Crandell had worked at every branch of the business, from chore-boy and cook's-helper to driver and boss-logger. Not only that, but he had worked in a half-dozen sections of the United States and Canada—up in Maine, with ox-pulled sleighs; in Michigan and Wisconsin he had rafted down turbid, treacherous rivers; in Mississippi he had taken yellow-pine out of great swamps; in the State of Washington, he had wrestled with immense fir giants which it took powerful steam “donks” and straining locomotives to haul out of their environment. So, all in all, do you wonder that I appealed to Dave as a promising source of information when I set about getting material for this section of my book?

Well, the upshot of the matter was, I took Dave at his word; that is, I landed in the city of Vancouver “the fore part of next week.” I had not thought of really going into a big lumber-camp of the Northwest when I wrote him at first; but now here I was, right in the lumber-jack's metropolis, and I was beginning to feel that I had struck a most interesting little adventure.

As I walked down Cordova Street toward the Evergreen Bough, I noticed a gradual change in the business buildings and the stocks of goods they carried. Stately office-buildings and im-

posing stores had given place to squatty structures whose wares never in the world would have attracted the attention of a clerk, banker, or man of big business. These dingy little stores and shops, plentifully intermixed with noisy pool-rooms and saloons, proudly exhibited in their dusty windows such things as faller's axes; swamper's axes, single-bitted and double-bitted; logging chains, cant-hooks, peavies, jack-screws, pump-jacks, wedges, sledge-hammers, great seven-foot faller's saws with ugly-looking, shark-like teeth; and huge hand-augers for boring boomsticks. Hostetter invited me to pause and look at his logging boots, whose bristling spikes would surely stay in. Jones had scrawled a placard stating that his "wet-proof peccary hog-skin gloves" were guaranteed to save your hands from many a blister when working with wire ropes. Weeman, next door, had two pairs of dungaree trousers hanging outside, flapping and cracking in the wind like boilerplate, with a notice attached to the effect that "all buttons are riveted on, and you don't need needle and thread, Jack. Likewise these seams are copper-riveted, and we guarantee them not to bust open, Jack." Then there were oilskins, and blankets, and rough suits of frieze for winter wear, and gay-looking Mackinaw jackets; gloves, mittens, and ear-muffer caps galore.

Outside the shop windows, on the pavement in the street, I observed a change, too. Women had vanished, for the most part. Men were looking in the windows; men were drifting up and down the street, men lounged in groups along the curb. As I looked at them, I was impressed at once by the unusual proportion of big men—men who looked stalwart and powerful even in their town clothes, which they seemed to wear with an exceedingly poor grace, as if unused to such garments. Others were in rumpled, disreputable clothes which had been slept in; others, in old suits and sagging sweaters with greasy neckrolls which would have given a laundress a nightmare. Here and there one appeared in Weeman's copper-riveted dungarees, also in Hostetter's logging-boots, and Jones's "wet-proof peccary hog-skin gloves."

It was plain that I was among lumberjacks and loggers. They were passing time away as only lumberjacks can. They were telling stories in one knot, and arguing in the next; they were laughing so heartily you would think they would rip their ribs out. But mostly they were occupied in chewing and cussing—cussing while they laughed and joked; chewing while they listened—and both chewing and cussing while they argued and storied. And when they were neither

chewing or cussing, nor laughing or speaking, they were busy spitting. A little bunch of three were actually centering their attention on this latter occupation—putting up a silver dollar as a prize for the one who could spit farther than his companions. A bit farther along I encountered a variation in this pastime—saw four big raw-boned chaps in the exciting contest of determining which could spit in an empty sardine-can at a four-yard range.

They seemed to feel the day was passing slowly; that they must stop and wait here and there for it to catch up with them. Meal-times seemed so far apart that they needs must divide the long day into short periods, each man in his own way, at the expiration of which I would hear some one of them say, “Avadrink, boys”; and away most of that bunch would melt. Mind you, not always *all* of them; but always *most* of them—for the lumberjack as a general thing does like his “wet goods” when he can get it, and he surely can get it aplenty in the Canadian Northwest, where saloons do a thriving business in the “supply towns” frequented by Jack on a lay-off.

The farther I went down the street, the more shops gave way to saloons and restaurants; and here and there the blackboard of an employment

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agency stared me in the face in this wise:—

60 axemen wanted at Alberni.

7 rigging-slingers, \$5.

30 buckers, \$4.50.

45 swampers, \$4.00.

And around the board would be a group of the curious, commenting, rough-cast men of the woods themselves, some saying to “keep away from Alberni if you know when you’re well off, for Carson runs that camp; Carson the hardest man-driver in the Northwest,”—others speaking in Carson’s defense; others just listening.

As I passed the public rooms of hotels, through the grimy panes I could see woodsmen sitting there in old Windsor chairs; see them idly watching the passing throngs, chairs tipped back, heavy brogues on scarred window-frame, spittoons in close proximity on a sawdust-covered floor.

At length I came to the Evergreen Bough, a hotel of the better class. My friend Dave Crandell met me in the doorway, his big hand outstretched, a frank smile of welcome on his clean-cut features. Dave was not a drinker; never had been; never would be. He had seen enough of the poverty and misery sprees cost to last him two or three life-times. None of booze for him. He preferred to keep his head clear *all* the time.

That is why, I afterwards learned from his bosses, they paid him twice as much wages as any other master-faller in the business; why his services were in demand by practically all lumbering concerns along the Pacific cutting-line.

“What is the first thing a fellow does after he hits Vancouver from a season in the woods?” I asked Dave after supper that evening. “The average lumberjack, I mean, of course.”

“You might think he would get drunk first,” said Dave, with a smile, “but he doesn’t. He doesn’t think it respectable to get drunk in his woods clothes, with a bearlike beard covering his face till you can see only his cheekbones, eyes, mouth, and forehead, and months of grime on his skin. So he strips a few bills from his pay-roll, spits luxuriously, and makes a bee-line for various shops where he can get a hair-cut, a shave, and a bath. Then he’ll want a new hat, for sure. And his last town-suit, which he has carried around with him stuffed in the bottom of his canvas bag, will be so wrinkled that he’ll want another.

“The next thing will be to fix on a stopping-place. Some of the boys take a fifty-cent room in a lodging-house and feed in the restaurants. The great objection to that is the uncertainty of getting back home safely at night. All in all, a fellow can’t do better than to go to a good,

respectable hotel where he knows the proprietor and the bartenders, and where there are some decent men stopping. Then he knows he will be looked after when he is drunk; and, getting drunk, he will not be distressed by spasms of anxiety lest some one should go through his pockets and leave him dead broke. There are some shady characters in a town like Vancouver, fake woodsmen who hang around the hotels on purpose to rob. As a rule one lumberjack would never think of stealing from another or taking a mean advantage of him. They are mighty honest fellows, in spite of their rough looks and actions.

“Of course the first two days in town a man will usually get good-and-drunk—what we call ‘completely soused.’ That is, he won’t be able to take care of himself, and some of us fellows have to do it for him in order to keep the poor fool out of jail and prevent confidence men of the city from robbing him. The sober and semi-sober fellows either go out and loaf around town or hang around the stove in the hotel, and read the papers, and discuss the latest sporting news, and get hot-headed over the Japanese immigration problem, and tell yarns about loggers, and then get into a wordy war about Capital and Labor, and then tell some more yarns about loggers. The yarns always come in to cool off

the atmosphere the minute it begins to seethe from serious discussions."

"How long does this vacation of Jack's last?" I inquired.

"Till his pile gives out, or till the lumbering season opens up full blast again in September," said Dave Crandell. "But some of the boys can stand it quite a while. If you are 'acquainted' with Billy Barker, the proprietor,—that is to say, if you have blown in your earnings before at his place, and if he knows you are a good woodsman,—Billy will just reach down in his pocket and lend you fives and tens after your own money is all gone. In this way you can keep on the 'bust' a little longer, and can ease off gradually, keeping pace with Billy's growing disinclination to lend. But sooner or later you've got to face the fact that your spree is over; that the time has come to hunt up a new job.

"You make inquiries around the saloons. In the Logger's Delight somebody introduces you to Terrence O'Day. O'Day wants a rigging-slinger. Gee, that's just your niche! You tell him so. O'Day eyes the bleary wreck you are. Long practice at this sizing-up game tells him what sort of a man you are when you're in the woods and can't get near a smell of liquor. He stands the drinks; hires you at five—and that night you find yourself hilariously drunk, sing-

ing like a reg'lar fool in the *Cassiar's* saloon, while the little coast steamer wheezes you north to work."

I don't think my friend Dave really meant *me* at all when he spoke in this way. Be that as it may, only two days later, in the evening, we both stood on the deck of this same steamer *Cassiar*, watching the lights of Vancouver disappear in our wake—and both of us were very, very sober. Many, however, were not. They strolled and rolled about singing riotously, as Dave had said they would do, and a little later in the evening we encountered no end of them curled up on the deck, in almost every conceivable corner, "sleepin' 'er off."

If you take a large-scale map of British Columbia, you will notice how the 300-mile stretch of Vancouver Island, like a great breakwater, shuts off from the ocean a fine strip of sea, and how that sea is all littered with islands. You will see the outline of the mainland coast, from Vancouver north, a jagged outline all dented with inlets and sounds and arms—fiords they call them elsewhere in the world. Try to realize that the shores of these fiords are mostly mountain slopes; that slopes and narrow valleys and hilly islands—all the land everywhere—is covered with big forest to the very edge of tide-water; then you will have some idea of the sturdy

scenery I looked upon the following morning from the after-deck of the *Cassiar*.

There was green forest so extensive that it looked like a plumed, rank growth of moss upon the higher slopes—an emerald Brussels carpet of long nap and wonderful sheen and texture where the bright sun shone full upon it. And in nearer places were bristling dead poles of burnt timber, standing out black and naked against a cold background of gray rock; nearer still were magnificent firs towering up into the sky more than 150 feet, while here and there were immense fallen trunks with an amazing root display at their bases; and lodged giants leaned irresolutely and dependently on many a bower of stalwart support. Near the shore floated stray logs; the beach itself, here and there, held piles of the white, bleached vagrants which some enterprising beachcomber had rescued. And there were long stretches of coast along which little lanes seemed to have been cut in the water-side forest. Pointing to one of these, I asked the good-natured Dave what it was.

“That? Oh, that’s a ‘slash’ made by hand-loggers,” informed my friend. “There’s aplenty of ’em around these parts, as you’ll notice.”

“What are ‘hand-loggers’?”

“They are small logging crews—private enterprises not incorporated under the laws of

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the country as a company; and, owing to their lack of capital, they have scarcely any machinery outside of a 'donk,' or donkey-engine. Often there are no more than a couple of men in a hand-logger's outfit."

"How do they get these stands of timber to cut?"

"You know in British Columbia—that's where you are now—a man can go anywhere on unoccupied Crown lands, put in a corner-post, give a rough description of one square mile of forest measured from that post, and get from the Government exclusive right to the timber on that square mile. In return he pays a rent of \$140 a year. The section thus marked out is called a 'timber claim.' In good seasons, when lumber is high, these hand-loggers usually clear up a nice little pile of dough; that's why there's so many of 'em. Donks or jack-screws can be bought on credit from sawmill companies; supplies can be got on credit from hopeful storekeepers. No matter if the crew consists of a couple or a dozen men they are usually all stockholders in the enterprise, pulling hard together—and it counts as long as they keep sober and don't get to quarreling about who's *head* boss."

"Did you ever do any hand-logging in these parts, Dave?"

"I sure did. Might tell you about the time

Dick Phelps and me joined our slender savings and pushed up past Boughton Island, past camp after camp of hand-loggers, till we got by 'em all and came to our own recorded stand of timber. This timber was handy to the beach—big fine cedars of the virgin kind for the most part. When we 'cruised' for it months before, we had looked eagerly for a small bay where wind and waves could not blow in with any violence. At each good-looking tract of timber we always asked ourselves these questions: What would the west wind do in summer? How would the north wind strike in winter? Which way would the sou'-easter blow from off the mountains? They're the same questions all veteran hand-loggers ask themselves; if they don't they're liable to get in a peck of trouble—have to work under the worst kind of weather conditions, and probably have adverse winds break up their boomsticks and sweep away the thousands of valuable logs they have been weeks and months cutting and getting ready for rafting to the saw-mill.

“Our bay seemed secure from wind and sea. The hillside, too, arose from the water at the right sort of angle; neither too steep for men to climb, nor too flat for logs to slide down easily. Then we set to work to build our camp. We did not build the ordinary log-house because cedar

was so plentiful. We just took our two-man faller's saw, and cut a cedar log up into twelve and sixteen-foot lengths; then, with our axes and wedges, split the straight-grained wood into planks. These we used as sheeting, nailing them to our cabin framework of cedar poles. Then we put in a floor of rough-hewn slabs, and fixed up bunks, and made a table, and set our cookstove and pipe in position for the best draught.

“Outside the cabin we cleared a little more ground, and made a shed, underneath which we set our grindstone; and made a vise so that it would be easy to sharpen our big falling saws. We did a few more things, and pretty soon our camp was completed. Morning and evening gray smoke ascended from it, and marked its site against the mountain slope; and the sun, shining, sifted down through the spreading boughs of the mighty cedars where Dick and I toiled daily at our job of wrestling and throwing the monsters of bark, branches, and green needles that had been growing in this spot for countless years.

“First we felled some tall, slender fir trees in such a place that they would go sliding down into the sea after we had trimmed them of limbs and branches with our axes, and had cut them into logs sixty feet long. We bored holes

through the end of each of these logs, and chained them end to end like the links of a great wooden chain. This chain we stretched across the mouth of our little bay, and anchored it at both ends, so it would give us a safe harbor for the logs we meant to cut. Once placed inside, no log could wander off to sea, to make loss for us and profit for the watchful beachcombers. Our boom, in loggers' speech, was 'hung.' We were ready to start hand-logging in dead earnest.

"We made good money on that venture. The work was so interesting that Dick and I worked day in and day out, in wet and snow and shine. The first streaks of daylight would find us in our place of work for that day, perhaps a mile's row-boat journey from home. There we would grind away till dark. We would carry our sharp, awkward tools up through the mountain-side underbrush, slashing our way through to some likely giant of the forest. Then we'd kerf each side of the tree; kerf again just above; chop out the wood between the parallel kerfs; each of us would insert his springboard in the opening on his side; we'd mount to our plank, like two kids on a teeter-totter; then, Dick gripping his end of the long lance-tooth saw, and I gripping my end, we'd begin the job of sawing our way through the great elephant-like girth of woody

fiber. As we worked, our gently swaying springboards, sometimes a man's reach from the ground, beat time to our pushes and pulls and did a lot to relieve the muscular fatigue we otherwise would have suffered."

"What if your tree should, by natural inclination or force of wind, fall up the slope instead of down?" I asked.

"It wouldn't; a tree never goes in any direction except that in which the faller wants it to," said Dave laconically. "That is, it never does if he knows his business. Most of these cedars and firs stand fairly erect, and by careful calculation and proper method of cutting, the tree can be dropped in any spot desired. This is done as a rule by undercutting one side more than the other; if the tree inclines too much in the wrong way to permit this, or if the wind is blowing too hard from the wrong side, we still accomplish our ends by sawing our tree through close to the breaking point, then felling a favorably-situated neighboring tree into it from the side that will send our big fellow crashing to the place we have planned for it to lie. I have seen choppers as well as sawmen so skilful at the work, that they could drop a tree with sufficient accuracy to hit and drive a stake into the ground."

"Remarkable, Dave!" I exclaimed. "If any-

body but you had told me that I would not be inclined to believe it."

"Just the same it is true," said the woodsman, with warmth. "When we get to camp I will give you a chance to see it done. Big Vink can do it; Jess Spooner can do it; 'Checkers' Talbot can do it."

"Are they what you call 'fallers'?"

"Yes; a 'faller' is a man who cuts a tree down with a saw, as most cutting of big timber is done nowadays. You don't hear of 'choppers' out here in the Pacific Northwest; that is an Eastern term and applied more to old-time methods of felling trees. The saw cuts faster and with far less loss of loggage. It is a thrilling business to bring down these great trees, and we lumberjacks never get tired of the music made by the saw as it eats its way through, nor tired watching the big giants of the woods go down. As the last strand of sustaining fiber is severed, the immense top of the tree quivers; the lookout yells, 'Timber!' and the two men at the saw spring from their perch and dash out of harm's way. Even as they jump aside there comes a deep bowing of the branches and needles away up above, a straining squeak—then a splintering, cracking, popping that makes your heart leap fairly out of your body, throat, and all,—

reports sounding like a bunch of giant-fire-crackers going off at one time.

“You can’t forget it—the breaking of those last life-sinews of the king-stick of the forest. But that isn’t all the noise he makes. There’s such a roaring as he goes smashing his way down through myriads of limbs and branches of trees in his way that it sounds more like a wild tornado let loose in that particular spot than it does anything else I can think of. And the ground trembles under the stroke so you can feel it clear up your spine, safe to one side though you be. I know it to be a fact that the echo will often carry on a still morning as far as six and eight miles; I’ve heard it that far myself, up here in the clear air of the Western coast ranges.”

“The thunder of a big modern gun wouldn’t be heard much farther than that,” I remarked. “I should think a huge tree like this would make considerable of a dent in the ground when it strikes.”

“It sure would—and would get shaken up itself to such an extent that it might get shattered in the trunk and prove a big loss of good timber. But we provide against that either by dropping some no-account small trees as bed-pieces for the big chap, or by laying crowns we have chopped off other big ones we have felled.”



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"CHOPPING" IN THE OLD WAY

“But, Dave, in spite of all their skill and precautions some of these lumberjacks get caught by the falling trees, do they not?”

“It would be remarkable if they didn’t,” said the master-faller. “As the fallers run out of the danger zone at the first creak of the monster, no fellow knows that he won’t stumble before he has gone a yard; that some sudden twist of the wind won’t send the tree crashing in the wrong direction. I have seen more than one poor fellow crushed as flat as a pancake under big trunks that took a notion to follow after him; I have seen fallers get broken legs and arms and collar-bones and ribs when some wide-spreading limb reached farther out than they thought it would; again, I saw ‘Muffin’ Sullivan—lucky ‘Muffin’!—knocked clean down a slope and into the bay that way, without a scratch; and I have seen one man killed and another badly injured by a long kick-back of the bole when such a thing was not looked for by these two green hands who thought they knew it all when we told them to get out from behind. Yes, it’s dangerous business; the reports in the newspapers prove that; but you’ll find before you get back to town that there’s lots of other jobs in lumbering and logging that are just as risky as felling the trees.”

All this time the *Cassiar* was steadily puffing her way upcoast, and Dave and I had not been

too interested in our conversation to keep our eyes and ears open. Every now and then we would see the distant roof of a logging-camp shining yellow through the trees, and hear the whistle of a donkey-engine from where white spheroids of steam would blot out patches of the forest green beyond. Then the steamer would toot in glad response; would slow down and wait for the camp *bateau* or rowboat to come out and meet us. Then the loggers would tie up to the *Cassiar's* side for a few hurried minutes, while meat and supplies, and a packet of mail, were thrown aboard the smaller craft. We passengers would all lean over the deck-rail and laugh down at little breakages that would occur, poking fun at the outcasts, while they shot back good-natured raillery at us and wanted to know the latest news from Vancouver.

Indeed, the *Cassiar's* lower deck was a veritable department-store of miscellaneous merchandise used by logging crews. There were rows and rows of huge quarters of beef, piles of heavy boomchains and coils of wire-cable; and groceries galore, in boxes, casks, and sacks. There were new rowboats fresh from the builders in Vancouver, and old rowboats and *bateaux* belonging to passengers who were going timber-cruising farther north. The lower deck, in fact, was just a cargo-room, with a space partitioned

off to hold the liquor and the bar-tender. Aft of the cargo-room were the oily-smelling engines, and the little galley where Chinamen and Japanese cooked and washed dishes and peeled potatoes. There, too, was the "skookum-box"—the steamer's jail or lock-up. Into it the burly first-mate of the *Cassiar* was wont to hustle "drunks" who proved too noisy or obstreperous. In every case they went most unwillingly, but the officer had a most convincing collar-and-trousers'-seat-grip which all of us sober fellows much admired.

At eleven o'clock, in the pitchy darkness of that Friday night, the *Cassiar* drew near to Hanson Island, and made the hilly shores of the narrow channel echo and reëcho with her siren. We passed a dark headland and saw the lights of the hotel before us.

Lanterns flickered about along the beach, and rowboats were dispatched to the large raft which serves the place as a wharf. Here our vessel met them, and a lot of our camp freight was transferred, some going to the shore boats and much more going into the warehouse which was erected upon the raft.

"We leave the *Cassiar* here," informed Dave. "In the morning we will take my company's little steamer, the *Spitfire*, direct to Port Brown-
ing and the camp on Coola Inlet."

So, shouldering our "turkeys"—which is the lumberjack's term for the canvas bag holding all his woods belongings—Dave and I accompanied many other passengers off the steamer, letting ourselves gingerly down upon an assortment of boxes and packages which were piled upon the raft in rank confusion. You see, in order to enjoy my adventure to the utmost and not attract too much attention from the other woodsmen, I had, like Dave, attired myself in the rough garb of the profession, and carried an outfit of conventional personal supplies.

All was black shadow on the raft, and dim forms and feeble lantern gleams. I held Dave's coattail so I would not lose him.

Then we got into one of the shore boats. In a few minutes it was a solid mass of men and bundles. The oarsman, being unable to reach his quarters, suffered one of the *Cassiar's* late passengers to try his hand at pulling us ashore. This fellow, who had asserted himself noisily for the task, settled down to business, while I began to have vague misgivings, which became more and more pronounced, as Jim wallowed us farther and farther away from the raft.

Jim was dreadfully drunk, but not too drunk to know his object. He held sternly to a design to row the boat and its load ashore, aiming to

where the hotel lights shone bright above the beach.

We moved like a snail through utter darkness. As he sweat and toiled at the oars, Jim was the target for much good advice from all his nearest friends; and Jim didn't like it a bit, and proceeded to cuss till everybody got to laughing, and then he went it a perfect blue-streak. Heavens! I never heard such expertness in this line. If those lurid explosions had been directed immediately in our wake, I verily believe they would have had force enough to have shot us ashore in no time.

But Jim's lingo was as nothing compared to what it was a few minutes later, when he drove the nose of the boat against a floating log. Working around this, after paying it his best compliments, our oarsman managed to get us into a perfect tangle of other logs. The more he struggled, the tighter we got hemmed in. Logs seemed to be everywhere. Jim, with a ripping flow of language which did not help matters in the least, tried to row over the obstacles. Then he tried to push the whole mass along in front of him. Then he said the blank-blank-blank-blank-blank things could be *walked-on*, anyhow, and that we were to follow his lead and walk across them to shore.

Now, it so happened that not one of us thought this a good plan. Though most all those loggers would have relished the idea with spiked boots in the daytime, nobody cared about tackling it at night, when the slippery logs could not even be seen. So Jim faced an overwhelming chorus of dissension—a dissension which finally developed into the mild mutiny of every mother's son of us, including Jim himself, jumping thigh-deep into the water and hauling the boat and its merchandise ashore.

We found solace in the public-room of the hotel. Noise was my first impression—noise of shuffling feet, the stamp of applauding men, loud talk, heavy guffaws, whoops, and somebody bawling, "Care don't live round here, boys! Yah-hurru! Yah-hurru! Line up an' avadrink on me!"

I saw that the room was crowded. A red-hot stove—which we promptly circled around—stood in one corner. A card game was going on at a small table, and men stood around, three-deep, to watch the play. Large sums were in the pool. There was a steady coming and going of other fellows between the bar-room and the public-room, and men loafed about the rooms and passages, and talked, or argued or scuffled playfully. The cloggers rolled clumsily though merrily to the tunes of a fiddle played by an old

man who swayed with shut eyes, rapt in his discordant scraping.

The truth is, the hotel was doing "good business" that night. The whirlpool of excitement was a-booming and a-boiling, sucking down men's hard-earned wages and with it their health; the boys were "on the tear," and the place resounded with their last revelry before they would go into camp, where perforce they must conduct themselves more decorously. Those who had fallen from exhaustion lay splayed out upon the floor in drunken sleep, and we had to pick our way about rather carefully to avoid stepping on them; those who were sick from over-indulgence lay outside in the night. Could a young boy have seen that sight, I am sure he never would want to touch a drop of liquor during his own life-time.

That night we slept in a great loft of the loggers' hotel, in plain little beds among many—beds which we were assured by the proprietor were "nice and clean and bug-proof," because he made a practice of "dopin' every plaguey crack an' crevice with kerosene twict every week." The hardened Dave slept blissfully all through the night, despite stertorous breathing from adjacent beds; but I simply could not, for I was unused to such surroundings; so toward morning, after receiving sundry visitations from cer-

tain minute enemies concealed about the "nice and clean" bed, I took my blanket from my turkey and rolled up in it on the floor

In the morning we all met at the long table in the plain dining-room of the hotel and had our breakfasts for fifty cents apiece, getting a really wholesome, substantial meal, such as all woodsmen hanker for and need. Nobody stinted himself the least bit; most of the men, I noticed, filled their plates at least twice with fried potatoes, gravy, and ham. Now that they were all more or less sober, I enjoyed studying them. Though most were commonplace by birth and associations, the average of character seemed high, as averages go; and I saw that there were some fine, virile-looking fellows amid the crowd. They were all firm of flesh, resolute in action,—even to spearing food,—and there was scarcely a face or a pair of hands which were not deeply weather-stained, some of them scarred from hurts of a by-gone time, some exhibiting marks of recent brawls when in the cups. And if whiskey were their bane, better this to my mind, with all their native generosity and honesty and bravery, than that they should secretly and lawlessly partake of it in city cellars, like many a scheming business man of the States.

Directly after breakfast Dave and I went aboard the *Spitfire*, the sturdy little steamer of

the Henry & Rust Lumber Company. After a wait of an hour, during which time many other lumberjacks came aboard, and a miscellaneous assortment of camp supplies was stored away on deck, we puffed up the narrow channel toward Port Browning. On the way an immense raft of fir logs pulled by a comparatively insignificant tug-boat, passed by us. The little tug was grunting like a pig stuck in the mud and trying to get out, and the great log raft, with conical ends to offer as little resistance as possible, hung back so stubbornly that the huge towline was stretched as taut as if it were an iron rod incapable of bending. How slowly it moved! It was like watching the hour-hand of a clock. Yet that midget of a puffing thing was steadily drawing its mammoth burden nearer and nearer to the sawmill down the coast.

“There are more than a half-thousand logs in that raft,” informed Dave, “and such big fellows would likely cut up into as much as three million feet of good lumber, which will net the logger about forty-five thousand dollars. If you could get close to that raft you would see that every log is stapled to a strong chain or cable, so that it cannot be washed away by rough seas. The outside or ‘wall-logs,’ which do the bulk of the holding in of the inner logs, are fastened end to end by chains which pass through holes bored in

them. As it is, in spite of all care, high seas often catch a raft in tow and tear it apart, scattering many of its logs to the four winds, whereupon they become legitimate prey for many a lazy beachcomber. These shore-lines are dotted with beachcombers who get a good living from the misfortune of others."

"I should think those men out there on the raft would have a mighty perilous time of it in case of a storm," I ventured, indicating a half-dozen booted chaps riding the log-raft at various points. In the hand of each was a long pole bearing a spike and a rigid hook. Several boats were hauled up on the logs beside them.

"Those are the 'rafters,'" said Dave. "It is their duty to keep a sharp eye on every log in their section, especially in rough seas, to guard against fastenings that show signs of weakening. The moment they find a staple pulling out, they must drive in another. If a log gets loose before they can do this, they jab their long pike into it, pushing it back into place, or use the hook whenever they want to pull the log toward them. Sometimes the log is swept too far away from the raft for a rafter to reach it with his pole. Then he jumps in his small boat and rows after it.

"You are right about the peril they meet. It's a hard, dangerous, disagreeable job. More than



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LUMBERJACKS RIDING LOGS IN THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER AT CHEBOYGAN, MICH.

half the time they are wet to the skin, and cold winds make them shiver, with no chance to dry up till the day is done and the night crew changes places with them. I've done that work; I know how good a fellow feels when he gets back on the little tug and can stand in front of the boilers till his wet clothes are dry; how happy he is when he can swallow a cup of hot coffee in that stuffy little engine-pit; how quickly he goes to sleep, rolled up on deck almost anywhere. And as for dangerous—say, you wouldn't be in this logging business long before you'd hear lots of stories of poor cusses who had been maimed, killed, or drowned while following the rafts to mill."

"Can you recall an instance?"

"A dozen of 'em. There was 'Chuck' Ansbütt. 'Chuck' had grown gray-haired in the business of rafting; knew every in and out of it; said that any darned fool that would get hurt was careless and deserved it; that he never had got hurt, and never would on a raft. Well, 'Chuck' was a marvel rafter, all right. Most rafters can 'ride a log' in pretty good shape; but 'Chuck' would take your breath away doing it. I have seen him go after an escaping log on another not as big as the one he was after, his spikes set deep in the little one's bark, which in most places would be awash from his weight, his pike-pole used for a paddle till he could jab it into the

runaway, him a-stepping lively as swells spun his support, for all the world like a squirrel in a treadmill cage. Then when he finally reached the other log, he would get his hook into it and draw himself up. After that he would use the runaway for his support, and paddle back with the smaller one.

“He used to tell us—and I have no reason to doubt his word—that one fall when he was logging in Michigan, he had occasion to cross the Saginaw River. Having no boat, he decided to do the trick on a log, and lashed a sapling to his pike-pole so that he could push himself across. When he was about mid-stream he met a big black bear which had started to swim across from the opposite side. Either the bear had overestimated the distance, or had become weak from an old wound, for he was so tired out that he took a notion to ride on the same log with ‘Chuck.’ Bruin’s weight sent that end of the log well under, and ‘Chuck’ had a lively time to keep on his end.”

“I think if I had been in his place I should have let the bear had the whole shooting-match, and swam for shore,” I commented.

“No woodsman would do that; a riverman feels insulted if anybody tries to part him from the log he has selected for his float. So I fancy it made ‘Chuck’ mad as a hornet when he took on

that other passenger. If he had had a better footing he said he would have pushed the creature off with his pike, and risked a combat with him there in mid-stream. As it was, he kept on poling for the other shore. He struck it considerably downstream. The bear dropped off the log, and 'Chuck' said he'd swear the brute gave him a grateful look and smile. Anyhow, 'Chuck' didn't come ashore till Mister Bear had wandered off."

"An exciting experience, I should say, Dave. But didn't you hint at something serious having befallen 'Chuck' later?"

"Yes; but I won't dwell on that. I liked 'Chuck' and it pains me to recall the details of his mishap. Two years ago, farther up the channel, a big raft he was on was struck by a heavy nor'-wester. The rafters had an awful time to keep the logs together. 'Chuck' was here, there, and everywhere, directing the men. All at once the tow-line, terribly strained, snapped near the raft. Poor 'Chuck' was close by just then. The raft end of the tow-line came whistling through the air with such force that it cut his head clean off at the neck."

Big Dave Crandell's voice quivered as he spoke the last few words. He brushed his huge hand hastily across his eyes, and shrugged his great breadth of muscular shoulder. "Oh, well,

it's a part of this game," he added—"a regular part of it, this losing of old friends. I've seen more'n one go. There was Neddy Straight, another rafter, who fell between some logs he was lacing, and had both legs ground off so badly that he died in our arms. And there was Sam Van Wormer, who was knocked off the raft by an uprising log, drawn under all the logs by the suction, and drowned like a kitten chucked in a cistern."

We made only a short stop at Port Browning, but it was long enough for me to witness one of the fiercest bare-fisted fights between two tall lumberjacks which I had ever seen between men of any kind. What an unbelievable amount of punishment they stood! Firm, sinewy flesh sprang back elastically at each blow received, and while their faces and hands were bleeding, each seemed powerless actually to *hurt* his adversary. They were still battling as actively as ever when our steamer left.

"Those fellows are sober, or at least close to it," observed Dave. "A lumberjack fights fairly and squarely then. When he is full of liquor, and ugly, he is a wild beast. The man leaves him. He is treacherous and cruel. I have seen normally generous, soft-hearted fellows, drunk and in a fight, jump on the adversary they have

knocked down and dance on his face with their spiked boots till the flesh was so shredded you wouldn't recognize him if he was your best friend. Rum puts the devil into most men, in fact. This camp we're bound for—and other good ones—won't allow it brought in, and they prosper as a consequence. But I have been in camps that even kept a store and sold it on demand, and there conditions were of the worst."

It was a fine sunny morning as we came into the head of Coola Inlet and Dave told me that, just ahead, among the green-studded slopes of the Cascades, were the timberholdings of fir owned by the Henry & Rust Company. Higher up the snowy whiteness of glaciers showed against the azure sky. At the very bottom was the sea, a-ripple and a-sparkle. And in that mass of glinting, sun-flecked water, rode the great boomway of the camp—rode in a mammoth arc of chained logs which reached across the pretty little bay. Within the boundary, like a boy's chips in a bathtub, floated hundreds of big brown logs; while nearby rode a little village of roughly-made shanties, all setting on great rafts which were cabled to trees along the shore.

"You don't mean to say *this* is the camp?" I demanded of Dave. "I thought all lumber camps were on the ground—in the woods."

"Remember you're from the East," laughed Dave. "There are no wooded coast ranges there; loggers have to go back in the interior for their supply, so they establish camps on the scene of operations. Here the mountains rise right up from the sea; the majority of the logs in a coast-line holding like ours can be chuted right down into the bay, and by having our buildings on floats we gain a lot, for as we clear a section our camp steamer can pull our buildings up or down to the new place of cutting. A house moves easy on a raft, but I tell you it doesn't on land—at least not in the heart of a big tangled forest."

The *Spitfire* made for a certain spot in the boom, where one end had been left open. Through this we steamed, and presently tied up to one of the largest of the rafts, containing a slab-sided warehouse, which Dave said was her regular wharf. Here nearly everybody got off, and for the next thirty minutes rowboats were busy conveying newly-arrived lumberjacks and their outfits over to the "office," another raft containing a board building in which Mr. Rust, the junior boss, held forth.

In all, Dave pointed out more than a dozen shanty-rafts to me, varying considerably in size, but each serving some necessary sheltering value to the activities of this big lumber camp. There was the supply-house, the sick-house, the bunk-

house, the cook-house, the mess-house, the forge-house, the store-house, the mail-house, the church-house, and several others.

“Probably the mess-house and the bunk-house are the most popular places for us when we’re not at work,” said Dave with a grin. “We sure do get hungry and sleepy. I’ve seen the time I could bite a nail in two just for the pleasure of sinking my teeth in something; and could go to sleep standing up on one foot, it seemed. And on pay-days, once a month, the office-house is a mighty popular place—beats ’em all *that* day. Right afterward you can see many a lumberjack’s boat hustling for the store-house, where the company sells ’em almost anything (except whiskey) from a jack-knife to a new skiff. But tobacco’s their main ‘buy,’ of course.”

“What is the mail-house used for?”

“Oh, that’s our little post-office. We have a postmaster of our own, and on steamer days he’s kept mighty busy getting off mail for civilization—Jack’s friends back home—and handing out letters and postcards and little packages of goodies from mother or sweetheart or wife. If folks behind only knew how joyous the lonely boy is when he gets even a postcard from ’em, they’d write oftener than they do. Once we had a fellow with us in another camp who had come into the woods for the first time. He was only a

boy, and awful lonely. It would tear your heart out to see the wistful look on his face when the other boys would get letters and he never would, because all his kin were gone. It worked so on me that I finally coaxed my sister to write him a few cheering lines. Say, it did me good to see him watch for her letters after that. And now they're married, and happy and doing well in the East. Ain't it nice?"

I admitted it *was* nice. "What sort of a building is this 'church-house,' Dave?" I inquired, looking across at it.

"It ain't every lumbering firm bothers about the religious need of its workers, but this one does," he replied. "Our postmaster is an ordained minister, and every Sunday gives the boys a sensible, heart-warming talk about their relations to their God and their brother man. He don't preach—if he did his shanty would be empty, for loggers just hate cant,—but he discusses things square out with 'em, and sometimes shows 'em good stereopticon pictures about logging scenes and other things they're familiar with and interested in, and you bet he never lacks for a full house Sunday evenings. Nobody stays away except those in the sick-house, I imagine."

"That is your hospital, isn't it?"

"You've guessed it."

“Do you have a regular doctor in camp?”

“We sure do—and he’s no slouch; and has a man-nurse to help him. Conditions in camps where they have no doctor get pretty bad, and the boys don’t like to work in ’em, for they know the likelihood of getting hurt too well. I don’t believe that in this camp—and it’s conducted along safety-first lines far better than the average—not a day goes by that our doctor doesn’t have to treat from three to five men, either for sickness or injuries. No matter how expert you are with an axe, a little slip, a sudden giving way of your support as you are striking, may give you an ugly gash in the foot or leg. A falling tree may catch you with its limbs. The donkey-engine’s cable may break and knock you flat with its torn steel fibers. A skidding log may roll on you. There’s lots of ways to need the doc’s care, dear old soul!”

After fires—after some big building has collapsed—after tornadoes and freshets have leveled a great bridge—man may have to work walking and crawling high in the air, among tangled girders, twisted trusses, bent rods, of the wreckage. In just such fashion, next morning we saw men working upon the mountainside in the holdings of this big lumber camp. The “fall-ers” had pushed their way up along the slope—an incline almost cliff-like in places, and had left

in their wake a jumble of criss-crossed prostrate giants, most of which had carried down with them a horde of smaller trees whose jagged limbs and lancelike branches stuck out in every direction. The "buckers" had wormed their way through the labyrinth of natural obstacles and the newly-created, had sawn the great trunks up into forty-foot lengths, and gone on to other conquests. The "barkers" had crawled like squirrels along the huge bolts, adzing off the bark to make them lighter and easier to skid. And now the "swampers" were at work in the midst of the rubbish, clearing out paths for the logs to follow in their travels to the water, paths along which the "riggers" would run their donkey-engine cables for the actual hauling.

I found the country far different than that I was used to in the forests of the Eastern States. Here the slopes were very steep, the valleys narrow, the trees enormous. The great Douglas fir and the gigantic Western spruce stunned me in their majesty and girth. Some of the fir were eight and ten feet through, and I had to look almost straight up in the air to see their tops or crowns. The ground was covered at least a foot deep with the mould of many centuries of leaf-fall, and moss-covered logs lay thickly upon it; in their hollow interiors I knew generations of wild animals had played and harbored.



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CUTTING OFF THE TOP OF A DOUGLAS FIR 180 FEET
FROM THE GROUND

This was a hard country to travel in—the roughest by far that I had ever tread. The underbrush was so thick that you could scarcely have broken your way through it. Frequently I struck patches of what is well-called “devil’s club”—a tall bush with big leaves from whose under side grew long, sharp spikes, which tore my clothes no matter how careful I was. Unless the lumberjack plies his needle every night he soon becomes a regular rag-bag.

Here and there, wherever the steepness of the ascent permitted, Dave showed me what he called “chutes.” These were made of long, straight logs, so hitched together that they formed a trough, which was kept well-greased by the “greasers.” The shore chutes were the last stage of the logs’ journey overland, and every few minutes you could hear a loud booming sound as the twenty-ton sections of tree came shooting rocketlike down the incline. Then what a roar and swish of water as they ploughed their blunt noses into the sea! And what a thrilling sight it was to see the displaced water spout upward, sixty feet high, like an inverted cascade gone crazy!

When I came to the chutes farther inland it was to find the “donks” placed at varying distances, averaging perhaps a quarter-mile. And they were either at the bottom of a chute too

horizontal to carry the logs down without the aid of man, or were at the termination of an incline or level stretch. In either case, the sturdy wire cable on their drums stretched away into the unknown, while the engineer of each "donk" waited for the pull of his "signaller," beyond, where the big logs lay, announcing the fact that the "riggers" had sunk the hook of the cable into another train of logs. Then, with a penetrating *toot!* the engine would start her wind-in drum going. The cable would begin to accumulate, shrieking and groaning almost humanly under its heavy burden, and pretty soon the thumping and bumping logs would come snaking into view.

Dave and I constantly met these traveling logs on our way back into the great woods. It gave me a queer feeling, with no one but ourselves in view, to see these huge bolts of wood emerge out of nowhere, go sluggishly by as if impelled by some diabolical power, and vanish in the leafy shadows behind us. Once I suggested to Dave that I had half a notion to hop on and have a little ride.

"Don't you do any such thing!" commanded he, pulling me back as a new train of logs appeared. "Those logs sometimes do a lot of sudden rolling, and once on you you'd be mashed to mincemeat. Charley Harn got that dose one

time because he thought it would be an easy way to get back to grub ahead of the other fallers. And don't get too close to this cable, either! If the hook pulled out, it would be sure to do some lively gymnastics of the lasso kind, and you might never see any more forests."

Here was the last donkey-engine, and over there we could see the loggers at work. A chill went up my back to note how many times they seemed on the verge of getting hurt, but these spinal affections increased when I really got among the intrepid fellows.

"The doctor ought to be here," I ventured, as I saw a chopper high up in the top of a recently cut tree which, in falling, had lodged against a standing one. He stood, with back braced against a stout limb, calmly chopping off the limb upon which he stood and which appeared to be sustaining the giant. He was chopping hard, and with rare skill, in his precarious position. Even down on the ground I could hear the sharp hiss of his breath, woodsman fashion, as he sank the bit of his keen axe into the limb.

"That's a ticklish job, sure enough," admitted Dave; "but I've seen Tanner, up there, do it before; and such work has to be done if we get that tree. You'll notice he has a line around his waist that's hitched to the standing tree. He—Gee! there she rips now."

“Rips” was the right word! All at once the lodged tree, with a crashing, tearing sound which all but made me jump, began falling. Tanner nonchalantly waited for the actual start. Then with a yell, “Look out below!” he dropped his axe, and sprang for the big limb of the other tree to which his rope was tied. He caught it in both hands, and stood mildly watching the final heave of the big giant as it settled upon the ground with a resounding smash. His fellows cheered loudly. I found myself doing the same thing. This was the sort of daring that made you yell for the winner without thought of whether you knew him or not.

I wondered how Tanner would get down.

“That won’t bother *him*,” declared Dave Crandell. “Tanner’s a regular monkey in a tree. He probably noticed this one he’s in could be pretty well spanned with his long arms, or he wouldn’t have tackled the stunt he did. Here he comes now!”

It was as Dave said. Tanner put his legs and arms around the smooth trunk of the tall spruce, and let himself slide a little way. Then he came to a stop by clutching tighter. After a momentary rest, he dropped to another station—and so on until he was among his congratulating friends.

You cannot help feeling deep admiration for

the men who are doing such difficult and dangerous work. As a matter of fact, it is not at all like ordinary logging as we find it in the Great Lake States, in the Northeast, and in the South. There the trees are so much smaller that less perilous methods of handling them can be adopted. Here in British Columbia it takes some fine engineering, worked out on the spot, to cope successfully with the ponderous giants. But, for the matter of that, *all* lumberjacks lead an arduous and adventurous life.

There is much to make a man feel good—and he mostly does—at such healthy work. Conditions and surroundings are so varied and changeable that he is dealing always with something new—stern obstacles which arouse all the sporting blood and combativeness in his man's soul. With his puny axe or saw he loves to drop the huge trees which may take a half-day's cutting to sever. He loves to pit his strength and skill against that of a human contemporary. He loves the smell of the cuttings, which is far sweeter to his nostrils than all the drugstore perfumery ever made. He is so vain of being himself that he has no desire to mope or growl.

II

THE FOREST RANGER

AT first sight I thought he was a cowboy. He came riding up the trail, a broad-brimmed hat on his head and his muscular shoulders swinging to the movements of his steed in that easy, unpretentious manner which always bespeaks the true horseman. But, as he drew nearer, I realized my mistake. This splendid-looking young fellow with clean-cut features and keen grey eyes, wore a neat uniform of dull green, while pinned to his shirt beneath his open coat was a little bronze badge bearing a pine tree in relief and the words, "Forest Service."

"Howdy, friend," he greeted, with a pleasant smile, as he reined in his pony beside my little campfire, where I had stopped to cook a noon-day meal. "Say, pard, your fried trout smells mighty good, that's shore!"

"If you're not in too big a hurry I'd like to have you sample some of them with me," I invited.

He swung to the ground. "Don't mind if I do, thanky," said he, and tethered his animal to

a nearby sapling close to my own horse. "Riding the range gets a fellow's appetite on a sharp edge, that's shore."

"I take it you're a Forest Ranger?" I queried, as he squatted down beside me after a handshake which made my fingers ache. I handed him a piece of buttered bread upon which I had placed a savory portion of speckled trout, done to a golden brown. We were in the heart of the Cascade Mountains. Above us towered great, lofty pines whose luxuriant crowns shut out most of the sunlight, and whose trunks rose up sheer and straight, without a limb, as high as fifty or sixty feet.

"You've sized me up right, pardner; that's shore," declared my guest, contentedly munching. "My name's Clare Peterson, and this is a National Forest. There are about a million acres in it. Altogether the Government has close to two hundred more forests like it, scattered among the mountains and reaching all the way from Mexico to the Canadian border, up and down the Rockies, the Sierras, and the Cascades."

"What is the Government's idea in patrolling these vast stretches of forest?" I asked.

"Because at last the people of this country have got their eyes opened. Until a few years ago everybody just cut and slashed timber pro-

miscuously, wasting more than they used. Our dads, and their dads, and the dads ahead of them, seemed to think there was so much timber in the United States that it could never be used up. Now *we*, in our day, are seeing things differently. We are realizing that we are using up our magnificent trees four times faster than they are growing back again; that the timber now standing will all be gone before we young fellows are old men; that unless we plant more trees and care properly for our forests, preventing all forms of waste, this country of ours will soon be in a bad way—that's shore."

"We've got to have wood and lumber," I remarked.

"That's shore," said the Ranger. "We need trees the worst way. Who wants to sit down and read a newspaper in a chair made of iron?—or eat a meal off a brass table? Who wants to paddle a nickle-plated canoe?—or play croquet with cement balls? But that isn't all, pardner. What'll become of our beautiful wild birds and animals, with their protective covering gone? What will we grow in the dried-up lands that the forests now keep fertile by their stored-up moisture? Look back at the unhappy fate of those countries in the Old World which an unthinking civilization has despoiled of their forests! The hills and valleys where grew the famous cedars

of Lebanon are almost treeless now; and Palestine, once so luxuriant with foliage, is bare and lonely. Splendid cities flourished upon the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates where were the hanging gardens of Babylon and the great hunting-parks of Nineveh; but now the river runs silently between muddy banks, infertile and abandoned to the plow. And so on throughout the Eastern Hemisphere wherever man has made a desert of the beautiful gardens of Nature."

"But some nations in the Old World have shown wisdom in this respect—Germany, for instance," I commented, as I poured out a second cup of hot coffee for the Forest Ranger.

"Yes; that's shore. The great Black Forest of Germany is still one of the finest in the universe, old as it is, and it's all because Germany has been practicing forestry for the last three hundred years. The government there takes care of her forests as painstakingly as we here do our backyard gardens. Lumbermen are allowed to cut only trees the government experts mark; and they must cut them close to the ground, too, so as not to waste stumpage; and even the smallest branches and twigs are cut up and bundled and sold. Where trees are too thick to thrive, the scrubby ones are removed. Dead trees and wind-fallen trees are taken away

also; the forests are never littered as in this country, inviting a disastrous fire as soon as a stray spark goes flying. And as fast as a tree is taken away another little one is set to growing in its place. That means trees for the present and trees for the future to any country wise enough to adopt the scheme, doesn't it, pardner?"

"Indeed it does," was my sententious response. I was becoming vastly interested in the subject. The science of forestry seemed invested with a new charm and a new importance. "America would have done well to have begun conserving her forests scores of years ago. Our lumbermen have been wiping out all our magnificent timber and never thinking of the future."

"They shore have, pardner. And they'd be doing it to-day right in our National Forests if the Government didn't have such fellows as Rangers a-keeping 'em from it. These lumbermen are in such a hurry to get rich that, if Uncle Sam doesn't put a halter on 'em, they'll leave their grandchildren a desert for a legacy. They seem to think the only trees worth anything are the big ones they can cut up and sell right away. To get at these 'ripe' trees, and skid 'em out after they are cut, they smash down every little one that gets the least bit in their path. Such pig-headed, ornery selfishness as that has got to

stop. Uncle Sam says so. He says we Rangers are to see that it *does* stop. We're in these National Forests to show these dumb-fuddled mercenary lumbermen that a calf will grow into a cow if it's left alone long enough, and that there are a few other citizens in this country who want to see these 'calves' keep on a-growing, too."

"I am just beginning to appreciate the size of your job, Mr. Peterson," I observed.

"Excuse me, pardner," he broke in, wiping the crumbs from his mouth with the back of a horny hand, "but you shorely can't appreciate my job until you've been a Forest Ranger yourself. We don't stick to this job because there's any soft snap about it—not on your life! It's work every minute, here, there, and everywhere. And we don't stick to it because of the salary. Uncle Sam pays us only twelve hundred dollars a year. On that we have to keep up a family—if we have one—and provide for two horses. But I like the work. I believe I'm doing my part for future generations; I shorely do. If I can help save a few of these magnificent, stately trees for the boys and girls of a coming generation to eat under and swing from and look up into when a thrush whistles cheerily to 'em, I'm pretty well satisfied."

I looked at him half-enviously. I felt that his

was about the finest job in the whole world, especially when, just then, the wind picked up and the green canopy over our heads began to wave gently and emit a pensive sougling which was at once the sweetest and saddest music I had ever heard.

Clare Peterson stopped eating a moment and looked at me with a smile. "Hear it, pardner? Where could you go to find a finer-toned cathedral organ than that up there in the tree-tops? Isn't it soothing? Isn't it company? It shore is! I could go for days and days in this big forest, all alone, and never get lonesome. I know everything like a brother; everything knows me. I love the big woods."

"How did you become a Forest Ranger, Mr. Peterson?" I asked, offering him a cup of water from the little spring which bubbled out from beneath the sandstone rock at our backs.

"Well," said he, "I joined the Service in the same way a good many of the boys are doing nowadays. I am a Wisconsinite by birth. I was always an out-door boy, a Boy Scout. In High School I became interested in forestry. When I graduated I attended the Agricultural College of my State, and while there took up a special course in the science of the trees. Instead of romping around the city or at the seashore during vacation times, I went off with a

party of other boys into the big forests of northern Wisconsin, and there we camped and studied right on the ground, under our instructor. It was jolly fun—shorely was interesting. While we were there two or three of the big men from the Forestry Service at Washington visited us and gave us lectures. Later I took an examination under the Civil Service, passed it, and was called to Washington and given my appointment out here as a regular Forest Ranger. As I said, most of us get in this way. We all love the work; it has a wonderful fascination about it for the out-door chap.”

“Do you get your orders from the Chief Forester, at Washington?”

“Indirectly; that’s all. His orders are really sent first to our District Forester in Oregon, there being six such officers in the United States. The District Forester sends on the message to the proper one of his Forest Supervisors, of whom there are close to one hundred and fifty—one for each National Forest. From my Supervisor I receive my own orders.”

“How large is the domain you look after?” I asked.

“I have charge of close to a hundred thousand acres, which is called a District. Most of the year I live in the woods in a little cabin which the Government built, but many a night I am camp-

ing out on the trail when darkness catches me far from home. My cabin is a considerable bit up the mountain, and I am making tracks for it now, after spending last night down among the foothills watching a new cattle range. Won't you go along with me, pardner, and stop in and see my wife and little boy? They'll shorely be tickled to have you take supper with us and spend the night. You'll see a wonderful bit of scenery from up there, too."

I needed no second invitation. To spend a night away up on the mountain in a Forest Ranger's cabin was an experience not offering itself every day to a city man, so I thanked my new-found friend, got on my horse, and accompanied him up the trail.

"You spoke about looking after a new cattle range last night, Mr. Peterson," I reminded. "Would you mind telling me what a Ranger has to do with feeding cattle?"

"I shore wouldn't mind, pardner. You see, in the old days before these National Forests were taken over by the Government, nobody in particular owned or took care of the land. The sheepmen and cattlemen were always quarrelling over which should have the range. Sheep and cattle in some parts of the mountains do not do well on the same ground, because cattle do not like to graze where sheep have been, owing to



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FOREST RANGER ON PATROL DUTY ON MT. SILCOX

the sheep nibbling the grass so close. Well, every spring it was a race between the sheepmen and the cattlemen to see which could get their stock first on the range. This beat-the-other-fellow spirit caused 'em to go into the range before the grass was well up; and the consequence was, the hoofs of the animals trampled down and destroyed the tender forage and for the balance of the season the animals went half-starved. Lookee that bunch of sheep over yonder on that slope, will you? Do they look hungry?"

My eyes followed his outstretched hand. Through the big spruces, on a slope covered with thick, strong grass, I saw hundreds of sleek, fat sheep contentedly grazing. Against that green, rugged background their white, woolly bodies and smooth little heads stood out in bold relief, forming one of the prettiest pictures anybody would care to see. I shook my head.

"This kind of thing—I mean these old-time range wars—almost put the ranges out of business," went on Clare Peterson. "It was a case of lean cattle and scrawny sheep that the cowboys used to drive in to the round-up in those days—it shorely was! Now it's all different. The Forest Supervisor, sent here by Uncle Sam, sees to it that the cattlemen and sheepmen are assigned to certain ranges of their own, and it then becomes the Ranger's duty to see to it that

the grazing does not start until the grass is fit for feed, and that the range is not overgrazed, and that one cattleman or sheepman does not encroach upon the rights of another."

"Do they often do this?"

"Sometimes."

"What do you do then?"

"Tell the guilty fellow he must quit instanter, pardner. If he goes to pull his gun, we try to pull ours just a mite quicker; but usually he knows better than to get ugly, so he just agrees to be more careful of his animals thereafter. Of course he never admits he's in any way to blame, nor his cowboys. It's always the fault of the 'poor ignorant critters'! Very funny, that—it shorely is!" The Ranger smiled grimly as he said this. In the next breath he added: "In the beginning they all tried to bluff the Service, but it didn't work. They found out the new Rangers knew their business and their rights, and weren't afraid to enforce 'em. Before our time, the small rancher, with his handful of cattle or sheep, didn't stand any show at all against the powerful big cattleman with his droves of thousands. The big fellow took the range, and choked out the little fellow. Now everybody gets his share of grazing lands, according to his needs; and the poor settler with his solitary milk-cow is encouraged by being allowed free grazing

rights. These cattle and sheep I am in charge of will be so fat by fall that they can go straight to the big packing-houses in Chicago or Kansas City."

"I suppose that by this time most of the cattlemen really appreciate the good work Uncle Sam is doing for them through the Forest Service," I remarked.

"Yes, pardner, I think the most of 'em do. We have less and less trouble with 'em all the while, and every now and then some one of 'em will up and tell a Ranger that he's glad we're here on the job. But this isn't all the Service is doing for the cattlemen and sheepmen. When we get a chance we trap and shoot all wild animals which make trouble for the sheep and cattle. And in this constant war on bears, mountain lions, coyotes, wolves, and the like, we often have some narrow escapes, for nine times out of ten we're alone when we settle accounts with them. Every wolf or mountain lion killed is worth a hundred dollars in saved stock to the stockmen."

"Does the Government sell any of the timber in this National Forest?" I asked, admiring the stalwart, straight-boled spruces and pines through which our horses were picking their way along the trail.

"Shore, pardner. If anybody wants to use

anything in my District for any purpose,—and the Government encourages the use of this forest in every way which will not destroy it,—I go over matters with them right here on the ground, and give them a permit if their intentions suit me. In this way, among other rights, I allow lumbermen, for a just consideration in dollars and cents, to take out such timber as they want, to even set up a sawmill and cut up the trees into lumber. But they cannot cut any trees except those I mark for them, or set aside, and of course I only designate such trees as are fully grown, those which ought to come down in order to give better stock a more favorable chance to grow. Then there are other duties we perform. Some people want to settle in the forest, and before I allow them to do so I satisfy myself that the land they select will really prove good soil for growing such things as they wish to grow. Then there are prospectors who want to take out mining claims; and big capitalists who want to develop the waterpower in some of our swift mountain streams.” He drew in his horse, where the trail forked, and added: “Now if you don’t mind making a little side trip, we can drop off into the valley here to the left and see where lumbermen are cutting timber which they have bought from the Government.”

I followed down the north slope of the mountain, and we soon came in sight of the cutting. The timber was being taken out of a very thick portion of the pine forest, where the Ranger said more sunlight was needed to nourish the younger trees coming on. And as we drew closer, I noticed that all of the big trees which the lumberjacks were sawing down had been blazed. Clare Peterson, after cordially greeting the foreman and his men, went about keenly scrutinizing all the fallen timber.

"They're sticking to my orders, that's shore," he said to me, with satisfaction. "Every one of these logs has got my special blaze on it, and they're leaving alone the young timber that should stand and mature. Notice how short the stumps are. We insist on them cutting that way; it saves waste. Notice, too, how careful they are not to let the falling trees come down so as to smash against the standing timber that must be left; and how careful they are to snake out the logs to the flume without banging 'em into little live trees, which would injure them. And you'll maybe take account that all the trimmed boughs and limbs are being gathered together in piles by those fellows over yonder. These will be burned, under guard, when rains soak the ground, or after the first light snowfall,

which will cause them to be consumed slowly and without scorching the bark of the timber left standing."

"What will you do with these open spots, now that the trees are taken out?" I asked.

"Where the standing timber is fairly close—that is, properly separated for good growth—we will leave things as they are. But where a swath of ripe timber has been taken out, to forestall it from decay I shall plant seedlings to take the place of the cut trees. These will soon begin to sprout, to grow into bushy little pines, then into respectable saplings, and some day into magnificent trees six feet or more in diameter and perhaps seventy feet up to the first limb."

I shared his enthusiasm. A beautiful tree is a sight to make any heart glad, any soul to rise until the breath comes fast—especially when one sees such grand specimens all about him as I now witnessed. Recalling some of the small, stunted, scraggly pines I had seen in the uncared-for woods back East, I observed:

"Mr. Peterson, I have heard it said that under proper conditions a pine tree will 'clean' itself. What is meant by that?"

"Right over yonder you will see a clump of pine saplings," replied the Forest Ranger. "They stand pretty close—close enough to make dense shade, but not too close for decent growth.

The shade has prevented the lower branches from producing leaves or needles. See how dead-looking and bare they are! As a consequence, the lower branches will die. Then they will dry out, rot, fall off; so when the tree gets its full growth the trunk will be clean-shafted high up from the ground, clear up to where the bright sunlight reaches the lower limbs. That makes fine trunks, the best of lumber, lumber free of knots and as clear and sound as Nature can possibly make it. That's shorely how pines 'clean' themselves, as Foresters say. On the other hand, if pines are separated too much, so they get lots of light, they grow up dwarfed, knurly and knotty, with live limbs close down to the ground, and are no good except for shade and firewood. So you see the science of Forestry says that for the best results they must be not too far apart nor too close together, but just right. It's the happy medium that counts in our business, as well as in most things in life."

"Do these lumbermen ever try to take out trees you do not wish them to? In other words, are they ever tempted to steal timber?" I inquired.

"They shorely do—sometimes," was the response of the Ranger. "I have in mind an experience I had a couple of years ago out here in this same forest with a lumberman by the name

of Jared Tossan. Tossan was a burly, unprincipled fellow, though a first-class boss in the woods for any crew of lumberjacks. He was sent out here by some rich lumbermen of San Francisco, who hired him with the express understanding that he was to receive from them a bonus of five dollars for every thousand feet of lumber he could steal from the Government. Tossan laid his plans carefully, came on here, looked over the salable timber we had, and finally made a purchase of a big 'stand' of prime Douglas fir over in one of the lower valleys. The Government gave him permission to saw on the ground, so in a very short time he had a big crew of men putting up a good-sized sawmill, and others were erecting rough cabins and shacks for the lumberjacks.

"From the first I didn't like the looks of Jared Tossan. He was a huge, red-faced, red-haired chap, with a sort of sneaking weak-blue eye. He tried to make himself extra agreeable with me, inviting me several times, when they got to cutting, to stop in the cook's shack and have a meal with him and some of his foremen. To be sociable I joined them upon several occasions, but when one day Tossan began to hint around about my accepting a bribe to keep my mouth shut and eyes closed while he and his crew stepped outside of their cutting boundary and

stole fine timber still belonging to Uncle Sam, I shorely let him know instanter that I wasn't of that yellow stripe. Then he pretended I had misunderstood him; that stealing timber from the Government was the last thing he would think of doing. But he didn't fool me. I made up my mind to watch his operations with the sharpest kind of an eye, though as secretly as I could, so as not to make him unduly suspicious.

"Well, Tossan's backers in San Francisco didn't do things by halves. They dammed up one of the mountain streams and made a pond to hold the cut logs; they even put in quite a network of narrow-gauge railway tracks for hauling the logs out of the woods. A powerful little locomotive did the pulling. All told, Tossan had several hundred lumberjacks under him, most of 'em honest enough in themselves, but ready to do his bidding if it should come to hooking out Uncle Sam's logs, for they liked a bit of excitement, and the more timber Tossan found to cut, the longer their jobs and pay would last.

"Close as I watched Tossan and his lumberjacks I could find nothing out of the way till one day when I chanced to see a little wisp of smoke curling up from a densely timbered valley to the east of the lumbermen's holdings. This locality was an out-of-the-way section of the mountain,

hemmed in by rough slopes and rocky walls except for one narrow entrance to the south, and I had very seldom visited it."

"I suppose, in this smoke, you scented a possible incipient forest fire?" I remarked.

"I shorely did, pardner. It is a part of my duty to see that fires don't get a start in my district," continued the Forest Ranger. "Every day from May until late in the fall, which is the fire hazard time, I ride the trails on the lookout for smoke. If I see any I just drop everything else and run my pony for it helter-skelter. You can see a smoke so far sometimes from the elevations that it takes you a couple of days of hard riding to reach it, though it may look close by."

"Please don't forget that story you were telling, Mr. Peterson," I reminded.

At which he smiled, and continued: "Well, when I went for that wisp of curling smoke in Nevermore Valley, I was dumfounded to find that it didn't seem to increase as I drew closer, as a fire in the brush or timber naturally would do. It just kept about so big, snaking up above the trees in an easy-going manner. I had begun to think that it came from a camper's open fire, or from some interloping settler's new cabin, when all at once I heard the faint but unmistakable toot of a locomotive whistle.

"Say, pardner, I shorely was puzzled at that.

For that toot came right up to me from the heart of Nevermore Valley, just at my feet, and I would have bet all the king's horses against all the queen's diamonds that there was no *railroad* down there in that wild, timber-infested jungle, where big white pines grew as thick as good timber of the virgin kind can grow—splendid monarchs worth easily thirty or forty dollars a thousand feet. We had been holding on to that superb stand of pine, waiting for a higher bidder than had yet put in an appearance. And now, as I noted the whistle sounded startlingly like the wheezy whistle of the camp locomotive belonging to Jared Tossan, an uneasy feeling swept over me, and a great fear gripped my heart. Had the cunning Tossan hoodwinked me after all? Had he succeeded in penetrating this rich tract of white pine with his ribbons of steel while I plodded up and down other trails, believing him a fairly square man?

“As if to answer my troubled questions, I soon heard, as I cautiously advanced down the slope into the valley below, the faint but familiar crash of a falling tree. This was followed a few moments later by the sound of a second tree going to the earth. Then came the sounds of men's voices, loud orders and responses, laughs and curses, all blended in with the familiar noises of a typical lumber camp as I had become ac-

quainted with them over at Tossan's. The fact is, it was difficult for me to convince myself that I was not in a dream as to my location, and was not right then actually approaching Tossan's camp in the valley to the westward. Yet I knew my senses were not deceiving me; this was shorely Nevermore Valley.

"I fastened my horse to a sapling and on foot stole forward from tree to tree and bush to bush. I hadn't gone far before an opening in the forest ahead caused me to use even more caution. Presently I was close enough to see a wide, yellow, bare spot, miles across, a horrible slash in the beautiful green forest. And in the middle of it, surrounded by stacks on stacks of lumber, was a great sawmill very much like the mill of Jared Tossan's.

"I stared in utter amazement. A sawmill in Nevermore Valley, the choicest white pine stand Uncle Sam had in this forest! Even as I gazed, there came another toot of a locomotive whistle; and I saw the engine itself, whose smoke I had trailed so far, go puffing calmly along well-laid tracks, bringing a train of fresh cut logs out of the timber toward the mill-pond.

"No second glance was needed to tell me that the lumbering here was a steal. Furthermore, in all its boldness and speed to escape discovery the cutting had been done carelessly and without

thought for the future. It had been a clean cut; what small saplings had escaped the saw had been crushed by the dropping and hauling of the large pines. The stumps were all about three feet high, which meant quick felling but the waste of thousands of feet of good timber. Only the straight, unbranched trunks had been used. The tops of the pines had not been lopped, and lay where they had fallen. It was a wilderness of yellow brush, a dry jungle, a pitiful waste of promising timber. The smell of pine pitch was so powerful that I could breathe little else. I was Forester enough to see that fire would inevitably complete this ruin if no power intervened. But as soon as my name was Clare Peterson I meant to be that intervener. I made up my mind right there that I never would wait for these timber thieves to get through with their brassy job, because I knew their trick then would be to set fire to the powder-like tops of the fallen trees, create a forest fire, and thus destroy all evidence of their unlawful work.

"You were in a rather ticklish position—one against so many rogues," I ventured.

The Ranger laughed lightly and whimsically. "I never stopped to weigh the difference in our forces," he said, "which was probably a mistake, as you shall see presently. I was mad—mad as a hornet. I was even madder when, a few min-

utes later, I saw Jared Tossan himself giving some orders to one of his bosses in front of one of the long rows of dirty tents and shacks near the mill and lumber piles. I strode straight forward, fire in my eye. Tossan and his foreman turned pale when they saw who I was. Tossan said something in a low tone to a low-browed Mexican cook, and he slipped into the nearest tent. The next moment I stopped in front of the superintendent of the lumber crew.

"Tossan had regained his composure. He saw that it would be idle to attempt to play innocent any longer. 'Welcome to our Camp No. 2, Mr. Peterson,' he said dryly. 'What do you think of it?'

" 'I think, you confounded rascal, that your Camp No. 2 will be a thing of the past in a mighty short time,' I said with complete frankness. 'Your own liberty, too, shall be a matter of short consideration!'

" 'What do you propose to do about this matter, my friend?' asked Tossan curiously and, I could see, not without uneasiness.

" 'Report you to the Chief Forester at Washington, D. C., just as soon as I can get to a telegraph office,' I informed.

"His florid face went the color of a beet. He uttered an oath, and reached toward his hip. But I was on the alert, and just the shade of a

second quicker. I whipped my own 45-calibre Colt from its holster. As he elevated his gun in my direction, my Colt barked. He uttered a howl of pain, his pistol fell to the ground, and he seized his bleeding wrist in the fingers of the other hand; for I had purposely shot him so as to make him drop his weapon.

“At that very moment somebody assailed me from behind. I whirled around, to find it was the Mexican. He had tried to lay me out with a blow of a pistol butt over the head, but had hit me only grazingly. We grappled and struggled a moment, when I managed to get in a short hook of my fist under his chin and he reeled to the ground. Before I could straighten up, other arms pinned me. Somebody else threw himself upon me, and then came a thud on my head; things turned black, and I knew no more.

“When I came to myself I was bound hand and foot with ropes. My head sorely did ache where one of the lumberjacks had hit me a crack with a billet of wood, and I could feel a lump there as big as a good-sized doorknob. All around me was the woods. Close by snapped a campfire, while over it, cooking a piece of meat on a sharp stick, stood a tall, frowsy fellow I had noticed just before I was struck down. The Mexican squatted near, smoking a cigarette. Every few minutes he rolled an eye toward me.

I could see he had been set to guard against my escape. Not far from him, with his back partly toward me, was the burly figure of Jared Tossan himself. He was eating.

"The Mexican was the first to see me move, and lost no time in calling the attention of Tossan to the fact. Then Tossan arose, and came over to where I was lying, stiff and sore.

" 'Well, Mister Forest Ranger, you thought you were pretty doggone smart to ketch me at my little game of carryin' on two lumber camps at once, didn't you?' said he. I didn't answer. Then he went on, with a sneer: 'And you thought you'd send me to prison by squealing on me to Uncle Sam, didn't you? Eh? Well, Clare Peterson, you see now you ain't no match for me. Know what I'm goin' to do with you? I'm goin' to seal you up in a cave I know of not far from here—a cave nobody but the Greaser and me knows about, and we're goin' to leave you there to rot for all we care. While you're dyin' by inches, I'll coolly finish this cut of pine here in Nevermore Valley, pull out my outfit, and then the Greaser and me will set fire to the timber all around and cover our little job under a heap of ashes that may stretch from one end to the other of your cussed National Forest for all I care.'

"Real cheering prospect for me, wasn't it,

pardner? You bet I told Tossan what I thought of him, and didn't mince words about it, either. He just laughed sardonically, declaring he was above hitting a bound man for being sassy. Well, shore enough, he and his precious lumber-jacks took me to that cave he spoke of, a small affair in the wall of a cañon which we reached a few hours later. It was well hidden by rocks and bushes. I had passed it many a time, and never knew it was there.

"They shoved me inside without a thing to eat or drink, then rolled a big rock up against the small opening, completely covering it except for several small holes about the size of my arm. Listening, I could hear the hoof beats of their horses and my own as they departed down the flinty trail, taking my animal with them."

"You were in a rather bad predicament, I should say," I remarked.

"It shorely seemed so to me, pardner—it shorely did. But I was in luck without knowing it. A few hours after they had gone, I had been all over that cave, from corner to corner. It was so dark in there I couldn't see my hand in front of my face, but fortunately they had neglected to take my matchsafe from me when they relieved me of my gun, and by burning a dozen or so matches I was able to satisfy myself that there was no other way out except by the barri-

caded opening. My spirits fell, then, like a lump of lead. I had already tried that big rock, and found that I could not budge it an inch. But as I recalled that I had noticed an old pick-axe, rusty and half-handled in one corner, where evidently some prospector of the past had forgotten or discarded it, my courage returned, for I had an idea.

“Securing the pick-axe I made my way back to the entrance, chose the largest of the several small apertures through which a little daylight filtered at the bottom, and began hacking away. That cave floor wasn’t as hard as I had thought. It was mostly sandstone, and the old pick began to make an impression in a very short time. But it was a slow job hacking out a hole large enough to allow my body to pass through. I couldn’t dig and hold matches at the same time, so I had to peck away in the darkness, on my knees, often hitting the ceiling, which was less than head high. But, when it seemed I could not strike a half-dozen more blows, from sheer weakness, I succeeded in forming a hole large enough to admit my body by considerable crowding.

“Say, pardner, I never was so glad to see sunlight, treetops, and the blue heavens, in all my life as I was right then. Sweet candy! things did look good out there in the open. I spent fifteen or twenty minutes stretching my legs, then made

fast tracks through the timber toward my little cabin up the mountain—the one where we're headed for now. I didn't get there till the next morning, but once there I sorely lost no time in telephoning to the Forest Supervisor over on Nagoobey Ridge. After that I just laid low for a spell. In the meantime the Supervisor got in touch with the Chief Forester at Washington, and one day not long afterward I had the pleasure of conducting a little surprise party—in the form of a half-hundred soldiers from Fort Walla-Walla—over to see Jared Tossan and his second lumber camp. Tossan and the Mexican were dumfounded when we arrived. Realizing the folly of resistance, they submitted to arrest, and were taken to town and given a trial. Of course they were convicted, for they had been caught redhanded. Tossan was given ten years in the penitentiary, and his two accomplices three years each. Not only that, but Tossan's chiefs in San Francisco were found guilty of conspiracy to defraud the Government, and three of them, constituting the lumber firm, were heavily fined and also imprisoned."

After a little further inspection of the lumber camp we had visited, the Forest Ranger and I departed. As we continued up the trail leading toward his cabin home, Clare Peterson's horse suddenly shied, likewise my own. In the bend

of the trail just ahead we saw a coil of galvanized wire. A moment later we were passing several men, who, half-way up the trunks of as many trees, seemed to be fastening up wire. My companion informed me that this was a new telephone line. It was certainly the strangest-looking telephone line I had ever met.

"You will see a great deal in this Forest that may look like crude work to you," remarked the Ranger. "The Government does not give us all the money we need for improvements. But if you lived here, and a forest fire was closing in around your home, as it often does with the settlers, you would be thankful if you could send a message for help over that roughly strung wire. These telephone lines between the settlements and the Rangers' cabins at high points along the mountain ranges are worth their weight in gold. Good trails and telephone lines are the best safeguards against fires—telephones to call in men for the fight, and trails for them to travel over with their pack-horses carrying fire-extinguishing implements. Already nearly ten-thousand miles of trails have been built in National Forests."

As our horses plodded up the steady grade, the bridle reins hanging loose, the Ranger talked about the fires, which he said were the worst enemy the Forest Service seemed to have.



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FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE

"You see, pardner," he said, "a fire in a forest is a good deal like a fire in a building. If you reach it just as it starts, or soon after, it is an easy matter to put it out; but if it gets a few hours' lead of you, especially when the wind is blowing, a hundred brave men cannot do what one man could have done in the beginning. The bigger a forest fire gets the hotter it is, and the faster it travels. Such fires as you have back East in those little groves of trees called a woods, are nothing compared to the roaring furnaces resulting when these great forests of pitchy standing timber and bone-dry logs and underbrush, so thick you can hardly get through it in some places, once catch fire. Just the hot breath from such a conflagration will often cook the flesh on your hands or face, though you may be a half-mile from the scene. It is more terrible than anything you can picture in your mind. You have to see a forest fire out here in the West raging out of control to know what one of them is really like."

"How do these fires start, Mr. Peterson?"

"In lots of ways—and all the outcome of somebody's plumb carelessness, as a rule. Railroad locomotives start many of them. The sparks thrown out from their smokestacks do the job. That's why more engines ought to burn oil instead of coal. Then there are the people who are

continually traveling through forested land, such as stockmen, prospectors, hunters, campers, automobile tourists, and so on. All these chaps have to make fires to cook by and keep themselves warm at night, and some of them are careless in spite of all we Rangers and the educators in general are doing to teach them to be careful. Besides, lightning does its share in kindling fires. You know we have the most violent kind of electrical storms in these mountains. Very often such storms bring little or no rain, but much thunder and lightning. If the lightning strikes a tree—particularly a dead tree—it often means a fire. Then there is that other source of fires I have already shown you by my story of Jared Tossan: I mean the fires which are started by cowards, blacklegs, and conspirators for some selfish reason, men who either wish to get even with the Government for some fancied slight, or men who wish to conceal evidence of their crimes.”

A little later, high up on the mountain, on a little plateau where the air was thin and rare, but most invigorating to those accustomed to it, we came upon a trim log-cabin which my companion said was his own. A merry yodeling call from Clare Peterson’s throat brought to the door a plainly-dressed but pretty young woman, with two bright-faced children. They gave affection-

ate greeting to the Ranger, and welcomed me most heartily.

I shall never forget the fine Western hospitality of these rugged people during my short sojourn among them; how considerate of my welfare all were, even down to the smaller of the children; how splendidly Mrs. Peterson cooked the supper we ate on the plain, neatly-covered pine table in the little cabin that night; how courteously and good-naturedly Clare Peterson himself answered all my fool questions about his work there in the great wilderness of this mountainland.

After breakfast the next morning we went out and climbed to the dizzy platform of a high lookout tower, made of the straightest of cedar boles which reached up a good seventy-five feet into the thin air.

"These towers are erected on the tops of elevations in a dozen or more places throughout the Forest," said the Ranger. "We use them to make observations from. Just notice what a commanding view you get up here."

It was truly a wonderful, most inspiring sight to me. Beyond us, like a gigantic map in color, wave after wave of serrated mountain range rose up as far as the eye could travel, waves mystically softened by the intervening film of atmosphere. My companion told me the names of the

ranges, and pointed out the natural boundaries of his own domain. One hundred thousand acres sounds like a vast territory for one man to look after, but when you see it spread out in front of you, as I did, it seems vaster still. Through that labyrinth of crags, plateaus, valleys, cañons, ridges, slopes, and masses of matted green foliage, it spread twenty miles one way and ten miles the other. It encompassed snowy peaks ten thousand feet high, while far below velvety valleys bearing grazing herds of cattle and sheep were garnered in by its girdle.

On the platform of the crude tower where we stood I was shown a large oriented map of the district, disclosed when its weather-proof case was unlocked and opened.

“The various towers and attendant cabins in the Forest are connected to each other and to the Supervisor’s headquarters by telephone,” said Peterson. “The wires are strung through the Forest from tree to tree, as we saw in coming up here, and a trail follows each line—a trail which the patrolmen must constantly go over, with their packs on their backs, to remove windfalls and reconnect wires which have been put out of commission by moose antlers or storm conditions.

“The Forest Service has already built seven thousand miles of this crude telephone line, counting all of its Forests, but as much as seven

times that amount will be required before all districts are properly supplied. A recent installation is a portable telephone set. This is carried by each patrolman. He can tap a line at any point and report a forest fire to headquarters without losing precious time in racing clear back to the lookout station."

"What would you do if you were to detect a suspicious smoke rising up away off in yonder valley, Mr. Peterson?" I asked, pointing to a timbered depression to the eastward.

"Do? Why, just as quick as my glasses showed it to me, I'd get its range with my alidade, then compare my observation with the map of the district which I have spread out on my table, and that would give me its exact direction and approximate distance. Then I'd call up my Supervisor, and tell him over the telephone what I had discovered. He would look after informing other Rangers and the settlers most concerned, telling 'em where to head for with their fire-fighting tools. In the meantime I would snatch up my own axe, pail, and shovel, and my wife would hastily fill a pouch with food and my canteen with water—for there wouldn't be any telling, pardner, when I'd get back; maybe two or three hours; maybe two or three days; maybe—never! I'd kiss her and the children good-bye; jump on Bessie, my horse, and then go tearing

toward that smoke. When I would get within a few miles of the fire's front, I might be able to smell the smoke as well as see it. Deer, coyotes, and smaller animals would be dashing by me with terror in their eyes and movements. I would picket my horse in a safe place, and make my way on foot toward that fire. Then, if I could find a steep slope about a half-mile in front of the blaze, I'd start a backfire at the foot of the slope."

"How would you do that?" I asked.

"First I'd remove all the burnable rubbish in a straight line along the slope bottom, heaping it up into a sort of hedge. Then I'd get busy with my spade, throwing up as much damp earth back of it as I could, so the fire couldn't go that way. A touch of a match, and *zip!* that pile of dry twigs and so-forth would go flaring up—a respectable fire of its own. By the time the big fire reached the spot, the ground would be a charred mass of ashes, there would be nothing for the giant to feed on, and it would shorely die out."

"But," I objected, "of course you, all alone, would not always have time to do so much preventative work as all this spading before the big fire would be upon you?"

"Shorely, pardner; I was just supposing real *nice* conditions. Lots of times I could not do

that alone; if other Rangers or landowners did not appear to lend a hand, I would have to skeddaddle to save my own life. But I'd run my horse fast enough to gain on the fire; and would collect reinforcements as I went; and after awhile my friends and I would be so far ahead we could make a backfire which probably would be successful. The chances are, sooner or later, you know, we could use plows for turning up the sod, and have scores of men working tooth and nail at the job of making an insurmountable denuded belt which that fire could not jump."

"Fighting a big forest fire must be the most gruelling kind of work," was my remark.

"Pardner, you'd say so if you was ever in one once! Sometimes we have to battle the flames for a week at a time, without a wink of sleep. Our eyes smart with the smoke until it seems we will go mad; our faces are so red and raw from the intense heat that, to touch them with a finger, would make us yell. Our clothes get so hot they smoke—sometimes even catch afire, and we have to slap like lightning to put out the spots. Our mouths get so parched, and our tongues so thick, that we can only mumble when we give orders to each other. In big fires like that, we may fight several hours in one stand, only to be forced back in the end and have to seek another stand—another, another, and another. Espe-

cially when we are trying to keep a fire from sweeping a town do we fight hard, for then no real man will give up until death takes him; he can't bear to think of hundreds of women and children becoming victims of so horrible a monster. Yes, pardner, those shorely are the kinds of fire that try a man's soul. Unlike the soldier on the firing-line, your Ranger fights to save as many lives as he can instead of to see how many he can destroy. He has no thundering rattle of musketry and cannon to stir up his courage; no war-correspondents waiting upon his movements to send back to their newspapers stories of his deeds of daring. No; your Ranger just plugs doggedly and silently at his job, suffering all of the tortures of the damned much of the time while he is doing it, but gladly doing it for the sake of humanity, never thinking of praise, and with no hope of reward or promotion."

"They say one of the greatest forest fires, from point of destructiveness, was that of Pesh-tigo," I said. "Is this true?"

"It shorely was bad enough," answered the Ranger. "It happened in 1871, though,—long before my time as a fire-fighter. I have heard the boys talk about it. That fire started in the fall, and swept over more than two thousand square miles of Wisconsin territory. Besides destroying the town of Peshtigo, it took the lives

of fifteen hundred persons. At Hinckley, Minnesota, there was another disastrous forest fire in the fall of 1894. There, numerous small fires had been allowed to burn, which might have been put out had the people not thought them quite harmless and let them go. Then all at once a heavy wind sprang up; the several small fires were swept together in the twinkling of an eye, and a great 'crown' fire resulted. This came roaring down upon the town of Hinckley, laid it in ashes, and then consumed six other towns. Five hundred people were burned to death, and two thousand homes destroyed. But those fires were all before the days of the National Forests, and there was no such thing as Rangers fighting against them. Since the establishment of the National Forests and the protective system of patrols, this country has not known any such terrifying conflagrations. The one occurring in 1910 in the Pacific Northwest is probably the worst of recent fires."

"Is not that the fire in which Ranger Pulaski gained country-wide renown?" I inquired, all interest at once.

"The same," responded Ranger Peterson, gazing reflectively off toward the piñon-dotted mountain slope across the shadowed valley. "That year was the driest, they say, ever known in the West, particularly in northern Idaho and

northwestern Montana. Practically no rain fell from early spring until October. The forests became as dry as tinder, with little fires springing up here and there all over. In this section the National Forests are in many cases still without roads, trails, or telephones, so that although they were patrolled by Rangers, the small fires starting at remote points could not be reached before they had gained such proportions as to make them very difficult to extinguish.

“The last week of July, a severe electric storm, carrying not enough rain to lay the dust, passed over the northern Rocky Mountains, setting many more fires. The Cœur d’Alene Mountains in particular suffered from these fires. In three days the Forest Rangers put out nine fires started by lightning, and five others were in such remote and inaccessible places that they could not be reached. The latter conflagrations grew rapidly. Soon it was seen that heroic measures must shorely be taken to put them out. At one time 1,800 men, besides two companies of soldiers, were fighting fires in the Cœur d’Alene forest alone, and other large crews were fighting fires in other parts of the northwestern forests. The men fought stubbornly, working day and night, building trenches around the fires and gradually confining them to a small area.

“All fires seemed under control, when, on Au-

gust 20th, a terrific hurricane sprang up. It swept all the separate fires together, like you would take a broom and whisk several little piles of dirt into one, and in no time—so they say—there was just one monstrous big wall of flame many miles long, towering in licking tongues almost mountain high, and speeding forward with a roar that was deafening as well as terrifying. Many of the fire-fighters were directly in the path of the holocaust. It was impossible that all should escape. Seventy-nine were caught and burned to a cinder—so quickly, probably, that they did not suffer much. And if it had not been for the skill and nerve of the Rangers in charge of the crews a very much larger number shorely would have perished. Among the many notable instances of heroism performed in that fire, I imagine none stands out clearer, or better shows up the true character of the average Forest Ranger, than the exploit of Ranger Pulaski, from some of whose friends, with him at the time, I obtained the story.”

“Tell me this yarn,” I begged.

“It seems that Pulaski was in charge of about 150 men. These had been distributed over a district of several miles, stretching along the divide between Big Creek, of the Cœur d’Alene River, and Big Creek of the St. Joe River. As the peril increased he brought together about forty

of his men who were in the danger zone, and started with them down the mountain toward Wallace, Idaho, a distance of ten miles. When about half way down the slope he found that he was cut off by new fires.

“At once Pulaski’s men—largely made up of settlers and ranchers—became panic-stricken; but he asked them to trust in him and he would yet get them to a place of safety. Being thoroughly familiar with the region, he knew of two old prospect tunnels near by, and it had occurred to him that one of these would prove a good refuge. One of these tunnels was about fifty feet long, running straight back into the hillside, and the other was about twice that length. The latter seemed to promise the better refuge for so large a party.

“But now the fire was creeping around in between them, and the heat was so great that Pulaski saw the gauntlet never could be run with faces unprotected. His fertile brain prompted him to wet two gunny sacks—all they had—and with these pulled over their heads, he and another man hurried through the blistering brush to the mouth of the largest tunnel. Here Pulaski pushed his companion inside. Then he dashed back, with his own gunny sack on his head, and the other chap’s in his hand. In this fashion, one after another, he piloted all of his

men except one into the refuge. That one, poor fellow, was the last. He was caught by the on-rushing flames before Pulaski could reach him, and his agonized cries, as he died, clearly reached the ears of those in the tunnel through the swirling mass of smoke and flame which now enveloped everything outside.

"After all, pardner, that shorely was a doubtful refuge—as those fellows soon found out. The heat and smoke came in in such suffocating surges that all of them would have died in a few minutes had not the resourceful Pulaski fastened the two gunny sacks together and held them up in the entrance with his own hands. As it was, that couldn't keep out all the smoke, and it gradually got so thick the men couldn't see each other, and everybody was a-coughing.

" 'Lie down on your bellies, you fools!' cried Pulaski. 'Lots better air there.'

"So they stretched out, and for a while breathed more freely. They didn't know until afterward that all that time their leader's hands, in holding up the gunny sacks, were blistering from the intense heat just beyond; that his face was screwed up in silent torture for their sake. Several times the sacks caught afire, and he had to drop them long enough to stamp it out, before they could be jerked back into service. His hands were fairly parboiled—but he hung on like

grim death—held on until, finally, the charred, rotten fabric parted in a last fall and was no longer usable.

“With the advent of fresh smoke, the men became quite frantic and uncontrollable. Blinded, choking, almost crazed, they began rushing, one by one toward the entrance to the tunnel. But the huge, determined bulk of Pulaski was interposed between them and the seething, frightful death waiting for them on the other side. He pushed first one and then another back, imploring them to stay and fight it out to the last. But they only came at him in larger numbers, each with the strength of a madman.

“I guess Pulaski saw that he had reached a crisis; for, quick as a flash, he drew his revolver and fired over their heads. The men say the reverberation in that hollow place was something awful; that it scared them for a minute almost stiff. The next thing they knew Pulaski was bawling like one gone daft himself: ‘Drop on your bellies, you doggone idiots! I can’t see you, but I’m going to begin shooting at the height of your bodies right away!’ Then two more shots roared out, and those fellows went down like apples dropping from a tree. A minute later, as they lay there shivering and coughing, another couple of shots split the silence.

“No man knows how long they were stretched

out in that frightful hole in the side of the mountain. Probably all of them were unconscious except one. This fellow was able to crawl dizzily out, over Pulaski's body, to find that the fire had passed, leaving a black swath behind it. He dragged himself to the town of Wallace, told his story to the Forest Supervisor at the station there, and at once a relief party was organized. All of the men were saved with the exception of five, who had been smothered. It was a long time before Pulaski's burns had healed, and he will bear the scars of his heroism to the grave with him. I don't say it because I'm of the breed myself, pardner, but Pulaski is shorely the kind of a man most all of us Rangers try to be."

And I believed Ranger Peterson. Forest Rangers are "shorely" and unequivocally very brave, self-sacrificing fellows!

III

THE TEXAS RANGER

LIKE strands of highly colored thread in an Indian blanket, the history and traditions of the Texas Rangers are woven into the annals of the Lone Star State. The Rangers not only did much in the up-building of Texas, which became the largest State in the Union, but they defended it as well against the hostilities of Mexicans, redskins, and bandits. And to-day they are just as active in keeping Texas free of dishonesty and crime as they were in the earliest portion of its history.

In the very beginning the Rangers were more of a volunteer force than an organization; that is to say, they were not paid a regular wage, as now, and they were free to quit whenever the notion seized them. That was away back in the early Thirties—almost a century ago. Their operations were much wilder than of later times, but it is safe to say that if their methods were harsher they were doubtless necessary, for those were lawless days when transgressors against the peace of the majority had to be dealt with in

the most summary manner. The Indian, the white man, the Mexican, and the "Gringo" were sworn enemies. So bitter was their hatred against each other that none lost an opportunity to vent his wrath, and hardly a sun ever set without witnessing somewhere along the border exciting encounters among these factions.

Until the Indian question in the United States was finally settled to the satisfaction of whites and reds alike, certain tribes, particularly the fierce, revengeful Comanches, felt that each new farm created and each new range thrown open represented the spoils of a barefaced robbery, and that if the white invaders were not severely punished, the prized hunting-grounds of the red men would soon be gone. Thus, in Texas, as in other border States, bitter engagements took place between nomad and settler. While other districts fought their battles in an unorganized sense, Texas chose to increase her offensive and defensive strength by forming a band of Rangers, composed of the hardiest and boldest of her men, men who knew no fear, and who could ride a horse and shoot a rifle with a skill calculated to strike terror to the hearts of all enemies of law and order.

Probably the most famous of the old Rangers were the group of rough-riding fighters who worked under that redoubtable plainsman and

Indian fighter, Captain Ben McCulloch. Captain McCulloch's name has gone down in Texas history beside that of Sam Houston, Burnet, Colonel Burleson, and the many other gallant men of the Lone Star State. McCulloch's Texas Rangers were all plainsmen and Indian fighters, and in the warfare with the Comanches they performed valiant service in protecting Texas settlements against the raids of the enemy.

Notable among the Indian fights engaged in by Captain McCulloch's men is the one immediately following the outbreak of the Comanche War of 1840. At that time Victoria, Linnville, and other settlements were laid waste by the Indians, who stole hundreds of horses and stampeded hundreds of cattle, plundering and murdering as they went.

The Comanches had attacked Victoria first. Although the settlers had had no warning of their coming, they hastily gathered all the men of the community and gave battle to the redskins. So valiantly did they fight against the four hundred or more Comanches that they managed to hold off their attackers all that day and night. On the second day the Indians contrived to drive the defenders from several houses on the outskirts of the town, but were unable to do more because the rifle-fire, leaping from the

doors, loopholes, and windows of the other cabins, was too withering to be withstood by even the most daring of the painted warriors.

At length, after a fierce but unsuccessful onslaught, the Indians withdrew, first venting their rage by setting fire to every building they had gained. Many cattle and horses were gathered and driven across the river in advance of the war party. Then the savages followed downstream, and from concealment looked longingly at the little settlement of Linnville, which lay just below them.

Like the people living in Victoria, the residents of Linnville were unprepared for the coming of the uprising redskins. Indeed, when the big party was seen upon the plains, the population thought them a caravan of Mexican traders. They were earnestly thinking of riding forth to give the strangers a welcome, when the latter began to dash forward with the wildest and most terrifying of war-whoops.

The pioneers were astonished beyond measure; but they were not frightened into a meek defense and then a surrender, as the Indians had hoped. As quick as a flash the call to arms went up from many a lusty Texan's throat, and doors were banged shut, and the inmates began to deal out a fusillade of shots which made more than one reckless brave bite the dust.

But it was an unequal fight—so unequal that those brave defenders, in far less numbers than at Victoria, had absolutely no chance of success. In a great body the Indians rushed forth, heedless of the fact that numbers of their men were going down; the buildings became fuel for flaming arrow and torch, and as their inmates, men, women, and children, rushed out to escape suffocation and burns, the tomahawk and knife ruthlessly laid them low.

Fortunate it was for the survivors that a large flat-boat was moored in the river nearby. To this they escaped, after an exciting run; the anchor was hoisted, and they began to float downstream with the current, while the red horde on the bank ran along opposite, uttering threatening cries and discharging guns and arrows. As they followed, the Comanches eagerly beat the shrubbery along the water's edge in quest of a chance canoe.

Meanwhile, at the first reports of the attack upon Victoria, the fiery old plainsman, Captain McCulloch, galloped to the scene of trouble with his band of twenty-four Texas Rangers. They reached Victoria at about the time the Comanches were sacking Linnville. When the Rangers saw what had happened at Victoria, and heard of the raid on the tiny town farther down the river, they started post-haste for Linnville.

Although they were outnumbered close to twenty times, no man among the brave fellows hesitated for a single instant in pursuing the large band of Indians. Fortunately, however, as they rode on, they were reënforced by volunteers from Texana, Lavaca, and Quero; for other Indian fighters were hearing of the Comanche depredations.

Thus, when the force of whites neared Linnville it was of quite a formidable size. Suddenly they ran into some Comanche scouts, who had been sent back by the war party to report on the pursuit, of which the savages seemed to have become cognizant. Some of these scouts were shot down or captured, but several succeeded in escaping to the main body. The Indians, now really alarmed and afraid either to attack or stand their ground, took to flight, throwing away all encumbrances, and even killing the slower horses and cattle in their herd of plunder.

The rout had come none too soon to suit the little group of refugees aboard the flat-boat. In fact, it had come just in the nick of time—just as a half-dozen redskins were pulling out of the bushes a big war-canoe, preparatory to embarking and attacking them in midstream. How thankful they were when an Indian scout appeared with the news of the approach of the

Rangers, and they saw the band which had followed them disappear hastily in the forest!

What the Rangers and their friends really wanted most was not a pursuit of the redskins, but a decisive battle with them. Still, since the enemy refused to face them, the next best thing was to give pursuit, overtake them, force a combat, and teach the rascals a lesson. So the chase continued.

However, the Texans were poorly mounted, their horses being fagged, while the Indians had fresh ones. Before long, therefore, it looked as if the wily old chief would get his warriors away without the fight the Rangers wanted so badly.

About this time Captain McCulloch had an idea, which he lost no time in acting upon. He knew the Indians would soon have to cross the Colorado River, and having an idea where this point would be, he and several of his men started off toward it by a short-cut, telling the rest of the men to go on after the savages and to keep up the appearance of an earnest pursuit in order to deceive them.

Captain McCulloch arrived considerably in advance of the redskins, and had time to recruit, from among the neighboring ranches, a large number of cowboys and settlers. When the Comanches did appear, they saw that they were cornered, and there was nothing else for

them to do but prepare to put up the best fight they could. They selected a long wooded stretch in which to make their stand, and while hundreds of them concealed themselves in the foliage and behind trunks and logs, a considerable number spread out, as skirmishers, for a quarter of a mile into the plain on either side of the forest.

By this time the pursuing whites, now under the command of General Felix Houston, had come into close proximity with the Comanches. These Texans dismounted, and sent their horses to the rear, as all good cavalymen do when preparing for battle. Then the men flopped on their bellies, and began to snake forward, pausing only to fire their guns whenever their leader gave the command. For a while the bullets flew thick and fast and the rattle of muskets was sharp and vicious.

But so hot and accurate was the response of the Indians that the Texans soon saw an open charge right away was out of the question. They continued a slow advance along the ground, taking advantage of every form of concealment, such as grass hummocks, declivities, cactus clumps, and boulders.

This was too much like their own cunning style of warfare to suit the Indians. It would have pleased them much more had the whites

made a forward rush on foot, as large bodies of whites usually did, for then the redskins could have picked them off with little danger to themselves. As it was, the Comanches determined to adopt some expedient to get the Rangers to show themselves. So they sent a score of their most daring horsemen out to the edge of the woods. Here the warriors cavorted up and down in the clearing, wheeling, dashing, and wheeling again, uttering taunting cries, and trying in every conceivable way to tempt the Rangers into making a sudden break after them. But, to the chagrin of the Indians, they soon found that their gayly-bedecked ponies and glaringly-painted selves were very conspicuous targets for the whites, and one after another of the ridiculing braves went tumbling to the ground, never to rise again, when those unerring rifles of the Rangers spoke. Presently, in a panic, the Indians who were left dashed wildly into the woods, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

Now the Rangers tried a little trick of their own. With a detachment of men, Colonel Burleson worked around to the right flank of the Comanches, while at the same time McCulloch and his newly-recruited cowboys began to appear on the Indians' left. Immediately a cross-fire from three directions was hurled into the

woods, and the Indian skirmishers began scuttling for cover.

Hotter and hotter came the fire of the various bodies of Rangers. The Comanches stood it as long as they could, then, with their ponies, began a mad stampede from cover, scattering widely, and throwing away everything which tended to impede their progress. After them, pell-mell, came the Rangers. Captain McCulloch and his men started ahead in the chase, and for fifteen miles they kept up a running battle with the rear-guard of the enemy, killing and wounding many, until finally the Indians got into the wilder sections of the country, and scattered to such an extent that following them effectively was out of the question. But behind them they left so many of their finest warriors that the spirit of the entire band was utterly crushed, and the Rangers had broken up what promised to be one of the bloodiest of the many Comanche wars in Texas.

A little later, during the war against Mexico, the Texas Rangers were among the most efficient scouts, and every man of them did valorous duty for his State, as did also the Rangers who went through the trying times of the Civil War, years afterward. But when the weary soldiers of the North and South laid down their arms, it was found that in making the necessary read-

justment of affairs in Texas a Ranger force was needed not only to guard the frontier and international boundaries, but to police the State as well. And the organization that came into being about that time may be said to have been really the beginning of the splendid, efficient force of Texas Rangers as we know it to-day.

In fact, it was in 1873 that the first company of Texas Rangers of the modern school was organized. As in former days, the men at the head of the organization were picturesque individuals who quickly became famous in the Lone Star State, but they operated with more precision and military singleness of purpose than had the old commanders. There was Captain "Billy" Hughes, for instance,—Captain Billy, who was wont to assure you "I'm nacherally peaceful an' law-abidin', but I allus carry my gun." The truth is, Captain Billy had good reason to "allus carry" a gun; for while he had thousands of friends in Texas, like all brave and fearless men he also had numerous enemies whose selfish interests he had sometimes thwarted.

It is related that Captain Billy was ambushed one Sunday morning as he was riding in to church. Four rough-looking men waylaid the old plainsman, and without any preamble began to cut loose at him with their guns in lively fashion. As Billy said afterward to friends, "I

jest hated to desecrate the Sabbath by any sort of gun-play myself, but when one of them fellers tickled my forearm with one of his bullets I got so mad I thought it was Saturday, an' I just started a little music myself. When I was done, all four of 'em was out of workin' order. Then I remembered ag'in as it was the Sabbath; so I jest went on an' took my reg'lar pew in the church."

This same Captain Billy was noted for the character of the men he selected to constitute his force of Rangers. He did not care particularly that the prospective Ranger should have "book learnin'," or that he should be the son of a wealthy rancher, or have powerful friends politically. What he wanted was a man with grit and fighting ability, good resourcefulness, and a strong degree of loyalty to the State and the Rangers. When asked one time how he selected his men, his mouth spread into a good-natured smile, as he answered laconically: "Why I jest look 'em square in the eye; an' if they look me square in the eye, I want 'em; if they don't look me square in the eye, slap-back, I don't want 'em. That's all." Very simple formula, is it not? Yet, the records show that Captain Billy never made a mistake in sizing up his man.

To-day there are four companies of Rangers on patrol in the Lone Star State. Every man

of these four companies has been selected with strict regard to the requisites Captain Billy of long-ago made it a point to demand in his applicants, as well as the modern requisite of a fairly good education. Every Ranger is clean-minded and upright, cool in time of danger, an enemy to everything that savors of crookedness, and very careful that his name and the reputation of his organization shall not suffer the taint of dishonor through any act of his own. Indeed, woe be to the Ranger who is lax in these respects, for, as large as is the State of Texas, its vast environs could never conceal him from the wrath of his comrades should he once forget to do his duty.

Our Ranger of to-day enlists for a period of two years, and he remains in constant service until the expiration of his time unless, for special reasons, the company is disbanded or mustered out, or he, through some fault of his own, or physical disability, is removed from the activities of the force. Among the reasons justifying dismissal are those of abusive language or insubordination to a superior officer, ungentlemanly behavior to civilians, theft, drunkenness, profanity in public, unnecessary cruelty in making arrests, and unwarranted show of authority.

When he first makes application for enlistment, the Ranger is critically examined by the commanding officer, to make sure that he pos-

sesses the qualifications already named as requisites, besides which he is given a horse of an unruly kind and closely watched to see how well he handles himself upon the fractious steed. Then he is handed a rifle, allowed so many shots at a distant target, and a record kept of his hits and misses. Following this a revolver is given to him, and he must fire it with the right as well as with the left hand, hitting the bull's-eye as many times as possible.

If he does satisfactory work in these tests, he is accepted, and then asked to provide himself with a good horse. But, since almost every big boy and man in that country owns one or more ponies, this does not bother him in the least; in fact, he would rather use his own animal, because he knows his own horse's whims and capabilities. The State provides him with another mount, should the one he owns be killed or die in service; but he must pay for the carbine and pistol they give him, although the ammunition is furnished free.

Every day the quartermaster of the company issues each Ranger twelve ounces of bacon, or twenty-four of beef, as he wishes; twenty ounces of flour or corn-meal, two and two-fifths ounces of beans or peas, one and three-fifths ounces of rice, three and one-fifth ounces of coffee, three and one-fifth ounces of sugar, one gill of vinegar

or pickles, two-thirds of an ounce of salt, one twenty-fourth of an ounce of pepper, four and one-fifth ounces of potatoes, sixteen twenty-fifths of an ounce of baking-powder, one-sixth of an ounce of candles, and one-third of an ounce of soap. These supplies are considered sufficient to last the ordinary healthy Ranger, if he does not waste anything, a full twenty-four hours; but when he is out of reach of the quartermaster's department and the specified rations are out of the question, he is allowed one dollar and fifty cents each day for the purchase of his meals wherever he may choose to buy them.

The horses also are well fed, each animal being allowed each day twelve pounds of corn or oats and fourteen pounds of hay, with an extra two ounces of salt once each week.

The Rangers are paid forty dollars a month for their services, sergeants receiving fifty dollars, and the commanding officer of each troop getting one hundred dollars. This is considered by the men to be particularly good pay, for in the cattle country men who ride the range seldom receive as much, with board.

And it is from the range—from the ranks of the bold, adventuresome cowboys—that most of the Rangers come. They find patrolling the countryside and enforcing the law against bad



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TEXAS RANGERS PATROLLING THE BORDER

men to be far more appealing and exciting than the spring and fall round-ups with their heavy drag of day- and night-work, and also more attractive than the constant range-riding, looking for stray cattle and sheep, or putting coal-oil on the festering brand-marks to keep the blow-flies from infecting the wounds.

All in all, the Texas Rangers of to-day are one of the hardest-fighting, cleanest-principled organizations in the country. Dressed in their loose, flapping garments; swaying in their saddles carelessly and as free as the wind, carbines slung aslant shoulder, lariats over saddle-horns, they are wonderfully picturesque, seeming to be a part of the rugged, breezy landscape itself—even a part of the swift-footed galloping ponies they bestride. As they sweep side by side, in twos and threes, they talk and jest, chuckle and laugh. Only when silence means the capture of an enemy are they still. And then they are so deadly still that you might be close enough to reach through a bush and touch one of them, but you could not hear him breathe; and his wonderfully trained pony is equally noiseless.

For the last five or six years the Texans have had many a skirmish on the international borderline; they have been called out at all hours to break up parties of marauding Mexican bandits,

and to listen to the droning whine of bullets as they cut close to their ears when these same marauders retaliated for the Rangers' interference with their destruction of life and property on the American side of the Rio Grande.

It was the Texas Rangers who did so much to keep order in the Lone Star State before the American forces were sent in to do border patrol work in 1916; and during that trying period they had any number of red-hot skirmishes with the outlaws from Mexico. If it had not been for the vigilance of the Rangers, coupled with their hard-riding abilities and splendid marksmanship, the notorious Villa and his bandits would have committed many more depredations than they did. As it was, hundreds of sleek American cattle just across the line, and scores of fine American plantations, were saved by the timely appearance of the Rangers.

During these troublous times it was a common occurrence for messages to be flashed almost nightly by telephone or telegraph, from some point on the border, asking that the Rangers be sent to repel an attacking band of Greasers. Then at breakneck speed the nearest company of Rangers would go dashing to the scene of turmoil, and if the Greasers were foolish enough to stay where they were, it would be only a short time before they would feel sorry for it.

Whether taken individually or collectively, the Rangers have seen more real fighting than any constabulary organization in the world, and they never fail to acquit themselves with signal honor, no matter how great the odds against them. For instance, I might tell you the story of one recent skirmish, wherein a raid by Mexicans was made on an American ranch called the O-Bar, and wherein two Rangers—Buck-Along-Buck Crawford and Fred Payson—were caught in the ranch-house with the owner, his wife and daughter, and one cattleman, and held under siege for hours. Those were long, nerve-racking hours of the night never to be forgotten by any one of the O-Bar's inmates.

Buck-Along-Buck and Fred were ending up a long patrol late one afternoon. They were just riding across a corner of the O-Bar land, a half-mile from the ranch-house, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with a mounted band of about fifty Mexican outlaws. Instantly, but without any show of fear, the Rangers wheeled and started in the direction of the ranch-house, for they knew that trouble would be brewing very shortly, and they wished to give the inmates a timely warning.

Before Buck-Along-Buck and Fred had gone far the Greasers opened fire at them, to which the Rangers promptly replied with their heavy

revolvers. Then a running engagement was kept up toward the house.

Just as Buck-Along-Buck was pulling up his mount in front of the building, a Mexican bullet hit his broncho, and the animal stumbled and fell. At the same moment Fred remembered that the O-Bar ranch was without a telephone, and that if all hands were cornered up within its walls there would be no chance of getting word to the troop. This would never do. In a flash he had thought out his own line of action.

"Take yo' rifle an' git in the house 'long with ol' man Tagor an' whoever else is in there," he called to Buck. "I'm goin' to try to git away an' git word to the Rangers. Here, Buck, take my belt,"—unstrapping it and tossing it to his comrade. "I reckon yo'-all will need these bullets more'n me before I git back. I've got five shots in my rifle; I reckon I'll be all right. Now yo' jest got to spring lively to save your hide, ol' boy!"

Buck saw that he would indeed have to "spring lively," so without arguing the matter, as he would have liked to do under less pressing circumstances, he took the belt and broke for the ranch-house door. The inmates, aroused by the shooting and voices, were armed and watching him through the window. Quickly they swung open the door, and let him in. He was a wel-

come visitor at that crisis, for besides the ranch-owner, there was only Tagor who could handle a rifle, the women folk having nothing of longer range than revolvers.

No sooner was the door slammed shut and barred behind Buck-Along-Buck than the bullets of the Greasers began to spat against the heavy panels, some of them splintering their way through, causing those within to crouch lower. Then the outlaws set up a chorus of angry yells, calculated to strike terror to the hearts of the inmates of the ranch-house; but the latter had no thought of giving up as long as they could pull a trigger, and they began to send a few well-placed shots toward the enemy, firing through the windows—shots which found a mark, as attested by the pained cries of a couple of reeling Greasers,—and then the whole band moved back to a more respectable distance.

Meantime Fred had touched his spurs against the flanks of his pony, had uttered a sharp, low command to “Let ’er out now, ol’ Bessie!” and was off across the plain, heading away from the bandits. He saw several Mexicans detach themselves from the main body and start in hard pursuit after him, evidently surmising the import of his action and determined to thwart his purpose. But Fred had great confidence in his ability both to outshoot and outstrip any Mexi-

can that might ever come his way, so he rode on in no great fear, taking care only to gain fast enough on his pursuers to get out of range of their frequently-sent bullets, and taking no time to send back an answering shot himself, as he might have done had he thought it best. Really his whole attention was concentrated on reaching Pigeon-Foot Ranch, five miles west. At this place he expected to find a telephone by means of which he would be able to communicate with the Captain of AA Company of the Ranger force, stationed in a little town twelve miles further on.

The Mexicans clung to his trail, but he was manifestly fast outdistancing them. In the gloom of early evening he could no longer see them, nor they him, except when one party or the other topped a rise and was silhouetted against the starlit heavens beyond. Their shots, too, had ceased, although the still night air brought very distinctly to his ears the hoofbeats of their horses as probably those of his own animal were carried to the ears of his pursuers.

This gave Fred a thought upon which he was quick to act. Swerving his horse off to the right, he rode on for a half-mile, purposely making as much noise as he could, so as to lead the pursuit in the new direction. Then, with a quiet word to Bessie, he guided her to the left, and she

stepped away with the stealth of a panther stalking a rancher's lamb.

When, at last, Fred had regained the old course leading direct to Pigeon-Foot Ranch, he paused to listen intently. No sound disturbed the night air except those made by nocturnal birds and animals and the soft breezes blowing through the leaves of a tree overhead. All noises of pursuit had vanished. Fred smiled to himself with deep satisfaction, and patted the neck of his horse. "Good Bessie, we fooled 'em that time, I reckon," he remarked. "They've prob'ly gone back to the O-Bar long before this. Now, ol' girl, pick up yo' heels a bit an' rattle 'em as hard as yo' like in the direction of Pigeon-Foot!"

A little later Fred flung himself out of the saddle before Pigeon-Foot Ranch. In a few moments he had explained to the owner, Jim Tomkins, the situation at the O-Bar, and then called up the Ranger captain on the telephone, while Tomkins aroused the rest of his household and instructed them to get their rifles out and in working condition in case the bandits should happen to come along that way.

The captain of the Rangers promised to get his troop to O-Bar as fast as their horses could carry them.

"All right," said Fred, "then I'll mosey right back there an' be in for the grand jubilee when

yo'-all bumps up ag'in' them Greasers. I don't want to be left out of this. I sure am entitled to a whack at 'em myself after all the trouble they've made me so far!"

"But you might get there ahead of us," objected the captain of the AA Company. "In that case those Greasers would soon get away with you, Fred."

"Waal, I sure ain't goin' to stay *here*, Cap'n," said Fred, very mildly. "So-long! Yo'-all will find me where every good Ranger *b'longs*." And he hung up the receiver.

"Dadbust that fellow!" cried the captain, turning to a couple of the Rangers in the barracks' office. "Fred says he's going 'where every good Ranger *b'longs*.' That means he's going to hustle right back, hot-foot, for that trap at the O-Bar, where the Greasers have got Tom Butler's family an' Buck-Along-Buck corked up tighter than flies in a bottle. It means, too, boys, that I'm dadbusted proud of Fred, and we've just got to beat him in to the O-Bar somehow in order to save his plumb foolish neck for him! Grab your guns and get a-straddle!"

Fred made fast time back to the O-Bar ranch—faster time, in fact, than he had made coming away from it; for all the way he was in an agony of apprehension lest the Mexicans already had succeeded in burning the house, killing its de-

fenders, and running off all the livestock. Poor Bessie was astonished and hurt at the way the frantic Fred put the spurs into her. How she did leg it!

About three-quarters of a mile from the ranch, he began to hear the *pop-pop-popping* of rifle fire. The shots came so close together that Fred was sure his friend Buck-Along-Buck was having a mighty serious time of it.

As he drew closer he could see the flashes of the guns in the darkness—jets of flame leaping from the muzzles of the Mexicans' rifles out there in the open, as well as other jets of flame against the front of the ranch-house, where the defenders were making stern reply.

Fred now dismounted, and picketed his horse behind a big cactus plant. Then he unstrapped his spurs, putting them in his saddle-bags, so that their jingle might not betray him. As carefully and skillfully as an Indian scout, Fred next began a stealthy advance, taking advantage of every cactus clump and protuberance of the ground which he encountered, and scuttling across the open stretches with his body almost as horizontal as an animal's.

After a little he reached a point from whence he could indistinctly make out the forms of the Mexicans besieging the house. He saw that they were well scattered, some lying prone on the

ground and firing with deliberation from an elbow rest, while others circled about on their horses, yelling like as many Indians and shooting with reckless abandon.

Through this cordon of the enemy, Fred had made up his mind he must make his way. Once in the house, where he felt the rancher and the rest by this time must be tired almost to the point of collapse, if indeed their ammunition was not on the verge of exhaustion, he knew that he could do a lot toward bolstering up their courage just by telling them that the Rangers were then on the way to help them. Besides, his own prowess with the rifle would add materially to the fighting strength of the penned up men and women.

Therefore, Fred now resorted to the finest kind of stalking work. He dropped flat upon his belly, and wormed his way along the rough ground much like a huge snake, occasionally stopping to raise his head slightly for a better look, and sometimes lying as motionless as a bolt of timber when he thought attention might be directed his way. Once a mounted bandit almost rode over him, his horse's hoofs just grazing the cactus leaves back of which the Ranger lay. At another time another Greaser rode up from behind so suddenly that Fred thought sure he was discovered, and was about to fire at the

fellow, when the Mexican was called back by his leader.

Closer and closer Fred came to the ranch-house, which stood out clearly in the bright moonlight. The Mexicans were becoming more scattered in front of him, for the reason that out here they were very much exposed and within easy range of those within the building.

Fred's anxiety now was not so much from a sense of danger from the enemy as from his own friends, for he was afraid that the keen eyes of the ranch's defenders might detect him and take him for a Mexican before he could disclose his identity, which, to say the least, would mean a decidedly uncomfortable time for him dodging their well-aimed bullets.

Unexpectedly, however, his attention was directed elsewhere. All at once he became conscious of a very bright, weird light spreading out from behind. It needed only a quick backward look to tell him that, after rounding up all the cattle and horses they could find, and driving them off toward the river, the Greasers had set fire to the ranch outbuildings. Without a doubt their next objective for the torch of incendiarism would be the ranch-house itself. Fred shuddered. Well he knew the fate of the defenseless ones within when that should take place. Driven out by the flames, they would be shot

down, one by one, by the gloating, cruel bandits; and then it would be a miracle if he were not discovered himself in the bright light which would be cast over the surroundings by the burning house.

Indeed, Fred saw that in a few minutes he stood a good chance of being seen, as it was. Every instant the shadows behind were thinning because of the growing conflagration of the outbuildings, and it could be only a brief while before everything in his vicinity would be lit up as plainly almost as by day.

"Waal," soliloquized Fred in his slow drawl, "sence I see I gotta be a target for either a Greaser's gun or a white man's, I sure guess as how I prefer to git hit with a friend's bullet; so here goes for the house!"

Without further hesitation he arose to his feet, and, crouching low, made a bee-line sprint toward the building. At the same time he let out a shrill series of whistles by putting his fingers in his mouth—the call of a "bob-white" several times repeated. If only Buck-Along-Buck would hear that he would know it, for it was a signal by which either one of them could disclose his identity to the other.

Buck-Along-Buck, inside the ranch-house, did hear it. Moreover, through the window he saw the crouching form of his beloved comrade bowl-

ing along toward the house, flapping felt hat in one hand and pistol in the other, carbine bobbing from its strap over his shoulder. Instantly Buck stuck his own fingers in his mouth and sent forth an answering whistle. Then he dashed to the door, with a word to Tom Butler to stand by the window and let him know just when Fred reached the outside of the house so that he could unbar the entrance for him.

In the meanwhile Fred was in a regular stew of trouble. The moment he had started to run he had been discovered by the Mexicans, and his whistled signal only angered them the more. Angry cries went up from his rear, most of them curses in Spanish and warnings to comrades in different parts of the field. Then the spiteful crack of rifles began to shatter the night, while a score of Greasers dashed forward on their mounts after the fleeing Ranger.

Luckily for Fred he had obtained a pretty good start, and the ranch-house was near. Luckily, too, the bandits were in such a state of impotent rage that their aim was wretched, and all their bullets did was to screech past the runner's head or spurt up the dirt on each side of him.

In the lead came two Greasers better mounted than the rest. As these men began to close up on the fleeing Ranger they withheld their fire

for a surer shot, seeming to be confident they would "get" him. Now they were quite close, and the foremost raised his heavy revolver, aiming at Fred's head. But before he could press the trigger, Buck-Along-Buck, peeping out of the partially open door of the house, with steady eye ranging along his carbine barrel, got in the first word. A shot rang out—Buck's. The Mexican gave a shriek, dropped his leveled revolver, and pitched headlong out of his saddle.

Fred knew instinctively what had happened without looking around—knew that somebody in the ranch-house had dropped one of the leading Greasers just in the nick of time. He dashed on, eyes straight ahead, legs pounding over the turf with every ounce of vigor they had left in them. As he ran, he zig-zagged slightly from side to side, to disconcert the aim of the second bandit should he be aiming at him.

This second Greaser was really a sticker. He kept right on, despite the fate of his comrade, and was overhauling the flying man on foot with every bound of his pony. His pistol was cocked, and half-raised, as he watched for a favorable opportunity to get in a shot at the erratic-going Ranger. Twice he did shoot, but each time Fred's body swung off just in the nick of time to avoid the lead. And now for a third time the

Greaser slowly raised his revolver. Twisting his head slightly, Fred saw the movement. He was then twenty-five yards from the ranch-house, and knew that the time had come for him to do something else than run and dodge in a blind sort of way.

There was just one sensible thing left for him to do. That was to stop short, wheel about and try to shoot down his pursuer before the Mexican could fire. So Fred did his best to carry out that plan. With a suddenness which took the bandit completely unawares, the Ranger whirled in his tracks, threw up his pistol, and fired. The movement seemed to be continuous; not a fraction of a second was lost between operations. It was the salvation of Fred; before the Greaser could pull trigger, Fred's bullet pierced his heart, and he tumbled from his horse without even an articulation.

Scarcely pausing, Fred turned again and continued his wild dash for the house, while bullets from the other pursuers *zip-zipped* around him on all sides. In a moment or two he had safely reached the walls, and then the heavy door swung open far enough to admit him, then closed with a bang and was once more securely barred by Buck-Along-Buck. The two Rangers wrung one another's hands warmly; in one or two short

sentences Fred told of his success in telephoning the Ranger troop from Pigeon-Foot Ranch, and then all hands sprang to the windows, guns in hand, to resume watch of the enemy outside.

The Mexicans were angrier than ever, now that Fred had slipped through their hands once more and had laid out a couple of their best men in doing it. Presently they made a fierce charge upon the house, bent upon taking it by sheer force of numbers; but so accurate and deadly was the aim of the defenders, now vastly heartened as well as materially strengthened by the coming of Fred, that pretty soon the enemy was forced to retreat, carrying several dead and wounded with them.

This was the last assault they made, for it happened that before this the oncoming troop of Rangers, galloping along the valley, had seen the glare in the sky occasioned by the burning ranch buildings, and had quickened their pace to such an extent that they now suddenly swooped down upon the Greasers with little or no warning.

Consternation seized the Mexicans. They had no relish to stand and give battle to such a hard-fighting force as this troop of Texan Rangers, so they scattered in every direction, glad enough to escape with their lives, although a few more of their number lost theirs before the doughty plainsmen were through with the chase.

This story might be multiplied many times over; and will be again should occasion arise.

These chaps of the wilderness-patrol are just plain every-day Texans who can shoot and ride with the best men in the world. They are endowed by nature with the grit and courage of a bull-dog and the fighting qualities of a grizzly bear. They are used to the whine of bullets around their ears, to all forms of violence and bloodshed; not once will they go a step out of their way to avoid such things if Law and Justice are in jeopardy. Texas is mighty proud of her Rangers, proud of their history, proud of their bullet-scars, proud of their international reputation as clean-souled fellows who hate oppression and corruption, cruelty and cowardice. She knows that as long as she has them society will be troubled by fewer cattle-thieves, fewer train-robbers, fewer whiskey-runners, fewer crooks, fewer lawless Greasers.

IV

THE COWBOY

SUNSET; then dusk; and then the great herd of cattle, on the long trail from the Double-Dot Ranch to the nearest shipping point, come to a stop and are bedded down on the hillside for the night.

The sky is as clear as a bell. One by one the stars peep out, growing brighter and brighter as the minutes pass. How luminously large they shine in the pure air of the plains! You can almost count their "points." The ten thousand cattle huddle, a vast sea of heaving brown backs and whitish-gray horns, in an uneasy sort of manner quite unlike their usual deportment at turning-in time.

It needs only an old plainsman, like most of these cowboys, to tell what is the portent of this combination of brilliant, stagnant heavens and restless sullenness of the animal kingdom. They alone would not have been deceived by this foreboding quiet, by this ominous hush of their little universe; they alone would have taken note, pres-

ently, of the dark, thin line, like a smear of pencil smut, along the horizon. They, to a man, could have told you that a storm was brooding; that that storm was probably going to be a bad one; that it would strike in all likelihood before day dawned.

But these hardy fellows do not fear, to the point of showing it, even the worst of storms. The cook whistles as steadily and discordantly as ever, as he washes his dishes in the dusk. Nor does he cease to whistle until a stray gust of air pokes its nose under the ashes of his fire-pit and mischievously whisks a handful of the dust into his mouth and eyes. Then, sputtering and swearing a perfect blue streak in the easy, unmalicious manner of cowboys who have learned to cuss for the mere rompishness of it, "cookie" winds up by joining in the laugh of the others at his expense. A little later, he pulls down tightly the sheet of the chuck-wagon, with a defiant look at the gathering clouds, and prepares to make his own bed inside among his greasy pots and skillets.

And the night-herder turns up his collar, as he goes on watch with the horse-herd. The drive-boss sits with his knees girdled by his husky big arms, his brow knit, his keen gray eyes now aslant at a speaking comrade, now sneaking a speculative look at the sky, while a pipe glows

dully in the darkening night. The men are tired—tired to the ragged edge, after an unusually hard day's drive. One by one they unroll their blankets, and form themselves into huge cocoons, each with his head in the hollow of his saddle and his hat pulled down over his face.

"Sawbuck" McCumber, the drive-boss, does not go to sleep just yet. He continues to puff slowly at his pipe, while he casts quick glances here and there—with furtive ones at the gathering storm. He is quick to note the rise of the wind by the increasing frequency and force with which it strikes his face and wafts back the thin columns of smoke he ejects from between his lips. Presently he puts an extra man on the night-watch; this fellow departs into the dark, singing softly to himself.

"Cuss Bill's muleskin hide, I believe he'd sing all the way into a lake of fire and brimstone," mutters Sawbuck lovingly. Then he emits another wreath of smoke, spits in the fire, blinks his eyes a few times, nods drowsily, starts suddenly. Sitting bolt upright, he takes another uneasy look skyward. He notes a play of lightning on the rising bank of clouds in the southwest. A heavier pall of darkness seems to hover over the camp of the cowboys directly after that livid streak—yes, a heavier pall of silence, too. A few minutes pass, and then a longer zig-zag-



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THE NIGHT HERDER

ging streak splits the blackness far away. The flare sends a momentary flood of ghastly light over the camp scene.

Sawbuck's gaze is held by the face of the Kid, whose fair features and slender form are only a few feet away. Somehow, with the livid light of the storm-herald playing across his pink-and-white features, the Kid looks more boyish, more pitifully fragile for this sort of rough work than ever. Self-accusation swells hard in Sawbuck's breast as a dungeon-like darkness ensues once more, blotting out the Kid and everything else save the fire.

"Well, I ain't to blame," soliloquizes Sawbuck in almost a snarl. "Hell take the little shaver! That day he come to the Double-Dot two months ago, an orphan an' not a friend in the world, an' fairly beggin' to be a cowboy, didn't I try my darnedest—an' all the rest of the boys, too—to discourage him? Course he s'prised us the way he took to ridin' a pony an' handlin' a rope an' all that; an' he's showed himself a highkaflutin' gritty little cuss, too; but somehow it seemed he wasn't strong enough fer this here long drive when it come time to go, an' I jes' nacherally tried to head him off—but here's the little devil along with us. Gosh-all-Friday! I got a hunch o' somethin' happenin' round these parts, somehow. Wonder what's in

the air? I never been so skeery of a growin' storm afore."

Sawbuck sits for some time longer. Now he puffs; now he uneasily watches the almost steady play of lightning; once or twice, in the flare, he glances at the sleeping face of the Kid, the youngest cowboy in the outfit—the Kid whose happy disposition has endeared him to every one of these rough-and-ready chaps of the plains.

Menacing masses of black cloud spread their storm tentacles wider and wider, swallowing up the blue of the sky and obliterating the stars one by one. In half an hour Sawbuck, who dare not go to sleep, is listening to the low, incessant mutter of thunder. In half an hour more he is threading his way among the human cocoons, unceremoniously kicking this one and that one with the toe of his boot and calling out:

"Unkink yer eyes, boys! Git up! There's goin' to be a reg'lar howler of a storm."

Some rise with astonishing quickness and alacrity. They are the old hands. Others grunt and growl, half-asleep, until Sawbuck's leather alarm-clock strikes with new impetus, and then they come up very promptly, indeed. They are the newer hands.

Rubbing their eyes, the cowpunchers notice that the bank of cloud is now reaching well over them. They see the heavens torn with livid

streaks of lightning, and they hear the intermittent roar of the fast-approaching thunder. The wind begins to sob in the long grass at their feet. Little particles of dust go whirling by. The head of "cookie" pokes out from the rear of the chuck-wagon.

"What the tarnation's up?" bawls "cookie."

"Old King Storm is up, but he'll soon be *down*, cookie," yells back a cowboy.

"Yo' better rope yo' old pots an' pans, cookie, an' picket 'em to a wagon wheel er they'll soon be takin' the air-mail express," cheerfully adds another fellow, at which there is a jolly laugh all along the line, even from "cookie" himself.

From out of the darkness comes the faint, singing voice of the night-herder as he makes his lonely rounds:—

O it's nice to be a cowboy,
A cow-wow-wow-boy,
On the cattle trail;
All yo' got to do
Is work till yo're through;
O it's nice to be a cowboy,
A cow-wow-wow-boy,
On the cattle trail!

"Saddles up, boys!" cries Sawbuck. "There's shore goin' to be a rip-roarin', slambustin' old storm a-poppin' here afore long. If the cattle

ever git right skeered, us dubs is goin' to *more'n* have our hands full. Git me? I said it!"

"That's right—rar' an' pitch, yo' wall-eyed old rockin'-hoss!" admonishes another voice, as the owner of it, wrapped in his yellow slicker, gets into his saddle and turns toward the herd. Sawbuck cast a suspicious glance his way, but seeing the animal actually on his hind legs, seems satisfied that he is not the butt of a joke.

"So-long, cookie!" calls out another cowboy. "Don't fergit to picket yore pots an' pans, will yo'? We'll be back by breakfas' time."

About the herd, in a great circle, they take up their positions, falling into the work with that sensible philosophy of the cowboy which teaches him it is best to take things as they come and in the most cheerful manner. As they ride their beats up and down the line along the edge of the huddled herd, the thunder is booming loudly, and the rain begins to fall in heavy, irregular drops. It is the signal for the cowboys to begin a low, soothing song, which instantly has a restful effect upon the uneasy cattle.

Then suddenly, with a gusty rush, the winds break their leash entirely. As they sweep over the camp with a shrieking howl, the grasses are bent out almost flat, the cowpunchers cram their wide-brimmed hats tight down over their crowns, and their ponies bend their noses to the fierce

rush or effect a willingness to face in another direction. With the bowling wind, a solid, blinding wall of rain hits the locality. In its swirling mists are hidden the outlines of both men and animals. The thunder seems to have been restraining itself, too; for now it bursts forth with a cannonading absolutely deafening.

The cattle are pushing and jostling one another with terror, a terror which brings many a horn scraping against another, or against a more tender portion of the anatomy of a neighboring beast, and sundry pained and frightened bellowings are the result. Like a restless sea the brown backs heave and churn, while the water pours off them as it might off an eavetroughless roof. The animals hear the singing of the cowboys, which, rising in volume with the tumult of the storm, exerts a tremendously pacifying effect upon their staggered nerves.

Never did fond mother or father try harder to quiet restless babies by the magic of vocal harmony. Hoarse of throat, but triumphant, these cowboys of the Double-Dot Ranch soon have the pleasure of seeing the passing of the cloud-burst. Except for the lightning and the wind, the storm has gone; their herd is intact.

But there is still enough to worry about—especially when the sky takes on a queer, coppery

color, as if from some invisible source it is being lighted up with ill-boding, gigantic kerosene lamps. Now objects may be faintly seen, even recognized on the earth if not too far away. What a strange sheen is over everything! How death-like and sallow the ruddy features of the cowboys stand out! How grotesque their horses look, tinted with this film of mysterious sulphur-like light! And the cattle—the huge herd—what a distorted, twisting, writhing expanse of infernal color they present!

Valiantly the cowboys work along the line, dashing here and dashing there, with yodeling call and rollicking refrain, in their mad endeavors to keep the herd in a compact mass and prevent a breaking away of the leaders. Sounds of a confused sort come from among the cattle, grumblings and mutterings, despite all this.

The rain is nearly past, but the whole air is alive with electricity. The dark velvet vault above is threaded by creeping veins and crooking fingers of sickly light whose very silence is dreadfully foreboding. Along the horn tips of the cattle the whitish-blue flames play in a weird and fantastic manner. You might easily compare them to the fires of St. Elmo, frolicking upon the spars of a ship caught in a storm at sea.

The men still hold the line; but at what a terrific outlay of muscular effort, horsemanship,

tact, and throat! All of them are hoarse from shouting and singing—all perspiring copiously from the exertion they are making to cover as much ground as possible and prevent that dreaded catastrophe of the cattle trail—a stampede.

It is an exciting, a thrilling period—one fraught with an almost intolerable suspense and the greatest of personal danger. But to the cowboys it is the acid test of their fitness for their job. To a man they recognize in the trying situation a ringing challenge to arms. And they accept that challenge, on the backs of their wiry little cow-ponies, which thread their way in and out of the surging masses of hide, horn and hoof with wonderful dexterity. The ponies, indeed, seem to realize with their riders that it is “up to them.”

As for the cattle, they are clattering and shuffling about in a way not pleasant to hear. Their unrest seems to grow rather than to diminish as the moments pass, although the heroic efforts of the cowboys keep them from starting the concerted rush they appear about to indulge in from time to time. Indeed, now and again a start is made by some overwrought animal; but in every instance there is a plainsman there so quickly that the cow is turned back before it gets well under way.

The herd is shifting around a little, edging a trifle down-wind. This brings it nearer to the camp, nearer also to the wagon of the cook, which stands with its white cover broken loose at one end and flapping in the wind with the crack of a pistol. A moment later, the last restraining rope parts under the violent whipping up and down of the canvas; then, with a hollow groan almost human the huge sheet covering "cookie's" choice utensils, goes sailing gaily off across the prairie.

No studied effort of evil could be of more disastrous result! The herd, keyed up to the highest pitch of nervousness, and only held in by the greatest efforts of the cowboys, need only this devil's device to set them off. As the wagon cover comes billowing toward them, white and strange, out of the gloom, like some great spectre of ghostland, the cattle give one startled look, then begin to bellow and surge wildly in the opposite direction. The animals in front cannot stop should they desire. They are carried along by the maddened creatures behind as though they are straws, and it seems only a moment or two before the whole herd is moving in a panicky mass. The stampede is now fairly started.

"Gosh-all-Friday!" bursts out Sawbuck, the drive-boss. For just one fleeting second he turns white about the lips; his heart quakes.

Then he gets the plainsman's grip on himself; his lips tighten with a do-or-die expression; he shouts orders to his men; he puts spurs to his horse and gallops madly for the head of the surging herd, bent upon placing himself before the advancing mass of panic-stricken creatures before they are entirely beyond all bounds of restraint.

Picture to yourself the dull roar made by the rushing, clumsy hoofs of close to ten thousand cattle. Impressive enough in the broad light of day, what a terrifying thrill is the sound of their terrorized passage under the mantle of the mystic darkness! The mad thunder of hoofs can be distinguished over other confusions of noises. The crash of hollow horn meeting hollow horn reaches your ear as the dumb beasts struggle to head out of the suffocating press behind them and on all sides. Wild, wild is this chase to-night; and far will be its ending. The livid flare of lightning will illuminate many a tragedy in that mass of flying brutes, as the weak is trampled upon by the strong, as the luckless stumbles and becomes a bleeding mat of flesh, hide, and bone for the frantic passage of those coming from the rear. And woe be to the man who gets caught in that seething vortex of frenzied animaldom!

Ride, Sawbuck! Ride, Kid! Ride, Sliver

and Bill, and Texy, and Jim! Ride—all of you ride! Now if ever you must show your mettle! Into the roar and rattle of it, away you go for the head of the herd! Press, spur, crowd your little ponies to the limit of their endurance! Once there, yell your heads off; shoot close to their faces; ride into them, over them. Frighten them back *somehow*, regardless of your own safety. Trust to your pony. He knows that a stumble on his part will mean death to you and him both. The ground is rough, but there must be no misstep, no faltering—

Ah, but there is! In the gloom some luckless cowboy's pony stumbles—goes down. There is a cry, smothered. But all that is half a mile back. The herd sweeps on, likewise the cowboys. There is no such thing as quitting.

Into the thick of the leaders of the herd some of the men crowd in from the flanks, meeting there the cowpunchers who were swept away in the first mad rush of the cattle. Now they cannot escape from this position, nor do they seek to do so; they ride on with the stampede. Flat of ear, necks straight out, bounding from side to side with wonderful agility, to escape the jostling of cow and steer, the hardy little ponies of the riders slowly work their way forward. Through the dull thud of countless striking hoofs comes the rasping pant of the cattle, intermixed

with the excited snort or neigh of a mustang carrying his reckless master. A faint shout is heard at times, or the "Whoa-o-o-o-pee!" of a voice calling to the cattle in an attempt at soothing them. And now and then, as riders come near each other, a swift interchange of brief words will be wafted across, shouted at the top of the voice, so that the message will not be drowned by the reigning tumult of sounds. Revolvers bark savagely; spurts of fire split the darkness, as some daring fellow heads across the front of the surging mass and tries to frighten the herd into swinging from its course.

The broken country near the bluffs of the river is at hand, betokened by rougher riding as well as by a sharper note in the thundering noise of hoof. Pell-mell, down into gully and ravine, go cattle, go men, go horses. A little later they struggle up the opposite slope, slower of motion but lacking not one bit of dogged determination. Many an animal stumbles and goes headlong to its knees in the dark, some never to rise again; but the loss is not noticed or deplored. With the dumb brutes it is each and every one for himself. The terrible grip of an unreasoning terror is upon them, and every additional yard of the flight seems only to add to the frenzy. Every bush, every tree, every boulder, every fallen cow or steer acts as a deterrent to the liv-

ing current; it is avoided by those who can avoid it; others buffet and abrade it, and are buffeted and abraded by it in turn, until it is worn down into a shapeless and non-resisting fragment, if there is any wear down to it.

Suddenly, without warning, the whole front of the herd plunges down out of view. Taking no count of precaution in that mad race which calls for haste and more haste, the leaders have come to the high cut-bank of the river, and in the twinkling of an eye find themselves pawing the air instead of the flinty ground of the hill country. A half-dozen cowboys, bold spirits in the forefront, are carried over with the animals, their ponies leaping with the cattle and finding the same vacancy to tread as they shoot swiftly downward.

It is a good eighteen feet to the bottom. Dextrously the ponies land upright in the deep channel of the river thirty feet below, their riders sticking to their backs like burrs to a woollen garment. All around the cowboys spray is thrown high in the air, and the water is in a violent commotion from the falls of other cattle which have followed the first. The men are in momentary alarm, as splashes are heard on the left and right of them, and behind, that some of the great brutes will come down upon them instead of directly in the river, and of course that will finish

them for keeps. But, by some miracle, every cowpuncher manages to escape this peril by swimming his pony out into mid-stream as fast as he can make the animal go.

All around and about the cowboys the river is full of struggling, frantic creatures, each and every one swimming for its life—swimming aimlessly and blindly in the dark, bumping into one another, beating down each other with climbing forelegs, in some cases locking horns when ill turnings favor a meeting *en masse*.

In the meantime, up above, the remaining cattle of the immense herd are in a ferment of new fright and disorder. Those close to the heels of those which have gone over have come to a terrified pause on the very brink of the bluff and are fighting hard to keep themselves from being pushed over by the growing pressure at their rear. Wheeling, heads low, uttering plaintive warnings from dry throats and foaming mouths, they face their brother animals with bloodshot eyes and heaving sides.

Miraculous were it, could any earthly agency stem the tide of that great tidal-wave of terror beyond. The forward impulse of the rear animals, too far distant to be seen, communicates itself to the brutes just in front; the swelling vigor of the push gains momentum with remarkable speed as it sweeps toward the new vanguard.

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One by one, they are crowded back upon the very brink of the bluff; one by one, their rear legs are crowded off; one by one, they go hurtling down to the river below, some with broken necks or legs, others to join in the motley assemblage of swimmers gone before.

In all this bedlam of sound and orgy of confusion and harrowing tragedy, the other cowboys are taking their parts right nobly, as cowpunchers always will. Sawbuck and Sliver, and Bill and Jim, and a whole lot of others, are doing their level best to break up the herd and cause it to split before any more valuable cattle are pushed over the drop-off. Risking life and limb in a manner almost unbelievable, they worm their wiry little mustangs into the narrow avenues of the animals until they themselves are on the very edge of the bluff. There they make an heroic stand, cajoling, singing, yelling, entreating, cursing, gesticulating. Once Sawbuck is caught between the broad sides of two big steers, and his legs squeezed until in desperation he rises in the saddle and rides his pony out of the pinch like a standing Roman equestrian. Then, at the crucial moment, he and his companions begin dashing up and down in short spurts along the brink of the bluff, yelling their loudest and firing their revolvers close to the faces of the nearest cattle. Well those intrepid

chaps know that if this fails the stampede will not be broken; that they will be shoved headlong into the river where some of their friends already have gone with scores of cattle.

It is a ticklish place—a place each one of these cowboys has not been accidentally worked into, but which he has deliberately chosen simply because he deems it his duty to be there at this particular moment. What is to be the result?

The answer is soon forthcoming. The great herd wavers; as the cattle in front start a backward movement, there is a sympathetic response which rapidly extends its way far back into the compactly massed ranks. Although it is scarcely more than a tremor compared to the wild forward impulse of a few moments before, it nevertheless means much, especially when built upon by the quick-witted cowboys, who continue to yell and fire their guns and dash up and down on their ponies.

Finally the head of the herd swerves; it turns gradually more and more. The cowboys are still in front, pressing and crowding in, still spurring up to the heads of the nearest panting cattle and endeavoring to turn them by every artifice in their power. Little by little, constantly growing in momentum, the movement of the herd continues away from the bluff, until presently the cattle are traversing a circle under the

urge of the cordon of cowboys who hem them in, riding like mad up and down the line. The coil of the animal-spring continues to twist. It makes a complete circuit within itself; goes on circling, in constantly decreasing lines of travel. In other words, the "mill" is begun. Round and round go the cattle, crowding closer and closer together, gaining calm as the play continues, until they no longer seek to break away. And round and round the mill the cowboys ride, replacing harsh calls with soft ones, and finally breaking into song, which grows into a subdued chant swelling soothingly on the night winds.

Passed is the panic, the frightful stampede of ten thousand beeves. For the first time the cowboy has a chance to relax a bit, to pass a few remarks to his comrade, or to bite off a hunk of plug, or to light his pipe.

Meanwhile what of the hapless fellows who went over the cut-bank with the first hundred cattle? The little mustangs leaped with the frightened creatures, and all took their chances in the swirling waters of the river below because there was nothing else to do. It took only a few moments to choke the stream at that point with struggling, terrorized animals, as I have already shown, all swimming for their lives, and all acting blindly except the cowpunchers and

their highly-trained steeds. The men kept well together for mutual protection. Only in this way were they able to make concerted attacks upon crowding cattle which threatened to crawl upon their ponies and drown them. Little by little the cowpunchers swam their mounts clear of the dangerous pack, and finally managed to drop downstream to an exposed sandbar, upon which they took refuge.

Many dead cattle floated past the bar. As the moments passed, the crushed and lifeless bodies of others stuck fast in the shallows on the current side of the tiny island. Across and upstream, under the fatal bluff, lay a heap of other mangled and crippled bodies, all in a sickening tangle.

Not until morning can the cowboys begin the task of roping and pulling out the bodies. So, as soon as they have regained a portion of their breath and strength, they urge their ponies into the river, and swim alongside of them to the opposite bank. Then, mounting, they go in search of their friends and the main body of animals.

You can imagine their joy to find that the stampede is a thing of the past; that their comrades have adroitly turned the maddened cattle into the docility of the mill.

"I shore thought I was goin' down to hell when me an' my pony took that drop over the

bank," says Slim, wiping his wet face with a wetter neckerchief.

"I didn't; I thought I was sproutin' wings fer an angel," says Taxy, "'cause at first I seemed to be goin' up'ards."

"Any o' yo' seen the Kid?" asks Sawbuck suddenly.

Those in the group look questioningly at one another, then each man shakes his head.

"Hope the boy ain't laid out," mutters Sawbuck.

"Hope he ain't," they repeat. Then comes a heavy silence.

It is really hard to tell where any missing cowboy may be at this time, past midnight, with the storm just muttering itself away. Some of the cattle may be running yet, and some of the boys may be with them—more likely than not. Why, it wouldn't be anything unusual to find that the last cowpuncher will pull in his pursuing pony and roped beeve twenty miles away! Stray cows and steers are likely to be scattered over many miles of ground, and it will take days in that case to get them together.

Nothing remains to be done by those at the mill except to keep vigilant watch throughout the remaining hours of the night; to use every artifice they can to hold their portion of the herd together. And morning finds the men still on

the job, their eyes heavy with sleep, their faces drawn, their garments sopping wet and covered with mud from the wild ride of the stampede. During the night several have come in and joined them, and to each in turn Sawbuck has put the eager question, "Yo' seen anything o' the Kid?"—only to receive the same startled shake of the head.

With the arrival of day, a detail is made up to keep guard of the cattle, while the rest of the boys go back to camp to bring on the chuck-wagon and pick up any loose cattle which may be found. As these cowboys ride away, with Sawbuck at their head, they see occasional scattered groups of cattle, which are being turned back toward the main body. No one says much, for all are tired; and somehow a heavy foreboding throws its shadow across the normal sunshine of their spirits.

As they pass on toward camp—or rather toward where camp was—a draggled figure rides up from out of a little gully. It is Bill, who has been following a cow by himself and now has her by the horns.

"Hello, Bill," says Sawbuck. "Yo' seen the Kid anywheres about? Don't yo' dast say yo' ain't!"

"I ain't—not fer some hours," says Bill. "He was by me when we first got started after the

cattle; then he spurred ahead an' I ain't seen him sence."

But as they ride along the torn and trampled trail left by the stampeding cattle of the night before, all their sharp eyes see the Kid about the same time. A dark mass lies on the battered ground just ahead. They know to a man what it is. Silently, as they approach, they rein in their ponies to a measured walk. A set expression comes to the bronzed faces, while down some rough cheeks trickles a tear which has escaped restraint. Something strange chokes every throat, and as the pressure increases and the impulse to say something becomes too great to be denied, more than one fellow of the cussing type begins to cuss and eulogize the lad in the same breath. What a queer way to express one's sorrow! But it is the cowboy's way many a time; the more poignant his grief the more incessant his oaths.

Heads droop as they draw up before the motionless object on the ground. The Kid's face, washed white and clean by the rains, lies upturned in the bright morning light. It looks very beautiful. His long chestnut hair, sodden with wet, trails off into the miry earth, of which he was so recently a part and to which he has now returned. Nearby his pony, with its forelegs broken by the rush of the stampede, lifts

its head as high as it can and utters a plaintive whinny.

"Hell! hell! *hell!*" groans Sawbuck, blinking over the boy. "Sliver, don't let that pore beast suffer a minute longer! Yo' know what to do."

Sliver whips out his pistol. Yes, he knows what to do! Slowly he raises the weapon's long barrel. "Kid," he mutters hoarsely, as if excusing himself to the dead boy at his feet, "yo' won't blame me, will yo'? I reckon it's better yore pore hoss should go with yo', Kid!"

Later, the Kid is buried as he would have asked had he been left alive long enough to have made the request. Around his youthful body his blankets are wrapped. His riding boots, new only a week ago, are on his feet, with spurs unattached. Over his boyish features—smiling fearlessly even in death, as they had smiled when he went confidently into the turmoil of the stampede—is placed his broad-brimmed felt hat, which Sawbuck himself bought for him on his last birthday. A true soldier of the plains, the Kid has dared the risks of his calling, has met them like a man.

No finer class of men than the Western cowboys are to be met in the day's travel. While their education may not be of the highest, while some of them may not be able to read or write

their own name, while their speech may be rough-shod, they are deeply schooled in the university of hard-knocks and red-blooded courage, and every veteran among them can show a list of credits to his name which would cause an Eastern college graduate to turn green with envy—credits of service done for others, coolness displayed in time of duty and peril, sacrifice endured, kindness shown the needy, and many another virtue common to the breed. But they are only what are expected of him.

Stampedes, blizzards, floods, enraged steers, mosquitoes, intense heat, fearful cold,—any one of a thousand perils surrounding his work in wild country, are the cowboy's daily portion. Bravery and daring grow to be a matter of course, so much so that no particular thought is given to it by his fellows when a man performs some signal act, and it is lost likewise in the shallowness of his own meager vanity. He is like a child in his lack of guile, his straight-forwardness, his trustfulness, his deep sincerity of purpose, his simplicity of speech, his impulsiveness of action.

Meanness, cowardice, and dishonesty are scarcely ever found among cowpunchers, and once discovered in a fellow his companions will not tolerate him under any circumstances—an attitude which keeps the ranks clean and honor-

able. There is also a high regard for truthfulness and keeping one's word; an intense contempt for hypocrisy, and a hearty dislike for a man who shirks his work. Good-natured to a degree, the cowboy nevertheless is quick to resent an insult directed at either himself or his friends; he will go a long distance out of his way to avenge such wrongs, although he is too fair an enemy ever to take an undue advantage of an adversary even under such circumstances.

People are too prone to form their opinions of the cowboy's character and work from the cheap stories and movie-plays they read and admire. More frequently than otherwise the authors of these renditions have never been on the cattle trail nor witnessed a round-up, and do not themselves know the real cowboy. Thus people form a wrong impression of him, an impression usually to his discredit. They picture him as leading a life full of escapades, irresponsibility, and hair-raising adventure, whereas, while actually facing numerous risks and meeting with some adventure, he seldom gets "time off" from his long round of arduous duties to indulge in amusements in town, or hunts after bandits in the brush. So, then, let us make up our minds right here that the real cowboy of to-day seldom skylarks at his job, seldom gets hilariously and woefully drunk, seldom gambles away his money

and shirt, seldom "shoots up" the town in saying good-bye to it. He is far too busy on the range to get time to do any of these picturesque things had he a mind to do them. Furthermore, when he uses his pistol it is with a useful purpose, as a rule; it is generally the dissolute hangers-on in cow-towns—"bad" men and loafers—who commit the gun-play, who gamble, who do the other intemperate things which the sensation-loving cheap writers and dramatists love to lay at the door of the idolized cowboy.

Perhaps one certain factor more than all else has contributed to this false conception of the cowpuncher's attributes. This factor is the "round-up," as it is called. For the cowboy this is indeed the great event of the year; but whatever you do, make certain you do not fall under the idea that the round-up is a cowboy carnival. Far from a round of idle amusement is it for him! It means, as a rule, a rise before dawn, ten minutes in which to gulp down a breakfast, fourteen to sixteen hours of grinding work in the saddle; and lastly, a bed on the "soft side" of the ground!

To-day, owing to the advent of barb-wire in the shape of fences, round-ups on the open range are a thing of the past; but they are still held, on a restricted scale, within such enclosures, each ranch-owner inaugurating his own, whereas in

by-gone times one immense round-up, in which delegations of cowboys from various ranches joined forces, did for each district.

Now let us view one of the picturesque old-fashioned round-ups.

Under the spring thaws and rains of the Western country the grass grew rapidly and luxuriantly, and the cattle began to put on flesh to a degree that you could almost see them fatten, hour by hour. The ponies, too, which had become scrawny-looking beasts from lean winter-feeding, began to plump out and look sleek and well.

A winter of running free made even the most steady old cow-pony skittish the first time a cowboy jumped on him. So they were brought in to the home-ranch, along with such horses as had never been broken to the saddle at all, and given a taste of the controlling hand of a master. The wild animals were roped and thrown, then the "hackamore"—a braided hair-rope halter—was put on their heads, and leather blinds over their fear-struck eyes. Generally, when the pony was allowed to get upon his feet, he stood stock still. But the moment the blinds were removed, he gave a snort and a flick of his hind feet and raced wildly about the corral, riderless, trying his best to get rid of the saddle.

When he was pretty tired a cowboy would

rope him once more, and replace the blinds—an act requiring considerable nerve and care with an animal inclined to strike out like lightning with his hoofs, or ready to lunge, wolflike, at his would-be rider with his bared teeth. Reblinded, the untamed pony was led outside the corral. Then the “broncho-buster” or “flasher”—in other words, the daring cowboy—whisked off the blinds again, and with the same movement vaulted lightly into the saddle.

“Whoopee-e-e! Ye-e-owie!” he would yell; and, as if that and his presence were not enough to excite his steed into sufficient action to suit him, he would touch the pony’s flanks with his spurs and give him a rousing slap on the haunch with the flat of his tough hand.

How that mustang would go! He seemed almost to bolt clear through his own skin in his anxiety to push his forelegs faster than his rear ones. He bolted, he reared, he plunged! He raced madly round and round, his sides flecked with lather under the saddle-girth. Then he went to rearing again, to “sun-fishing,” to coming down stiff-legged after an upward plunge, even to rolling. Then it was a spell of wild-running again.

Every time the untamed animal started his roll, the cowboy sprang nimbly to the ground; at no other time did he leave the pony’s back.

When the animal struggled to his feet once more, his relentless burden went into the saddle with a bound and came up with him, and accompanied the frightened creature on another round of violent gymnastics. Thus the ride was kept up until spur and quirt and waning strength convinced the mustang that docility was the best policy for the time being at least. Three rides of about two hours each are enough to break a wild broncho sufficiently for a rider to handle him thereafter with comparative ease, although of course some animals are found which have such vicious tempers and unconquerable spirits that they require much longer training, and a few never can be tamed.

For the round-up about ten horses were required to the man, and it usually took two or three weeks of this spring breaking to the saddle to bring the horses into tractable condition.

Like nearly all the principal features of the cattle-life of the Seventies and Eighties, the round-up was merely a carrying forward of the system employed by the Mexicans, when, fifty years before, the Texans took over the southwestern portion of that State. It originated in the days of peonage, and was first practiced by the Spanish dons, who were enormous land-owners, and who allowed their cattle and horses to run at large.

In the very early days there was no branding, as ranges were few and too extensive for cattle to wander beyond. But as ranges multiplied and narrowed and herds increased, a large range would become the joint property of a band of Texas ranchmen, and their cattle would be allowed to mix freely until the time came for the round-up, in spring and fall, when each outfit of cowboys gathered to pick out the beeves belonging to their own boss. This they were able to do by means of certain marks, termed "brands," which had previously been placed upon each beeve as soon as it had become a calf large enough to follow its mother about; and the same mark was also put upon animals which had been acquired of other owners by purchase, a practice still carried on by all ranchers. At first the branding took the form of notching or slitting the dew-lap of the ears; but later the custom of burning the emblem in the outer skin of the haunch, shoulder or side, came into being. In adopting a mark, the rancher was usually careful to see that it possessed no characteristics which would lend it to easy conversion by a rival's iron into his own particular design, but not all cattlemen were thus wise and the cowboys of such were often in a peck of trouble trying to keep the other fellow from stealing his

cattle, when the neighboring rancher proved to be of a dishonest type.

To the round-up a rancher would often send from a dozen to twice that number of men, each with his ten horses. And the chuck-wagon had to go along as a matter of course, for what would hungry cowboys do without "grub"? Some of these fellows acted as horse-wranglers, whose duty it was to pay particular attention to keeping together the hundred or more horses of the party, and to providing them with good pasturage and plenty of water.

On the way to the district round-up point the outfit moved slowly, as it was essential that the ponies should arrive in prime condition. From time to time the cowboys would change their mounts, picking out the most unruly of the bunch of horses, in order to keep them as subdued as possible; and thus the procession was frequently one of a decidedly bucking character from morning until night.

The chuck-wagon, usually a four-horse affair, carried the bedding as well as the provisions, and these animals generally were shod, although the cow-ponies were not. In every outfit there was one man who could shoe horses well. In a pinch, almost any of the cowpunchers could do a tolerable job with the little portable forge and

anvil, just as any one of them could do a fair job of cooking in an emergency. The bedding was far from elaborate, each man having a poncho and two or three pairs of blankets. If the weather were cold, two or three of the fellows slept together; in warmer weather, every chap curled up by himself.

When sunset came after an excessively hot spring day, the mosquitoes—one of the many scourges of a cowboy's life—beset him in a fashion almost to drive him crazy. At such times there could be seen clouds of the pests rising up from the dewy grasses of the plains, and they attacked every man of the outfit with rapacious impartiality all through the long, hot, stifling night. The horses would neither lie down nor graze, but tramped restlessly to and fro until daybreak, switching their tails frantically upon their bloodstreaked bodies, which were feasting grounds for the vicious insects. On such a night the blankets made a man feel absolutely smothered, and yet his only chance for sleep was to wrap himself up tightly, head and all. Often enough, after a few hours of slapping and tossing, he and his companions would rise, build a little fire of damp sage-brush, and sit out the rest of the night in the acrid, mosquito-repelling smoke.

The teamster of the chuck-wagon was also the



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FANCY ROPING IN A COWBOY CAMP

cook. His only stove was a hole in the ground, provided at every stop. His utensils were of the simplest, yet he had to be able to prepare well-cooked meals three times a day, meals of great quantity, for cowboys never take a back seat when it comes to affairs of the appetite. He also needs must be a first-class teamster. As like as not his four horses were half-wild bronchos when he started out, and there was no trail, and the round-up point might lead over the roughest country imaginable, crossed by gullies, sprinkled with buttes where the ground was strewn with rocks, intersected by streams, holed with bogs, and enlivened by steep hillsides. An old-timer, a veteran of the range, this "cookie" or "biscuit-shooter," as he was variously dubbed, was one of the most valuable men in the outfit.

The first day or two at the round-up was generally marked by a scene of hilarity and physical contests, riding, roping, wrestling, visiting, and so on; for it was then, and only then, that the opportunity for relaxation arrived. From two to four days were allowed for the various outfits to come in, and for the boss of the round-up to announce his plans. This fellow was a veritable Czar. There was no disputing his orders, especially since the foreman of each outfit saw to it that his men obeyed them to the letter. But,

really, there was seldom need for criticism or complaint, as the boss of the round-up was always a veteran, a top-notch at the game, who could handle cows and horses as well as men.

At three o'clock in the morning—mark you, that was before the sun had begun to show itself—the cooks of the various camps would set up the cry, "Come an' git it!" That meant "Come and get your breakfast, which I have just finished cooking," but, you see, it was announced in a much simpler and more forcible manner.

So they arose very promptly. Indeed, to that stirring reveille there could be no delaying whether a fellow was hungry or not; for tardiness in arising in the morning was one of the cardinal sins in the unwritten laws of the cow-camp. Its penalty was dismissal, swift and sudden, and dismissal from a round-up meant perpetual disgrace for any cowboy upon whom it was visited.

Those of the boys who had not slept in boots and trousers, pulled them on; all rolled and tied their blankets, buckled on their chaps, and lurched over to the chuck-wagon, into which they tossed their roll. From the mess-box at the rear of the wagon each man took a tin pannikin and tin plate, a knife, fork, and spoon. He helped himself to hot coffee out of the kettle,

grabbed a couple of hot biscuits which had been cooked before dawn in the Dutch oven, and forked up a piece of fat pork. Usually he was through eating in eight minutes, seldom taking and never being allowed more than ten.

At the expiration of this time, the cry would ring out, "Catch yo' hosses!"

Then the cowboys chucked their tinware into the "round pan," a tin dish-washing tub, for cookie to cleanse at his leisure, and catching up their lariats—which might be made of grass, hair, or plaited rawhide—went to the opposite side of the wagon, where a corral was made by uniting a number of the lariats, various cowboys acting as "posts" for supporting the "fence," which was in the shape of a V, with the wagon in the apex. Into the open end, the night-wrangler drove the herd of horses. The aperture was then closed, imprisoning the animals.

In order to save time the two or three best ropers in each outfit generally were bidden to lasso the horses selected by each rider, and this rider invariably chose, for morning work, the most wiry animals of his string of ten or so.

As soon as the horses were caught, the rope corral was dropped, every man coiled up his lariat, and the remaining horses of the herd were turned over to the day-wrangler. This gave the weary night-wrangler a chance to get his break-

fast, to help cookie wash and wipe the dishes, and to climb inside the chuck-wagon for a well-earned snooze, while it went lumbering on toward the next camping-site.

Meantime the cowboys were busy saddling their horses. Sometimes this was an easy task; more generally it was not. Frequently ponies proved so unruly that they had to be thrown before they could be saddled, and still others were so violent that it was necessary to blindfold them into submission. Presently, however, all were saddled; and all were prancing about, some trying not only to throw their gay riders, but even to part company with the disliked saddle at the same moment.

The foreman of each outfit had given his men their instructions the night before. Four parties were laid out. One of these was to take charge of the day-herd; one was to ride ahead of the day-herd and drive in any cattle which might be along the line of march; one was to spread out to the right, and the other was to work to the left of the trail. On these two latter bodies of men—called “circle-bands”—fell the heaviest portion of the morning’s work, and of course they were especially chosen for their good horsemanship, daring, and training in rounding-up.

The circle-bands often consisted of a score of riders, made up of cowboys from two or more

outfits or ranches, and it was the duty of the leader to pick up every head of cattle which was found between the line of march and the distant side-limit of the district round-up, and drive the beeve into the new camping-place. Such a side-limit might be anywhere between fifteen and thirty miles from the main trail, so it meant hard and fast riding and the covering of an immense stretch of ground in order to get all the cattle into the new camp by noon.

Two or three miles out, the leader of a circle-band would detach two riders, bidding them make a bee-line straight into the new camp, driving all cattle they met ahead of them. The same distance farther on, he dispatched two more riders on a like errand; another three miles, and two others parted company with the band. Then, a mile farther along, in broken, hilly country, four men were dropped to care for the extra work such rough riding would entail. And so on, until finally only three men were left, these being the foremen of the two outfits and one "regular" cowboy. These men, on the outside circle, were supposed to be mounted on the speediest and best cow-ponies to be had, for they had considerably more ground to cover than the fellows on the other rib-trails of the great fan of ground, which must be swept clean of every cow and steer at large upon it.

On the open prairie, such as found in parts of Nebraska, the round-up was not particularly difficult, since the cattle could be seen at great distances, permitting straighter traveling on the part of the cowboys. But in rough country, covered with hills and gulches, such as in western Montana, rounding-up cattle was made very difficult, for even a large herd could easily escape observation in some hollow or coulee, necessitating the riders covering practically every square rod of ground within their province. Circle-riding under these conditions, you can realize, would put the best man and the toughest horse under a lot of strain, for the course might lie along steep ridges, down precipitous banks, along boggy ravines, across treacherous sloughs, up sliding slopes of talus, over gravelly hills, across quicksand beds, over plateaux of rocks and sage-brush, through thorny chaparral, across level ground treacherously undermined by countless prairie-dog holes; over creeks and streams with swift currents; through deep channels with unsafe beds; and across the hated alkali wastes.

Then, too, came trouble after the cattle were sighted. A bunch of Texas long-horns would stampede away, horns tossing and tails in the air, as soon as they saw a rider appear in the distance. Animals of the kind known as "Western

range stock" drove much easier, although it was necessary to ride right up to them to get them started, so sluggish and obstinate were they. Some of the short-horns and cattle from the East, proved the most intractable of all. They paid no attention to the peremptory, trailing "hic-oo-oo," the Southwestern driving-cry of the cowboy, but had to be turned in the right direction by the harsher note of a popping pistol fired close to their heads.

If you had been standing, about noon, in the new camp, and the ground on all sides was level enough to give you an uninterrupted view for a considerable distance, what an interesting sight you would have been able to see! You would have seen the inside circle-riders, the center circle-riders, and the outside circle-riders, very small and far away, with herds of cattle driving before them, all converging to your central point, the camp. Faintly the coaxing calls of the cowboys would have reached you, growing louder as they drew nearer. And how their ponies would go dashing here and there, looping in and out along the outskirts of the cattle herds, as the clever and intelligent little cow-ponies frustrated every attempt of the beeve mutineers to break out of bounds!

By noon the day-wrangler had brought in the saddle herd, and as each circle-rider came in with

his cattle, he swallowed his dinner and proceeded to rope his own new assortment of ponies for the afternoon's work, which was to consist of operations entirely different than the morning's duties and which required horses especially trained.

The herd or herds, as the case might be, which had been brought in by the circle-riders, were held in a compact bunch, the riders forming a ring outside them. Then two men from any given outfit, who were quick at reading brands, rode into each group of cattle and picked out the animals of their own brand. This was by no means an easy task, for the cattle were shifting constantly. Also, there was always more or less peril in performing the job, as some ugly steer might take it into his head at any moment to charge the rider hemmed in on all sides by other cattle, and attempt to gore him to death, else unseat him, the latter prospect holding very little more cheer for the victim, since he was likely to be trampled to death by scores of hoofs before he could arise. And when an animal was spotted, it required an incredible amount of adroitness to work the beeve out to the edge of the herd and free of it. In this operation the cowboy liberally used the quirt and spur, for every animal would do its best to dash back in, rather than proceed peaceably to the little herd

of its own brand, where other cowpunchers were circling about and "holding the cut."

The fact of the matter is, this process of 'weeding out the beeves of one brand was called "cutting-out," and the ponies used had learned their work just as proficiently as any sheep-dog ever mastered the art of handling sheep. Quickly they saw which animal their rider was trying to single out and turn, and from that moment they could be given a loose rein and would work the desired beeve out of the herd almost unaided.

Cutting-out ponies have shown such rare aptitude for the work that numbers of them have become famous in the range districts throughout the West and Southwest. Some of these have performed the almost miraculous feat, after being shown a certain heifer or steer, of going unriden into a large herd after it, of hedging the animal, bit by bit, out of the mass of its kind, and keeping it out until it could be roped by a cowboy. Not only have cutting-out ponies performed this trick, but in tests they have been known to do it three or more times in succession, proving beyond all question that their work was done intelligently and systematically.

Usually by the middle of the afternoon this scene of sorting out the cattle of different owners into separate herds would have appeared one of the wildest confusion to the outsider. Herds

stood here and there on the prairie, each with its cordon of cowboy guards, and every minute or so a beeve would break away and you would have seen it hotly pursued by one or more galloping lads on the wiry little ponies. But, in reality, there was no confusion or jumble. A well-handled round-up was a marvel of precision, winning your greatest admiration.

One of the most important features of the round-up was the "cutting" and branding of the calves. When a cow with a calf was brought out of the main herd by the brand-readers, the calf invariably followed. This was taken as evidence of ownership.

The next thing to do was to brand the calves. They were put in a rope corral, made by connecting lariats end to end, supported by cowboys. Waiting inside the corral were a couple of expert ropers on horseback, also one or two men with branding-irons kept hot in a fire, and a dozen or so men called "wrestlers." The work progressed with bewildering speed. A roper caught a bleating and frightened calf by the two hind-legs, took a twist with the lariat around the horn of his saddle, and dragged the calf in the direction of the fire. Two wrestlers seized the animal; one, by the chin and fore-leg; the other, by both hind-legs. Then the noose of the lariat was removed, and the roper rode off to

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lasso another calf, while the brander deftly applied his hot branding-iron and seared the ranch-owner's mark into the tender flesh so quickly that it was over almost as soon as it had begun.

When there were upwards of a hundred calves in a corral, the scene was one of the greatest noise and movement, as well as excitement. The ropers, spurring and checking their fierce little mustangs, dragged the calves up to the wrestlers so fast that it kept those fellows sweating to take care of them. The branders, with glowing irons, and sleeves up to elbows, shot their irons alternately into fire and then against cringing skin; while, with voice raised above the din, the tallyman shouted out the number and sex of each calf marked. The dust arose in clouds; and the shouts, cheers, curses, and laughter of the men united with the lowing of the cows and the frantic bleating of the roped calves, to make a perfect babel of sound.

Such was branding in its simplest form; but when the brand-herd of cows and calves was a large one, time was saved by throwing the rope corral around the herd where it stood; a fire was built in the corner, and the ropers lassoed the calves from their mothers' sides. This was mighty dangerous work, because every once in a while a mother-cow would become enraged at the treatment accorded her youngster, and would

proceed to tear up the ground in the direction of the nearest men. Not until she would be brought to her knees with a lariat or two, and was strongly tied, was it safe for the calf-roping to proceed.

Additional excitement was occasioned when there was a "maverick" to brand. A maverick is a beeve which has escaped branding and which may be all the way from one to three years old and is no longer attached to mother's "apron strings." A three-year-old maverick, particularly if a steer, is a robust antagonist for branders to go up against, for he has a prodigious strength, and never having felt the confining influence of a lariat about him, much less the sting of the hot branding-iron, is bound to resent fiercely any attempt to mark him. When such an animal was finally branded, and was let up on his feet by the wrestlers, it was usually the signal for the men on foot to do some lively scampering, while the men ahorse had to be keenly on the alert.

By evening the fifteen herds—if there were seven outfits in the round-up—were reduced to eight. These consisted of the main herd, composed of the animals which were to be driven in the direction of the march, and the seven cut-out brand herds of each of the outfits.

Every cowboy outfit, in turn, undertook to

watch herd for the night. To do this the guard was divided into four watches of two hours each. The first guard had to "bed-down" the cattle, which meant to bunch them closer and closer together by riding around them in narrowing circles, until they lay down and fell asleep. On a fine, clear night the cattle would do this contentedly, soothed by the wailing "hic-oo-oo" of the guard, or, in many cases by the songs and night chants of the cowboys in camp.

I have already shown, at the beginning of this chapter, that guarding night herd on stormy nights, is not only unpleasant but difficult and extremely dangerous. You have seen that the cattle are then restless, unwilling to lie down, quick to fly in a panic and stampede at the least unexpected provocation. It is at such times as this that the cowboy's timbre is tried to the tenth degree. Before he comes back from the stampede, from the roaring, ripping, tremendous rush of thousands of terrified animals, he will have shown whether he is worthy of his heritage or not,—just as the Kid did.

V

THE SURVEYOR

“**M**R. EVANS,” I asked, “just what sort of qualities does a man need to be a good surveyor?”

“Well,” said the Chief Geologist very slowly, “there are two qualities which he simply *must* have: he must have intelligence and grit. Then there are other attributes which he *ought* to have if he wants to be a top-notch in his profession.”

“Such as what?” I propounded.

“Such as strength and suppleness; the ability to stand a lot of hard punishment from the forces of nature; to come up smiling after the worst of it. He should be a good climber, an untiring walker, a first-class horseman. He ought to know how to pack a vicious mule and get the best results out of a lazy burro. He would be handicapped if he could not row a boat and paddle a canoe in a bad current. He would soon find himself in an awkward fix if he could not swim; and if suddenly thrown into ice-cold water, and his matches wet, he should be good

enough woodsman to know how to keep himself from having a chill. The fact is, surveyors on some jobs are wet to the skin more than two-thirds of the working-day, and they must have constitutions strong enough to counteract the ill effects. They must be able to sleep peacefully with a dozen mosquitoes on nose or forehead. They must be able to sleep restfully on a rock mattress. If a landowner swears at them, they must treat him in a gentlemanly and courteous manner. Oh, surveying is no job for a weakling!"

"I am beginning to think that way myself," said I sententiously. "Where does the Geological Survey get the bulk of its surveyors?"

"Through the Civil Service Commission," replied Mr. Evans, as he tapped his pencil lightly upon the plateglass top of his mahogany desk, and casually ran his eyes over a huge map of unsurveyed Western country which lay beneath the transparency. "Years ago the Government used to take in young college graduates through recommendation of friends, but for some time past they have been selected by competitive tests held in various cities throughout the States. Any man who thinks himself qualified may apply for an examination, and if qualified, he will be given an even chance for a job with the next

fellow, regardless of 'pull' or prestige. If his test average is high enough he gets the job. Under the old appointive system Uncle Sam used to get some poor surveyors. Now he seldom does—that is, he never gets men incompetent in the manner of not knowing their business, although I'll admit that a written test is not always a fair way of proving a man's grit and resourcefulness in time of great peril; so we still get some fellows whose personality is a matter of deep regret."

"Do these unmanly fellows stick as a rule?" I asked. I was almost sure what his answer would be.

"I'm glad to say they don't," said the Chief Geologist, with vigor. "We cannot consistently discharge a man of this type, however, unless he proves a flagrant coward or weakling to the detriment of his work. But that class of man is usually a fault-finder, finicky about details, and he soon gets so disgusted with the hard work of Government surveying that he quits. Then we all say, very happily, 'Thank goodness!'"

"Mr. Evans, I judge you must have a good many surveyors under your direction."

"Quite a considerable number—yes. In all, we probably have close to three hundred men. Some of these are engaged in hydrographic surveying, which has to do with charting the sea-

coasts and the shores of various bodies of water in this country, as well as measuring the stream-flow. Others are engaged at topographic surveying, a branch of the work which specializes in mapping the general contours of the land. And still others are engaged at plane surveying, or the measurement of independent sections of land, preparatory to the erection of railway bridges, dams, canals, etc."

"I would give a good deal if I could accompany one of your surveying parties to a rugged region and see them actually at work," I ventured. "Could it be arranged?"

The Chief Geologist smiled. "Do you mean that?"

"I certainly do, sir."

He began to study the big map under the glass. After a moment or two he looked up. "Brandews has a crew at work now out in the Grand Canyon. What if I give you a letter of introduction to him?"

"That would suit me tip-top," was my quick reply.

The upshot of it all was, with the introduction in my pocket, I boarded a train on the Santa Fé Railroad a few days later and subsequently found myself shaking hands with Robert Brandews, head surveyor of this party. We met in a hotel at the noted American wonder, the

Grand Canyon. Brandews was a sinewy, agile man of about thirty-five, slender, and with kindly gray eyes you would take a liking to the moment you looked into them. He was attired in a pair of moleskin breeches, tucked in high-topped laced boots, a tan woolen shirt, and a soft-felt, Western type of hat. At his waist was a braided leather belt, to which was suspended a calfskin sheath holding a fine-looking hand-axe. His sleeves were rolled up, and his tanned muscular forearms showed the marks of much strenuous work and long exposure to burning sun.

"I'll be delighted to have you with us as long as you wish to stay; and so will the rest of the boys, I'm sure," was Brandews's cordial greeting. "The other fellows—a dozen all told—are up the Canyon at work. I came over here on purpose to meet you. We'll go out and take a squint at the Canyon, and then join the bunch."

We walked until we had come to the top of a rocky elevation. On the crest of this I stopped in amazement and wonder. Not three yards in front of me the whole world seemed suddenly to fall sheer away. To the bottom of the great wall at whose top I trembled, my companion told me was a drop of 6,800 feet! But for that which lay beyond I might have thought that I

had come to the "jumping-off place" of the world—the edge of the roof of the universe.

A little way out, so near it seemed I could have taken a running jump and thrown my arms around it, arose from the depths a fantastic pinnacle, elaborately carved by the hand of nature. Farther away, in splashes and belts of riotous color, lay naked mesa, plateau, peak, and crag, with frowning buttes and towering ledges intervening in robust and boastful profusion. Minaret and spire; dome, façade, and campanile, stood guard over the riven precipices. The slanting rays of the sun burnished the rugged surfaces here and there in silver, in russet, and in gold. Strange and bewitching shapes merged out of the purple and gray mists of the abyss, making it appear that before me was being held a review of every dream and nightmare of architecture which the mind of man had ever conceived.

"What do you think of it?" asked Robert Brandews, his eyes twinkling in enjoyment at my plainly-expressed wonder and awe.

"It doesn't seem real," I said; "it's like a fairy-story world—a fairy-story world which some imp of an old witch has set all on fire with flames of a hundred different colors!"

He nodded. His gray eyes glowed as he him-

self gazed at the picture, the picture he must have seen scores of times before. There was a deep hush. Then Brandews said in a half-apologetic whisper. "Don't blame me. It's never twice the same. If you move a few yards away"—he suited the action to the words—"it looks quite different. Even if you stay still, under the changing light of the clouds, new shapes appear and old ones dissolve."

It was true. How mystic! how alluring! A dozen times I altered my position, each time witnessing new grandeur; and if I stayed a little while in each spot these scenes melted into others equally as beautiful.

"The old Colorado River is responsible for all these carved castles, towers, and rostrums," remarked the surveyor. "It has taken centuries for this swift and mighty stream to eat through and honeycomb the mountain in this fashion—a mountain that was once a great mass of solid rock, limestone and sandstone; but it has done it in the way we see, and it is still biting away the bottomlands and walls of the Canyon."

"Of all the work of the Survey, I should think this Grand Canyon job of yours would be the most dangerous," said I.

Brandews shook his head. "It is not dangerous unless carelessness creeps in. You see, the lofty buttes are just as high as the level plateau;

they can, therefore, be mapped by a determination of their bases. But, though you can't see it from the top here, those bases are fearfully irregular, and a cliff a few hundred feet high might take miles to go around. You will notice that there are plenty of terraces following the Canyon. Some of these are almost as level for stretches as a well-made road, but they run the wrong way to assist one in getting across the deep gorge, and one must go down into the very bottom to do this."

"How do you get down there?" I asked in wonderment.

Brandews laughed whimsically. "I'll admit it looks as if falling down would be the only way to do it. Well, that would be the *quickest* way, but I'm afraid a man's friends wouldn't be able to find *quite* all the pieces of him after he had landed. We surveyors think the most satisfactory way to descend into the bed-lands of the Canyon is to climb down. There is an Indian trail on this side which helps a little, and in three other places there are roads, one of which is on the north side; but all of these passages are very dangerous ones, and can only be traversed by hardened travelers supplied with well-trained, sure-footed animals."

"What kind of animals are best for such work?"

“Burros,” answered Brandews. “They are small and sturdy, of good temper, and they possess that instinct for danger, and that ability to hold poise in a tight place, which makes them so valuable on narrow and treacherous mountain trails. Horses and mules are not quite so well adapted to such traveling on account of their greater weight and size, but both kinds of these animals can be trained to do remarkably good work at mountain path-finding if their owner puts himself to that task. To-morrow morning I am going to take a party across the Canyon by way of the old Cameron trail, leaving another party on this side. Later, with one party working in conjunction with the other, we will strike a line across the nine miles of gap lying between both plateaus. Would you like to join my party? It will give you a good chance to see some real stiff mountain-climbing.”

I signified my desire to join Brandews's party, and when daylight broke next day we were on our way. At the point where the old trail digressed downward into the gorge, our half-dozen fellows took leave of the half-dozen who were to remain on the south side. At my own request I decided to stay with Burns, the head-packer, while Brandews took his place at the head of the column. As the pack-train passed by us, Burns scrutinized every pack, to make sure that none

should become loose and slip off, or cause the animal annoyance at a critical stage of the journey.

Burns and I chatted freely, as we took up the trail after our companions. But as soon as the path fell away over the edge, both of us were too much occupied in watching the ground to do any more talking. When we started out, somebody had impressed me with the idea that the way was reasonably smooth for mules and burros; but we had not been wending downward ten minutes before I began to wonder how any four-footed animal short of a goat could keep his footing. The long line of burros, bobbing sluggishly along in front, tails toward me, soon convinced me, however, that my own burro stood as good a chance of keeping the trail as they.

For several hundred feet the trail fell away in this fashion, then suddenly turned sharply to the left along one of the broad terraces of rock. After a quarter-mile of easy going, we came to a slope of loose shale which almost filled up the path. The pack-mules picked their way over this without a moment's hesitation. Then the shelf narrowed, and Burns called out to me: "Guess you'd better get off."

In response I slipped from my animal, and going to his head started to walk along with him, although in order to do this I had to crowd close

to his belly to keep from going off on the other side. I was just beginning to make up my mind I would much prefer riding, when Burns shouted from behind: "What in thunder you walking along beside the burro for? You look as if you was tryin' to hold him up! Why in Tom's neck don't you get in front of him where you will have more room?"

"I thought I couldn't guide him as well that way," I protested.

My words were greeted by an explosion of hearty laughter. "Say, don't you s'pose this yere burro knows where to put his pesky feet better'n you do?" cried Burns. "Leave it to him! You just mosey along, regardless, right in front, till this shelf gets less shelving. You can mount again then. You know on an inclined bank like this a rider makes an animal top-heavy."

As Burns said, I found the burro well able to take care of himself while I strode on ahead. Down we went into the chasm, sometimes climbing over heaps of fallen rock, sometimes pitching down slopes which seemed almost perpendicular to me. As we descended, the sun arose higher, and the air seemed to become less tenuous and almost visible.

I had been expecting the wonderful radiance of the valley to become tenfold richer under the

noonday sun. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when that hour brought to my eyes a general fading out of the beautiful colors and the air seemed to have become so thick that it refracted rather than filtered the bright rays of the sun. Indeed, the whole atmosphere seemed to be glowing with a metallic luster which was most trying to the eyes and confusing to the senses. Lines of strata became distorted in some instances—quite vanished in others. The buttes appeared to flatten; the mirrored shadows to diminish, and the darker shades to turn an inky black. Objects familiar a moment back were now strange and grotesque, bearing absolutely no resemblance to their old selves. Under this magical play of the heavenly lights, I felt I could not have made my way back one mile had I been offered all the gold of the richest kingdom in the universe.

But it remained for the late afternoon to bring out the real witchery of the surroundings. As the evening clouds began to gather and the twilight shadows to deepen, casting queer shapes aslant our path, the titanic temples and cloisters seemed to awake and stretch themselves to meet the outspreading cloak of purple mystery. Little by little the atmosphere had lost its density and become permeated with oozing color values which, seeping through, now began to

glow warmly upon the distant rocks and pinnacles. Once more the colossal buttes assumed their due proportions; while a thousand bizarre forms, which had not been observable in the intense light of day, thrust themselves forward into an egotistical prominence. Then the sun disappeared from our view, although it still shone radiantly upon the rocks high over our heads.

Burns prodded his burro up close behind me. "If you like pretty things handed out by nature, just watch," he advised. "You'll see the richest bouquet you've beheld yet."

He was right. For the first time since morning I found I was able to look upwards without being blinded by the sunlight. As the hidden sun declined, its rays fell slopingly full upon the upper works of the great Canyon. They struck athwart crest and protuberance in a bewitching belt of saffron and pale-rose, while reflected upon the fleecy clouds in the cobalt-blue of the sky were the same tones. Underlying this pallid brilliancy was the deep, vibrating Egyptian-reds of the body of the Canyon itself. No sounds came up from this, nevertheless it seemed fairly to quiver with life. A faint blue haze began to gather in the dusk—a haze changing second by second into countless differing hues and combinations of purples, violets, and madder-lakes,

deepening as the twilight merged into night. Strange metallic beams of burnished bronzes, in amethyst, emerald, ruby, and turquoise, lay across velvet shadows here and there. But presently these, too, had merged into the engulfing sea of purple—a sea of royal mystery which had engulfed all the playful elfins of brighter color.

Burns was a prince of a fellow. The head-packer let me stare at that beautiful and gorgeous display until night had really come and the stars were shining brightly—until I awoke, with a start, and recollected the rest of the party.

The night was well advanced when our party reached the crest of the Canyon on the north side. The journey had been made without mishap, although attended by considerable risk. It had needed a keen eye at times to discern that such apparently impassable ground was intended for a trail.

Once on top we made a hasty camp; the packs and saddles were taken off the animals, and they were hobbled out to graze on the rich herbage of the Kaibab plateau. Rolled in my blanket, in Brandews's tent, after a good supper cooked over pine knots, I fell asleep in that quick manner which comes to the tired and healthy trampler of the wilds.

Next day, as I watched Brandews busying himself over a plotting job, I observed: "I

suppose you fellows of the Survey have some exciting times occasionally?"

"A fellow can't be in this business long without having a close shave," said the surveyor emphatically. "I'm not saying it to brag, but I've gone through a good many of 'em; and I might say every chap in my party has had his share."

"Can you recall a story at this moment?"

"Oh, yes; there's the time when I was up in the Minnesota swamp country, back in 1910. When you're eleven miles away from the nearest road, and that only a measly 'corduroy,' in a swamp into which you can't take a horse, and which is too brush-ridden for you to paddle a boat in, you begin to think that you might be on a nicer sort of surveying job. Maybe you didn't know that this big Chippewa swamp-land, which the Indians ceded over to the Government, to be held in trust for 'em, covers close to three million acres. Why, I've seen parts of that swamp so soft that we'd have to make a sort of platform of brush to set our transits on; and three or four of us would often have to pull out one chap who had sunk below his waist in the muck—and that with only half a pack instead of the regulation load. I got caught in a fix something like that, and I tell you it came near being the last of me!"

"Did it happen in that same swamp?" I asked.

“Yes; and the very first week we were at work, too. You know each man in a surveying party is supposed to carry a pack, all the properties of the camp being divided into equal weights, so that no man carries more or less than his share. Each load is divided, also, in order that it will be well-balanced and rest in an easy position just below the nape of the neck. To help keep it there a broad strap, called a ‘tump-strap,’ is passed across the forehead. If the strap is a little long, or the load adjusted so that it hangs too far down, the effect is to jerk the head back at a very uncomfortable angle; and if the load is too high, the bearer has to walk bent almost double. It’s a trick to pack a load in the right way, but all surveyors soon master it to a nicety; if they don’t, they suffer, especially on a long hike.

“In that great swamp of the Chippewas, our party was able sometimes to proceed straight-away without any axework, but more often all hands had to do a lot of grubbing in the thick under-growth and second-growth before we could attain a clear opening for making a ‘sight.’ Although most swamps are fairly level, this one had a strong fall toward Red Lake River, making the task of mapping out a system of drainage more than ordinarily easy for us.”

“I should think you could cut a drainage ditch, in that case, direct from the highest point of the

marsh to the lower levels of Red Lake River," I ventured. "Wouldn't that do the job?"

"Surely," said Brandews, with a tolerating smile at my enthusiasm; "but how would you ascertain that highest point? With the eye? That practice would hardly be adequate, especially since you can only see one 'high point' at a time in the dense Minnesota swamp-land I refer to—or practically that. You see, this swamp is like a jungled continent on a small scale. Its topographic features have to be measured in inches instead of the hundreds of feet they actually cover. If this ground were rocky there would be no swamp at all, for all its deposits of water would form channels and go flowing into Red Lake River in a natural manner. But the ground is, on the contrary, very spongy; therefore, it retains and retards, so that the water lies stagnant instead of running. Add to this the thousands of years' of rotting vegetation, which has been added to the swamp bed, and you will realize how impossible it is for water like this to do what you would expect most water bodies to do—seek their own level."

"That is quite plain," I admitted.

"Now," resumed the surveyor, "what we had to do was to trace the highest point or points, after finding them, and ascertain the relation of one to the other. This would divide the swamp

into several drainage areas, each with its 'peak.' Our next step was to determine with our transits and instruments the best line of drainage for each area, each of these lines to run into a main or trunk-line which must be large enough to take care of the entire volume of smaller canals and carry the flow uninterruptedly to Red Lake River."

I gave vent to a soft whistle. "I think I am beginning to realize a little of the real bigness of a surveyor's job, Mr. Brandews. There's not a foot of the country you miss, is there?"

"Not more than thirteen inches, at least," was the jocose reply. "But I'm forgetting my adventure in these details. When we were on that job I was not in charge, as I am here; in fact, I was rather a beginner. Different times the chief would send me out off the line of march with instructions to report on the nature of the ground. Thus it chanced that one afternoon I was dispatched on such a trip to the right of the line, being cautioned to be careful I did not get in the bog, as it was known to be very treacherous in that particular vicinity, two men having had narrow escapes from it only the day previous.

"For twenty or thirty feet I had hard going. The undergrowth was so tangled that I had to literally hack my way through with my axe. Then, to my delight, I came across a smooth

piece of marsh overlaid with stagnant water. I tested every step carefully before allowing my full weight upon the foot. Finding the bottom of the morass firmer than most of such bodies we had thus far encountered, I was convinced that there must be reasonably solid ground on the other side. Knowing, moreover, that a bit of information such as this would be of great assistance to my party, I ventured to cross the stretch by picking my way along a small ridge or 'hog-back,' which ran along the farther end of the shallow lake. Such hog-backs are quite numerous in this big swamp, as are also water-surrounded patches of turf of the island type.

"Trees and undergrowth grew thick on the hog-back I had selected—so thick, in fact, that I regretted my choice of route after I had chopped incessantly for a half-hour and had made little advance. Provoked at the time I was losing, I decided to attempt going across the neck of a slough still separating me from my objective, if it were not too spongy. Here the ground was damp and bepuddled, but there was a sufficiency of promising looking grassy humps to make me think I could successfully get across by leaping from one to the other.

"It was really one of the most palpitating quagmires I had picked out—the kind I learned to know and avoid afterwards. But then I was

green in swampcraft and did not heed the warnings nature handed out to me at every step I took. The first hummocks held up under me pretty well. As I progressed, however, they became more jellylike and had a 'give' that was extremely unpleasant to feel.

"Another step I took, and this time the quagmire seemed to resent my intrusion in an unmistakable manner; for large black bubbles formed where my feet were sinking into the muck, and as I pulled them out it was with extreme difficulty and with a loud sucking noise whose portentousness filled me with a strange uneasiness.

"But the other side was now only a little way off, and I was too greatly tempted to go on to think of turning back. I took another step. I came down as lightly as I could, but the tuft was deceiving, and I began to sink with a rapidity quite alarming. That time I had to throw all my weight back on my left foot, which was on more solid ground, before I could brace myself in order to pull out the submerged foot. But the act proved disastrous. The added weight upon my left foot caused it to break through the upper crust, and the first thing I knew that foot also was imprisoned by the foul fiend who inhabited the ooze of the quagmire.

"I saw that I was in a pretty bad fix—that I was getting worse off every second. The harder

I pulled on this foot or that, the deeper my struggles seemed to send it. In almost no time at all I was up to my knees, and the pressure of the sucking mud and slime was so great that my legs were beginning to feel a strange numbness which came very near to driving me frantic. Only by the greatest efforts did I keep cool, as I knew I must if I were ever to get out of my predicament.

“Several more efforts to extricate myself convinced me of the futility of escape in that manner. Perhaps my comrades were near enough to hear my cries! Raising my voice I shouted—again—again. But only the croaking of frogs and the dismal booming cry of a distant bittern met my ears. Then I thought of my revolver. Taking it from its holster I fired three times—the signal for help. How I strained my ears for the hoped-for answering shots! But they did not come. I realized that my comrades were out of hearing—that by some superhuman effort I must get myself out of the clutches of that quagmire without delay, else find my grave within its noisome depths before many more minutes had passed.

“Why I had not thought of it before I cannot conceive; but now I suddenly recollected my surveyor’s rod which I had brought along and had let fall in my efforts to get out. This was of steel, and plenty stiff enough to bear a man’s

weight. With a last gleam of hope in my heart I now seized it and laid it across the two nearest hummocks, then doubled my body over upon it, an act which greatly relieved my legs of the weight above them and prevented me from sinking any deeper.

“My next task was to free my legs. This I found to be no easy job, for the muck had gained a terrific grip upon both. But it was worth my desperate efforts. For a time it looked as if I was doomed to stay in the trap; but finally, by dint of fierce and continuous strain, I managed to pull out the foot that was in to the least depth. Cheered by this success, I then concentrated my energies upon the other foot, tugging until the veins of my forehead and neck must have stood out like whipcords and until I was streaming with perspiration.

“Say, you can’t imagine my joy when I felt that foot giving, too! Then it stuck, and my spirits dropped like a plummet. Nor could I free it, pull as hard as I would. As a last resort I took my axe, and began chopping the thick mud around my leg. It was ticklish work, as that axe was as sharp as a razor, and I had to shave close, and a little miscalculation would have resulted in a gash from which I must have bled to death. But I guess luck or the Lord was with me, for I managed to loose the ground enough

to get my foot started upward once more, and some hard tugging brought it completely out of the ooze, though not without a painfully twisted ankle.

“Trembling like a leaf, well-nigh exhausted, I was not able to retrace my steps for ten or fifteen minutes. Then, by laying my rod down and picking my way along it from hummock to hummock I limped back to the hog-back, and finally reached my companions.”

“Have many lives been lost in Survey work, Mr. Brandews?” I asked.

“You will be surprised to hear that, in spite of hundreds of close escapes and the dangerous character of the work in some places, only two lives have been lost in the Geological Survey in the forty years of its existence as a separate branch of the Department of the Interior. This is really astounding when you stop to think that much of our work is done in the wildest sections of lands, parts remote from civilization and often unexplored. Fortune has seemed to favor us.”

“Does sickness bother surveyors’ camps to any extent?”

“Hard work, clean living, good judgment, and the open air, are worth all the drugs you can collect—and a whole lot more. Of course a small chest of medical supplies accompanies each

party, to be used in case of absolute necessity, but it is seldom opened."

"But how about accidents?"

"Such as what?"

"Oh, breaking a leg by a fall, or something like that."

"I don't see what business any man on the Survey has to fall. That isn't what he's there for. But in case he should be so clumsy, our first-aid chest is well-stocked with splints and bandages; and every man in a party knows how to apply them, too. Trust any man whose business calls him into the wilds to know how to dress up a wound or take care of a sudden illness with the simplest of remedies. If our kit gives out we know where to find herbs for almost any ill. The Lord has provided; man has only to search—when the woods are all around."

"Do you consider swamp work more dangerous than any other kind, Mr. Brandews?" I inquired.

"Not exactly more dangerous; but I do consider that no form of Survey work is more disagreeable. Take, for instance, the giant tule-swamps in the lower Sacramento Valley of California. I had an experience in one of those swamps that will last me a life-time, I guess."

"What was that?"

"First let me tell you what those swamps are

like. The bush is very dense, semi-tropical; but where it is at its worst the water is at its best—less deep—so there's a little compensation. All in all, the job becomes one of the most strenuous bushwhacking. But in the tule-grass sections—wow!”

“Is that tule-grass as bad as it has been described, then?” I asked.

“Is it *bad*! Say! Say! It's never been adequately described in printed matter,” declared Brandews with impressive vigor. “Uncle Sam wouldn't let that report go through the mails or over public or private wires. No, he wouldn't—no, sir-ree! Why that tule-grass is like a field of wheat would seem to a very small dog. It's too thick to walk through, too high to see over, and as stuffy as an unventilated attic under a mid-August sun.”

“How do you manage to survey, then? Do you use stilts?”

“Stilts! Say, you'd have to be born with stilts on your legs in order to be skilful enough to keep your balance in there! And even after you've gone to all the pains to cut a path through it, walking on the stubble is like walking on bayonet points sticking up out of the ground. I've known these stubble ends to penetrate a surveyor's calf-skin shoe-upper more than once, and give him a nasty wound. The horse wouldn't

go through it if he didn't have to pull the buckboard along after him with our outfit."

"I should think your tripods would be too short for sighting," I ventured. "You said the tulegrass was too high to see over."

"We get around that by splicing sticks on the legs of the tripod. To raise himself up to the required height for using the transit, the surveyor stands on the body or seat of the buckboard, which generally will bring his nose just above the surrounding grass. Of course, in his calculations he has to deduct the extra length of the tripod."

"You spoke about water in these swamps. Is it found all over them, or just in spots?"

"For the most part they are fairly dry, except when the tide comes in at the lower part," replied my informant. "Then things are wet enough for sure! That brings me to my little tale; for it was one of those Pacific tides that pretty nearly got me into serious trouble. My comrades took it all as a huge joke; but at the time I was undergoing the adventure I tell you it had every other aspect than a funny incident to me, though I've often laughed about it since and forgiven the other fellows."

"I have already told you how hard that tulegrass is to get through, but I might add that it is mighty easy stuff to get lost in, also. You

could chase your own coat-tail for a week in one of those swamps and never know that you were going round in a circle. You can't see a blessed landmark. Everything about you is a sea of rank grasses. But there is one good feature: the ground as a general thing is level,—entirely different than the Chippewa swamp of Minnesota,—and fewer bench-marks are needed.

“Well, one day we had taken a long sight, because there was a sort of depression at that point which we wanted to delimit. I was quite a distance from the plane-table, working all alone. Suddenly I became conscious of an unusually wet feeling about my feet. Looking down, I saw that, where a few minutes before I had been standing on comparatively dry ground, I was now over my soles in water.

“This did not alarm me in the least. I realized that the tide was coming in; that it probably would rise as high as my knees, as it often had done before, and that it would then recede. Somehow, like a dunce, I never thought that my position was much lower than it ever had been. Had I only recollected this fact it would have resulted in my beating a very hasty retreat.

“So I stayed where I was, continuing my work deliberately and carefully. As I worked I noticed that the tide had an unwonted strong flow, the water swishing and gurgling about my

boots with new vigor; but beyond vaguely wondering if it could be spring-tide, I paid no further attention to it.

“Matters went on in this way for a little while. Then, all at once, I noticed that the water had not only reached my knees, but was actually lapping a couple of inches higher—over my boots. It was the damp against my skin which aroused me. Still I felt no alarm. I was used to working when wet; and surely the tide could not rise much higher.

“I kept on at my job, unconsciously hurrying it a little, but not the least bit uneasy. In fact, in the absorption of my task, I soon lost all thought of the situation, and gave it no heed until I was finally aroused, with a start, to find the water clear up to my waist.

“Then I began at last to take stock of my surroundings, and to speculate on the probable outcome if I stayed a little longer to finish up. What was the matter with that pesky tide, anyhow? Had it gone clear out of its senses, to keep rising in this unheard-of manner? Was it actually trying to drown me? or just scare me?

“As I debated the question of Flight *versus* Remain, the tide crept insistently higher, and I decided in favor of Flight. I concluded to let the other fellows, who were beyond my view, laugh at my precipitate return if they wished to.

They could joke me unmercifully,—as I was sure they would,—but I was going to leg it for higher ground right away!

“I have said that tule-grass is hard to get through. Now I found it, with water almost up to my arms, a dickens of a sight worse than hard! It seemed I was making the progress of a snail; for, in addition to myself, I was weighted down with my pack, and the ground was made so sodden that I sank in a bit at every step. Well, sir, I suppose that tide was coming in slowly, but it seemed to me I could see it creep up my shirt inch by inch; and I had hardly gotten half the distance to the boys when it was up to my shoulders. Lucky it was I didn’t get lost in that maze of grass, though it did tangle in my feet and almost trip me. I might easily have suffered either catastrophe, but my shouts reached my party beyond and I was guided toward them by their answering calls.

“‘Hey! Bring the buckboard here, fellows, or I’ll be drowned in this ornery grass!’ I bawled. On the higher ground where they were, there was no water at all, and they could not see that which surrounded me in the declivity. But of course, when I thought of it, they couldn’t bring the buckboard, because the horse couldn’t get through to me without cutting a path, and that was impossible with the water so high.

‘Never mind,’ I countermanded; ‘stay where you are. I’ll make it somehow.’

“By now the water was up to my chin, and the going was harder than ever. Several times I stumbled enough to dip my head under and get eyes and mouth full of musty salt-water, but reached my feet again. It was the toughest kind of work. The long grasses scraped my face and entangled my feet and legs. Twice they matted me in such a network of sodden strings that I stood helplessly and frantically pumping my legs for several moments before I could snap the cordon and proceed.

“My greatest fear was that the tide had not yet reached its apex. If it came a few inches higher, I knew that I would surely drown; for no man, no matter how expert a swimmer he might be, could sustain himself over his depth in that labyrinth of water-woven vegetable matter. And my soaked clothes by this time were intolerably heavy—as weighty on my weakening muscles as if made of lead.

“But fortune favored me. The ground under my feet began to rise, just as I began to wonder how soon my body would be found and what a shock the news of my death would be to my dear old mother back in Vermont. As I emerged out of the declivity, my body emerged from the water also; and presently I had the satisfaction

of shaking my comrades—who had come to meet me—by the hand. Alarm was written all over their bronzed faces; but as quickly they changed front and began to guy me. ‘Why, you dear little child, what a nice wade you did have!’ cried Smith, a big fellow three inches taller than myself. ‘When you grow up like Mister Smith, the water won’t be so deep for you, dear Toddeums!’ reminded Jed Cummins. ‘Did oo dit nassy salty wasser in oo nice ’ittle clothes? Naughty, naughty wasser!’ said Bill Cookman, wrinkling up his face so disgustedly that everybody roared, including myself.

“That’s the way it is with outdoor men. They are the tenderest-hearted mortals to be found anywhere, the most loyal friends, the first to lend a helping hand at risk of their own lives. But when danger is past they are as full of fun as an egg is of meat, and will ‘roast’ the one they succor. Why? I don’t really know. I guess it’s man’s way—the way he has of trying to make you think he isn’t tender. He’s got so much of it in his system that he feels sort of guilty, you know.”

I stayed several days with Brandews and his surveyors, enjoying every minute of the time and gaining a far more appreciative idea of the vast scope of their work and the bravery and fortitude of the men, than I had before I investigated the

subject. By day I accompanied this party or that, watching them perform their arduous duties; and by night I sat about the glowing campfire listening to intensely interesting tales of adventure which carried my thoughts from plain to forest, from valley to mountain-top, and from swamp to arid desert. It appeared that there was no spot too difficult of access for these bold fellows, and no obstacle too great for them to surmount.

A middle-aged, serious-faced man named Charles Hooker, who had been at one time in hydrographic work, charting the seacoast and measuring the flow of inland streams, declared that few people gave a thought to the immense value to the world of these forms of survey.

“If it wasn’t for establishing maps of our sea-coasts, showing the exact location of natural objects dangerous to the passage of vessels, ships would be sunk faster than they could be made,” said Hooker. “These charts don’t only give the contours of the shores and the position of islands, but they show the skipper the depth of the sea at various points, and also indicate the submarine rocks and old wrecks, reefs, sandbars, and so on, that may prove a menace to him. Large navigable streams, such as the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, and the Ohio Rivers, are likewise charted. As the river currents and

ocean currents are all the time at work changing the beds they sweep over, the Survey has to go over the same ground repeatedly in order to make its reports reliable."

"How are these depths ascertained?" I asked.

"By sounding-lines—long steel cables attached to a drum on board the Government boat. A weight is attached to the sounding end, a weight heavy enough to prevent 'drift' and consequent inaccurate measurement even in the swiftest current. For ocean work these lines have to be of immense length, and it takes hours to pay them out and reel them in. For instance, in ascertaining the deepest part of the Pacific Ocean, we had to use practically seven miles of line. In recent years the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has developed a method of verifying the depths of extensive areas, or of determining shoals or obstructions in those areas, by passing over them long drags or sweeps. But give me the stream-flow surveys."

"I never could see the importance of these," I admitted. "Will you enlighten me, Mr. Hooker?"

"Certainly. You see, the economic and commercial value of a stream is gauged largely by the amount of its water in proportion to its width. A week of wet weather makes a vast difference in the bulk of this water; and a dry

spell makes just as much difference the other way. In other words, rains or melting snows make it rise; droughts make it fall. There's the Tennessee River, which I worked on once. For three straight months in 1912 that river never flowed more than 20,000 cubic feet per second; yet that same year, for fifteen days in the spring, it tore along at the whooping rate of 360,000 feet a second."

"I dare say the Mississippi and the Ohio would exceed even that ratio."

"Yes; they would, for they drain an immense amount of country. But a normal river ten feet deep, with a three-mile current in June is only four feet deep, with a two-mile current, in the month of September. By taking frequent flow measurements and soundings, the Government is able to provide methods of securing a more uniform flow and depth throughout the year, thus benefitting navigation and power utilities alike. Government engineers deepen and straighten river-beds, create reservoirs to divert floodwater and feed it into the streams gradually instead of precipitately—and all because of the records from these surveys."

"How is a flow-measurement taken, Mr. Hooker?"

"In several ways. When convenient, from a bridge. When no bridge is present, a cable is

stretched from bank to bank, high enough so that its slack will keep well above the stream. On this cable is strung a sort of pulley-hung box with a small opening in its bottom. It is just far enough below the cable so that when the surveyor sits in it he can seize the cable and pull his little trolley-car along to any point of the cable he wishes. Once over the current he lets down a line bearing a bullet-shaped device called a current-meter. This has a small propeller which faces up-stream in the current and which rotates from the current's force, recording within the exact number of such rotations during the minute the surveyor leaves it immersed. By a system of computations involving the three factors, width, depth, and current-velocity, the surveyor is then able to arrive at a very exact idea of the amount of water rushing past a given point of this river within one minute's time. Once, when I was taking a record in the 'bos'n's chair,' as it is called, my cable was stretched from high bluffs on the Allegheny that were close to a mile apart, and it took me two hours to work out into position. Just as I was thinking about the long up-grade pull back, and dreading it, something happened that caused me to return to land in an entirely different manner than I had planned."

Hooker paused to chuckle deeply at the recol-

lection his words brought up. Several of the other surveyors grinned. They could surmise what was coming, but I could not.

"It was this way," resumed Hooker. "One of the metal straps connecting the front end of the bos'n's chair to the forward pulley gave way. That let the box down in front so suddenly that I was thrown completely out and pitched head-long into the river below. I don't know how many times I turned over, as the Government hadn't asked me to record my own gymnastics, but I do know that I hit flat on my belly in approved swimming position. And I swam—believe me, boys! I swam. It was a long way ashore, in swift, cold water at that, and by the time I struck shore I knew a whole lot about that current that scientific figures could never give."

It was Carter Beekmart, a former mine-surveyor, who told me of how one day he had been running levels in an old coal-mine in Pennsylvania, preparatory to the construction of a new tram-railway, when a fall of slate caught him by the leg, imprisoning him for several hours and killing his rodman. It was George Paquette who told how, in a survey of Death Valley, he and two comrades had become unconscious from thirst, to be miraculously saved by an old Indian and his half-breed son, who chanced upon them.

And it was Jack Nisson who told me how, while he was up in Alaska on a survey of Mt. McKinley he had faced the icy blasts of a winter gale for days at a time, working out fine calculations with his party, with the thermometer registering sixty degrees below zero.

There is no need for me to say more in an attempt to prove that surveying is heroes' work. I am sure you will agree with me that even if they do not have hairbreadth escapes they surely meet obstacles in the every-day course of their rugged duties, which call for no small outlay of resourcefulness and no little display of grit.

VI

THE EXPLORER ¹

I FIRST met Dillon Wallace at Culver Military Academy last summer. Here I found the well-known writer of boys' books, veteran outdoor man, companion of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., in that fateful expedition up into the wilds of Labrador, and leader of two later expeditions, acting as supervisor of woodcraft to four hundred khaki-clad youngsters. When I arrived a bunch were just starting out on a three-days' hike. Happy? Enthusiastic? You never saw more enthusiastic boys!

"Come along with us," invited their genial, sun-tanned leader, still a robust, active man in spite of his arduous experiences of younger days. And when I noticed the friendly looks in the bright faces of his gay troopers—a sort of "Sure; we want you too,"—depend upon it, I needed no further pressing.

That hike will stick long by me. It would have been a good sticker with just those jolly

¹ Quotations in this chapter from "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by Dillon Wallace, are made by permission of the author and of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company.

boys along; but when you stop to think that the expedition was headed by such a popular and expert woodsman as Dillon Wallace, it is no wonder that it made such deep dents in my memory. Oh, the bully comradeship of that march through field, along by-path, down road, and into forest! How many boys exclaimed "Ah-h!" and "Oh-h!" and "Gee!" as the famous explorer pointed out to them interesting objects they would have passed by unnoticed. And the bully comradeship of the cheerful, crackling camp-fire at night, as we gathered about in a big circle, with the deep shadows of the brooding timber at our backs, and exchanged stirring story for stirring story, rollicking joke for rollicking joke!

Of course Dillon Wallace was the king-bee story-teller upon these occasions. He always had to start the ball a-rolling; we would keep it going a while, and then we never failed to insist upon his giving it the last spin—a mighty strong one—before we had our good-night song and wrapped ourselves in our blankets *a la* Indian.

Thus it was that, on one of those three nights before the open blaze, I prevailed upon Mr. Wallace to tell us the story of his thrilling trip into the heart of Labrador with Leonidas Hubbard—poor, brave-hearted, unfortunate Hub-

bard, who never emerged alive from that terrible land.

"It was back in 1900 that I first met Hubbard," said Wallace reminiscently. He was a reporter on a New York daily paper and I was practicing law. Our mutual love for the out-of-doors drew us together. Later, when he became connected with a magazine devoted to outdoor life, we became hiking and camping companions on frequent week-end trips. On one of these occasions, in late November, 1901, we were enjoying our evening camp-fire when Hubbard startled me with the question: 'How would you like to go to Labrador with me?' Had he suggested going to the South Pole I could not have been more astonished. I just stared at first. Then I managed to blurt out: 'Why—why do you wish to go there?'

"'Man,' he replied, 'don't you realize it's about the only part of the continent that hasn't been explored? There isn't much more known now of the interior of Labrador than when Cabot discovered the coast more than four hundred years ago. Think of it, Wallace,' he went on excitedly,—'a great unknown land right near at home, as wild and primitive to-day as it has always been! I want to see it! I want to get into a really wild country! I want to have some of the soul-stirring experiences of the old fel-

lows who once explored and opened up our own wonderful country!’

“Then he sat down, a bit more calm, and began to unfold to me his plan, then vague and in the rough, of exploring a part of the unknown eastern interior of the Labrador peninsula. Of trips such as this he had been dreaming since childhood. As a mere boy on his father’s farm in Michigan, he had lain for hours out under the trees in the orchard, poring over a map of Canada and making imaginary journeys into unexplored regions. Boone and Crockett were his heroes, likewise the more ancient Cortez and De Soto. They accompanied him in spirit when he poked about in the nearby woods; they goaded him into stealing farther away for pilgrimages lasting two or three days at a time—a lone little camper among the squirrels and birds, trees and grasses.

“He resolved that some day he should head an exploring expedition of his own. This resolution he never forgot, neither while a student nor while serving as a newspaper man in Detroit and New York. Later, while on the staff of *Outing Magazine*, he wrote special articles. In this work he visited the Hudson Bay region, and once penetrated to the winter hunting-grounds of the Mountaineer Indians, north of Lake St. John, in southern Labrador. But these trips

failed to satisfy him. On the contrary he began to nurse an intense longing to go into a region where no white man had preceded him.

“‘You see, Wallace, it’s just this way,’ he said to me that day. ‘When a fellow starts on a long trail he’s never willing to quit. It will be the same with you if you go with me to Labrador. You’ll say each trip will be the last, but when you come home you’ll hear the voice of the wilderness calling you back. I thought my Lake St. John trip was something wonderful, but it only increased my longing for bigger discoveries.’

“My friend’s enthusiasm was contagious. Born of a roving stock myself, I found my pulse jumping wildly the longer he talked; and that night before I lay down to sleep, I said, ‘Hubbard, I’ll go with you.’ And so the thing was settled. That was how Hubbard’s expedition got its first real thrust.

“But more than a year passed before Hubbard could make arrangements to get away. Probably he would not have been so lucky even then except for the fact that in the meantime he had been promoted to the position of associate-editor of *Outing*. Caspar Whitney was then the magazine’s editor-in-chief, and such was his confidence in Hubbard and sympathy for his ambition, that the magazine undertook to finance the expedi-

tion. Through it the world would gain new and important facts of geography. Do you blame us for feeling proud of our responsibility?—for feeling elated at the prospect of the alluring discovery which seemed awaiting us?

“Hubbard hoped to reach the George River, Labrador, in season to meet the Nascauppee Indians, who, according to an old tradition, gather each year on its banks, in late August or early September, to spear the herds of caribou which migrate at that time, passing eastward to the seacoast. He wished to get a good story of this annual great hunt, also pictures of the Indians attacking the caribou as they swam the wide stream, and stated that before he returned he would like to give some study to the Nascauppees, who are the most primitive people on the North American continent. His first objective before crossing the northern divide and attempting to locate the headwaters of the George River was to be Lake Michikamau (Big Water), save Lake Mistasinni in the south this is the largest body of water in Labrador, possessing a length of about ninety miles and a varying width of from six to twenty-five miles. In attaining Lake Michikamau he planned to ascend the Nascauppee River at that time incorrectly mapped as the ‘Northwest.’

“I have called this country unknown. It is

true that, in the winter of 1838, John MacLean, then the agent of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Chimo, passed through a portion of the region while making a dog-sled journey from his post to Northwest River Post. The record he left, however, is very incomplete. In fact, his exact route is by no means certain. His sufferings were extreme. He and his party had to eat their dogs to save themselves from starvation, and even then they would have perished had it not been for an Indian who reached the Post ahead of them and sent back rescuers.

"All preparations made, we left New York, June 20, 1903, on the Red Cross Line steamer *Silvia*. A little knot of friends had gathered on the Brooklyn pier to see us off, and we waved handkerchiefs to them as long as they were visible.

"Our party consisted of Hubbard, myself, Hubbard's wife, and George Elson. Elson was a half-breed Cree Indian, from down on James Bay, who had been sent by one of Hubbard's friends to accompany us as packer; and let me say right here that a more devoted fellow for the purpose no man could have found. He was a jolly, willing comrade.

"We were all very light-hearted and gay that morning; it was a relief to be off at last, and to have the worry of preparation over. Perhaps

Mrs. Hubbard was the most sober. At Battle Harbor, the first point we would touch on the Labrador coast, she was to leave us, thence to return home and await word from her husband, and his final return. As we drew nearer, it seemed she became more thoughtful. Had she a presentiment of misfortune for the expedition? If so she tried to hide it behind a cheerful face.

“June 24th was my birthday. We lay at Halifax. Early that morning Hubbard came into my stateroom with a pair of camp blankets which my sisters had commissioned him to present to me. The kind-hearted conspirator had told me, in starting out, that he had enough blankets in his outfit and to take none with me. How strangely things sometimes turn out! Those blankets which Hubbard had withheld in order that I might be agreeably surprised, were destined to fulfil an office of the gravest importance a little later on, away up there in the Labradorian wilds, as you shall see.

“At St. Johns we purchased provisions for our trip, and carefully packed them, later transferring to the steamer *Virginia Lake*. When the heavy veil of grey fog lifted, we saw many icebergs and floes floating in the water around our vessel.

“It was on the Fourth of July that we made out the first bleak, rockbound outlines of Lab-

rador. In all the world there is no coast so barren, so desolate, so brutally inhospitable in appearance as this land reaching from Cape Charles, at the Strait of Belle Isle on the south, to Cape Chidley on the north. Along those eight hundred miles it is a constant succession of bare rocks scoured clean and smooth by the ice and storms of centuries. Not a green thing is to be seen, save now and then a bunch of stunted shrubs which have found a scanty foothold in some cleft or sheltered nook. It is a fog-ridden, dangerous coast, with never a lighthouse at that time, or signal of any kind at any point.

“Next day Mrs. Hubbard stepped into the small boat. Before us lay Battle Harbor, an uninviting, small collection of wooden buildings, with a few dingy-looking fishing craft in the bay. It was a most dismal time and place for her to part from her husband. Not yet six o’clock, we had had no breakfast. A cold, drizzling rain was falling. Patches of snow clung to the rocks along shore. Not an inhabitant of the town showed himself. But she was brave—very, very brave. Now that the last moment had come, she actually smiled, although I know now how hard the parting must have been. As for Hubbard, I noticed his voice trembled as he kissed her and said good-bye. Up there in the

dark wilderness where no white man had ever penetrated he talked with me of that parting.

“At Indian Harbor we set our first foot upon Labradorian land. The afternoon was spent in assorting and repacking our outfit, which consisted of the following items: One 18-foot canvas-covered canoe, weighing eighty pounds; one canoe type of tent, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ feet, made of balloon silk and waterproofed; three pairs of blankets and one single blanket; two tarpaulins, five waterproof canvas bags; one dozen small waterproof bags of balloon silk for note-books; two .45-70 Winchester rifles; two 10-inch barrel .22-calibre pistols for shooting grouse and other small game; 200 rounds of .45-70 and 1,000 rounds of .22-calibre cartridges; one $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inch pocket-folding camera, and thirty rolls of films in water-tight boxes; one sextant and artificial horizon; two compasses, our cooking utensils, and a change of shirts, socks, and underwear. Our food supply comprised 120 pounds of flour, 25 pounds of bacon, 13 pounds of lard, 20 pounds of flavored pea meal, 10 pounds of tea, 5 pounds of coffee, 8 pounds of hardtack, 10 pounds of milk-powder, 10 pounds of rice, 8 pounds of dried apples, 7 pounds of salt, 7 pounds of tobacco, 9 pounds of plain pea flour, and 30 pounds of sugar. This outfit, you will recall, was designed for three men—Hubbard,

George, and myself. It was designed as an emergency ration. We hoped to draw our main supply from the game and fish of the country itself.

“It was nine o’clock on Wednesday morning, July 15, that we left the trading post and made the start into the interior. Our canoe, laden deep with our belongings, shot through the water under the impulse of our concerted strokes. Behind we left a group of swarthy natives and the commander of the post. All were grave and sceptical, shaking their heads at our light-hearted good-byes. Their long faces, however, could not dampen our high spirits in the least.

“Crisp, and as pure as crystal, the air was wonderfully exhilarating. The fir trees and shrubs gave out a delicious fragrance, and their waving tops seemed gayly to beckon us on. The sky was a deep, rich blue. Here and there a feathery cloud covered it ghostily. The bright sunlight made our hearts bound,—all our energies, mental and physical, leaped burstingly upward and outward.

“From Northwest River we went up through the strait into Little Lake, thence to the rapid where the waters of Grand Lake pour out. Through this rapid we had to wade and pull our canoe along by the tracking-line. Then we were in Grand Lake, its glistening waters stretching

fifty miles northwest. That night we camped in the rain, but the next morning was clear.

"That day we started to ascend the Susan River. We had gone only a short way when the stream became so shallow and swift that once more we had to jump out and haul the canoe through the churning waters. Where the rocks were too bad, we were forced to portage. To add to our troubles we were beset by swarms of small gnats, which got into our nostrils, our eyes, our ears, and even our mouths, whenever we opened them to say a word. Our southern mosquitoes are tame beside them. It was no time before our faces felt as if they had been boiled. Streaks of blood, where the vicious little devils had bitten us, lay smeared wherever skin showed. Fortunately, our attackers, no larger than a pinhead, but with a nip like the thrust of a red-hot iron, departed with the approach of twilight, and we breathed easier.

"For some hours it had been raining. All that night it poured, but we were reasonably comfortable under our waterproof covers. At noon next day the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade. Always at sunset, however, the temperature would drop with startling suddenness. It was nothing unusual that summer for us to witness a variation of from fifty to sixty degrees in a single day. Thus we seemed

to be in the heart of the Tropics at midday, and in the heart of the Arctic Circle in the evening.

“On our first Sunday out, we quit traveling, and rested. Hubbard said he thought the Lord’s day ought to be observed up there in the wilds just as much as at home in civilization; and George couldn’t quite understand why we should not rest also when it rained.

“All day Thursday, July 23d, Hubbard lay in the tent sick. For several days we had been portaging through gullies and swamps, followed by an army of Labrador gnats, and Hubbard’s system had absorbed so much of their villainous poison that he could not keep going. The fact is, George and I were half-sick from the same cause. Our faces, hands, and wrists were sore and badly swollen from countless bites. My cheeks were so puffed out that I could scarcely see.

“That day George and I scouted for trails, leaving Hubbard in the tent. We took separate routes. In the afternoon, with the sun obscured by clouds, I attempted to get my direction with the compass, but the needle would not respond. A grouse fluttered up before me, and I brought it down with my pistol. This fowl, thought I, would prove a choice morsel for the sick man’s supper. I then started to make a short cut through the swamp toward camp, but in some

manner lost my bearings, and at dusk found myself on the shores of a lake I had never seen before.

“Knowing it was best to keep calm, right where I was, until better light might assist me in getting back on the trail, I lay down beside a log and went to sleep. At dawn I felt a lot better. I built a fire, cooked a cup of porridge, and repaired my defective compass. With new confidence, I started out, and by nightfall had safely reached camp, to find Hubbard greatly worried and George out looking for me. Not until Saturday was Hubbard well enough to go on, and then we resumed our journey in the midst of a drizzling rain.

“Sunday we rested again. Our progress the next three days was the old story of hard tracking in the river and difficult portaging. The weather was cloudy, and a chill wind blew. This slow work gave Hubbard serious concern, for the condition of our larder and wardrobe was not reassuring. Our bacon and sugar were going fast. Fish had become an absolute necessity, and our catches had been alarmingly small, as we had been unable to procure a net at the trading-posts and the fish did not seem to respond well to bait.

“There was also a lamentable lack of game. Far behind we seemed to have heard the chat-

ter of the last red squirrel, to have seen the last bear signs, and to have inspected the last tree whose lacerated bark showed the lunching stop of a porcupine. It is true there were caribou tracks aplenty, but seldom a fresh one. Only a solitary rabbit had crossed our path since we entered the valley.

“Our moccasins were breaking through the bottoms. This was a grave matter; for while George had an extra pair, Hubbard and I had only those we wore. Then, too, Hubbard’s feet were very sore. Two of his toe-nails came off on Wednesday night; and a wide crack, which must have made walking very painful, appeared in one of his heels. I bandaged the foot up with cotton strips we had brought for cleaning the rifles, and over this covering we wound electrician’s tape as a retainer.

“Thursday we came to a good-sized stream flowing into the Susan. Hubbard sent George on a scouting trip up this branch. A half-mile up he found a blaze crossing the waters, which he pronounced a winter blaze made by trappers, as the cuttings were high up on the spruces and freshly made. Further on, he came upon the rotting poles of an Indian wigwam. This discovery made Hubbard very happy; he accepted it as evidence that the stream was the river mapped as the ‘Northwest,’ and if so, it was the

Indian route to Lake Michikamau, our first objective.

“We found it a much deeper stream than the Susan, and as we could paddle for the first time since leaving Grand Lake, we made quite good progress. Every day for awhile we caught some fine trout, which not only replenished our daily food supply, but added to our reserve as the larger fish were split and dried. When we halted for any purpose, Hubbard always whipped the stream. He was a tireless and skilful fisherman. He would keep at it long after I had become discouraged; would catch fish in pools where they positively refused to rise for me.

“One day Hubbard saw four wild-geese swimming slowly down stream. He called our attention to them, and we hid behind a little bank. Hubbard and George fired simultaneously at the leader of the geese, and if ever a goose had his ‘goose cooked’ that one did! Both bullets hit him in a vital spot. Then they fired again, as the alarmed fowls started to fly, and two more nice plump fellows came down into the water. How we shouted! Our hats were thrown up in the air, we were so happy at the prospect of the first meat of this sort since entering the country.

“That night George built a big fire—much bigger than usual. At the back he placed the

largest green log he could find; and suspended from a green pole stretched across two crotched uprights, he placed one of the geese, all nicely cleaned and picked and washed. Through its legs and body, at the wings, he had stuck a wooden pin, also placed a dish just below to catch the gravy. And now, as the hot coals of the fire got in their work, George from time to time gave the fowl a gentle twirl, thus evenly broiling all sides. When he saw, by sticking a sliver in the tender flesh, that the lower portion was done, he turned the bird upside down.

“ ‘Smells like a Christmas goose when one goes through the kitchen, just before mother puts it on the table,’ commented Hubbard, cheerfully.

“ ‘Um-m-m!’ I agreed. And George’s eyes snapped his delight, while the corners of his mouth stretched inward and upward amazingly.

“A little later, with his sharp teeth ripping apart one leg of the succulent game, George allowed that he would rather have goose than caribou, and then proceeded to tell us some interesting stories of goose hunts ‘down the bay’ and of divers big Indian feasts in which he had participated.

“The fire died down until nothing remained save a heap of glowing embers. For a long time we sat in the darkness, over an extra pot of tea. At first, silence; and then, while George and I

puffed complacently away at our pipes, Hubbard, who never smoked, entertained us with extracts from Kipling, of whom he was a strong admirer. We listened with a relish.

"After a while silence enwrapped us once more. The Northern Lights flashed and swept in fantastic shapes across the heavens, illuminating the fir tops in the valley and making the white lichens gleam like pencils of mother-of-pearl on the hill above us. We thought of the big lake ahead, and somehow had a happy feeling that we would soon reach old Michikamau. It was long past midnight when we rolled up in our blankets on our fragrant beds of spruce boughs, and allowed the murmuring waters of the creek below to lull us to sleep.

"About noon on August 5th, we reached a lake which proved to be the headwaters of the stream which we had named Goose Creek. From the utter absence of either trapper's blazes or cuttings, we concluded that we were now well beyond the zone of the white man's travels. After a stop of two days, we started up a wide river whose name we did not know, but which I afterward learned was the Beaver.

"Our clothing was rapidly going to pieces. Hubbard's right trousers leg was torn open and flapped annoyingly at every step until he managed to gather it together with some twine.



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WALLACE ON A PORTAGE

George and I were also very ragged. Our hair was so unkempt and our beards so luxuriant and carefree that we would have been taken for tramps had we been in civilization. That night in camp I cut up my canvas leggings and used pieces of them to rebottom my dilapidated moc-casins.

“For the next three days and nights it rained almost continuously. On August 13th, Hubbard killed a caribou with the Winchester, and we had to remain in camp four days to cut up the animal and let the meat dry. The weather grew colder, and we started off in the canoe with the river’s edge coated with a thin film of ice. As we had had no bread for several days, we sipped hot tea and munched caribou meat.

The source of the Beaver River proved to be a large lake. At this point our course was blocked by a range of grim mountains. Through a deep gulch, which formed a pass through the mountains, we portaged our outfit and finally into a lake that we named “Disappointment.” Here began a forty-mile carry overland through the wilderness, relieved only by a few small lakes.

“After many tiresome portages in the hilly country which we soon after entered; after many meagre meals of our rapidly diminishing rations, fortunately made elastic by slim catches of trout

and basinfuls of blueberries, we at last had a distant view from a hilltop of Lake Michikamau, on September 3, though we were never to reach the lake itself. In our great joy we fairly hugged one another, capering about and shouting like children looking at their first Christmas-tree.

“That day we killed a rabbit and some ptarmigans, also caught a couple of good-sized namaycushes by trolling in a large lake upon whose shores we were camping. ‘You see, boys,’ said Hubbard, reverently, ‘God always seems to give us food when we stand in most need of it.’

“Early the next morning we were awakened by a northeast gale which every moment threatened to carry our tent from its fastenings on the little island where we were encamped. As we peered through the flap, gusts of rain and snow beat in our faces. The wind was also playing high jinks with the lake; it was white with foam out in the middle, while alongshore the waves were sending geysers of spray up against the rocks.

“We occupied the day in talking and mending our garments. It was still blowing on the following morning, Sunday. The afternoon was spent in reading from the Bible. George, whose religious training had all been gained in a mission of the Anglican Church on James Bay, lis-

tened with marked attention. His contribution, when we were through, came in the form of gloomy stories of Indians who had starved to death, or who had come very near to starving to death. He told how weak he was getting himself—of how he had heard big northern loons cry at night farther back on the trail—which cries, he said, the Indians regarded as sure signs of coming calamity. At the same time he was cheerful and courageous, never suggesting such a thing as turning back. To me, at least, his state of mind was very interesting. Apparently two natures were at war within him. One—the Indian's—was haunted by superstitious fears. The other—the white man's—rejected these fears and invariably conquered them. In other words, the Indian in him made him panicky; but the white man in him held him fast. And in seeing him master his superstitious side, I could not do otherwise than admire him.

“I observed now a great change in Hubbard. Heretofore the work he did had seemed almost wholly to occupy his thoughts. Now he craved companionship. Instead of turning in to sleep ahead of George and me, he took to sitting up and talking with me about his home and his wife long after George had rolled up in his blanket. He talked, too, of his mother and sister, of the old Michigan farm where he was born and

reared, of his early struggles in New York as a newspaper man. Undoubtedly the young fellow was beginning to suffer the pangs of homesickness. It was not to be wondered at. Hubbard, though undemonstrative, had one of the gentlest, tenderest, most affectionate natures I ever saw in a man. Home meant a lot to him.

"The gale continued Monday. Again we were windbound. A little thin bacon soup served us for breakfast. To stave off our hunger, we went to sleep again. Later in the day George went out and tried to shoot something, but came back empty-handed and disconsolate. For dinner we ate stewed cranberries. The acid from the unsweetened fruit made our mouths sore, but it was better than not eating at all.

"Tuesday brought continued wind and sleet. We made an inventory of the food we were hoarding for an emergency. This disclosed two pounds of flour, eighteen pounds of pea meal, a pint of rice, and a half-pound of bacon. George's memory then harked up another story of Indians who had starved in the wilds of the Northwest, and after that we sat silent for a long while, staring blankly at the blazing logs. Suddenly, amid the howling of the wind outside, Hubbard, gaunt and haggard, arose, paced nervously up and down a few times, and said: 'Boys, what do you say to turning back?'

“For a moment I was dazed at the thought—at the idea of turning back without ever seeing the Indians or the caribou-hunt. But when I took another look at Hubbard and saw how thin he had become, how hollow his cheeks were, I agreed that we should take the back-trail. George, in the white man’s mood again, was indifferent.

“‘Very well, then,’ declared Hubbard quietly. ‘Back it is.’

“I knew it had required a lot of courage for Hubbard to acknowledge himself defeated in his purpose. He was not the kind to give up an undertaking until the last ditch. The fact is, I believe he was thinking far more of George and me when he proposed retracing steps than he was of himself.

“Well, anyhow, we fell to discussing plans for the return. We all agreed that we would leave at the first opportunity. But that opportunity was slow coming. For the next several days the northeast gale kept howling. By Wednesday, September 16th, we ate the last bit of bacon and the last handful of rice. Then we sallied forth, making up our minds to face the elements rather than starve like rats in a hole. Next day George succeeded in shooting a Canada jay, or ‘whiskey-jack,’ with his pistol. Although this is a carrion bird, we were so hungry that we ate it,

bones and all, stewed in a big pot of water with two or three spoonfuls of flour and an equal amount of pea meal.

“That was our breakfast. We had no luncheon; for it was not until night that we managed to catch a couple of namaycush fish of fair size.

“On Friday we ate the last of our flour. It was used to thicken the water in which we boiled some entrails, a namaycush head, and two small trout. On Saturday the mercury dropped to 32 degrees. So cold was it that night that we made a bed in common, in order that the heat of our bodies could be concentrated and equally distributed. The following day the squalls continued. In desperation we broke camp, and tried to cross the lake with our outfit, but the bitter wind soon drove us back to shelter, although we caught a namaycush and found some cranberries on an island.

“A little later I was attacked with vomiting and faintness. When I tried to swing an axe, in cutting up firewood, I reeled and all but lost consciousness.

“Late in the afternoon the storm subsided, and we made another attempt to escape from our prison. Oh, the relief of really paddling again—paddling toward home! For nearly two weeks we had been held on that dreadful, barren lake, fighting the pangs of an increasing

hunger while we shivered in our wet rags. Home! It was a magic word.

"But little did we realize the hardships we were yet to encounter. Compared to those of the near future, the rigors of the past were as mere trifles.

"When we reached the mainland, we began a tedious forty-mile portage we had made in coming. It was a depressing start. Rain began to fall once more, just as we were well under way. At the start of that day's journey we made the disquieting discovery that we had reached that stage of physical weakening where none of us could carry the canoe alone. Decidedly we were not the same men who had set out so blithely from the post eight weeks before. As for myself, I had shortened my belt thirteen holes, which represented as many inches!

"Now it became the custom for George and me to go ahead with the canoe for a mile or so, while Hubbard brought forward in turn each of the three packs for an eighth of a mile. Then George and I would return to him. Taking a pack each, we would advance to the place where the canoe had been left. Although our packs were much lighter than when we took the out-trail, our progress was slower because of our lack of strength.

"During the second day of our portage, we

caught no fish and killed no game. Hubbard suffered an attack of vomiting before nightfall, and when we made camp we were all miserable and thoroughly soaked, though still buoyed up by the thought that we were going home.

"The following day I too had a spell of stomach nausea. Hungry as I was I could not eat of the mossberries and pea meal partaken by my comrades that night. I felt very miserable, but not more so than Hubbard and George. Although the rain ceased falling, we were silent and depressed until the heat from the cheerful fire began to dry out our rags and loosen our tongues.

"We awoke on the 24th to find six inches of snow on the ground, and the storm still raging, with the temperature down to 28. But we continued our portage, breasting every hardship. That morning George, who was a famous goose-hunter, brought down two fine, plump fellows with the Winchester. How we shouted with joy! What a feast we had! But we were not wasteful in our luxury, for we scorched the bones and saved them against a 'rainy' day, in true dog fashion.

"Our clothing still clung to us in some miraculous fashion—why, we could not see, with all its rents and holes. The bottoms of our moccasins were so hopelessly gone that we had wrapped



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HUBBARD RAGGED AND ALMOST BAREFOOTED

our feet in rags tied in place with fishline. Our hair stuck through tears in our shapeless felt hats in a ridiculous manner. More than once, when feeling particularly blue, we relieved the situation by making sarcastic remarks about each other's appearance. I told Hubbard his wife would run from him in terror when she should see him again. Hubbard declared my own dog at home would attack me upon my return. George was frank enough to state that should we meet Indians they would surely take us for the three spirits of the blizzard-god. The truth is, we were more frightful-looking than we could picture. Long exposure to sun and storm, not to say the smoke of countless campfires, had covered our faces with a deep coat of muddy brown; our eyes were sunken deep in their sockets, and burned feverishly; our lips were drawn to thin lines over our teeth; the skins of our hands and faces were stretched tight over the bones, like parchment over a knobby framework; we were almost as thin, and close to the color of, the mummies one sees in museums.

“Two things soon became apparent after our struggle back to the trading-post was resumed. One was, that winter was fast closing in upon us; the other was, that Hubbard's physical condition was such as might well cause us the gravest concern.

“On Tuesday, September 29th, Hubbard was attacked with diarrhœa for the second time within a few days. In attempting to carry one end of the canoe up the steep bank, he sank down in exhaustion, saying, ‘It’s no use, boys; I think I’ll have to take a little rest.’

“We built a roaring log fire for him, gave him the blankets, and settled down until he should feel strong enough to go on. The incident affected him deeply. He blamed himself for the delay, declaring that but for him our food supply would be lasting longer and we would be getting nearer relief. He said that resting and eating this way was like a shipwrecked sailor cutting chunks of cork out of his life-preserver and throwing them away one by one. In our hearts we knew this to be true, but of course we dared not say so, and tried our best to laugh our comrade out of his gloom, although to little avail.

“The next morning Hubbard said he was considerably better. His spirits, too, were more like his old self. We resumed the trail. After a short march, we camped in a place where we had built a fire on the outward trip. Here we discovered a treasure; namely, the bones of a caribou hoof which we had used in making soup at that time. We seized upon the bones eagerly, put them in the fire, and hungrily licked the grease off them as it was drawn out by the heat.

Then we cracked the bones, and with gusto devoured the bit of grease we found inside.

"October began with tremendous blasts and gales. The sleet stung our faces so much that frequently we had to seek refuge in the lee of bushes and trees. A few trout fell to our lines—just enough to keep life in our bodies and courage screwed up to a going-on point.

"I remember that while we sat by the fire one of those evenings George produced from a tattered pocket a New York Central time-table on which was printed a buffet-lunch menu. He handed it to Hubbard, jocosely requesting him to give his order for the morning's breakfast so that he (George) might have it prepared in good season. Hubbard smiled wanly, and good-humoredly said: 'Give me a glass of milk, some graham gems, marmalade, oatmeal and cream, a jelly omelette, a sirloin steak, lyonnaise potatoes, Vienna rolls, and a pot of chocolate. And you might bring me also,' he added, in sudden afterthought, 'a plate of griddle cakes, smoking hot, and a pitcher of maple syrup.' Somehow George got the order mixed, I guess, for next morning we had the same old soup made from cracked caribou bones.

"Day after day we faced ill weather and long, rough portages, which taxed our waning strength to the limit. Game was exceedingly

scarce, although we did kill a couple of ducks in the first little lake north of Lake Disappointment. It had become so that, when we went to sit down, our legs would give way and we would tumble like an overbalanced mechanical doll. Hubbard was failing daily. When he walked he habitually staggered, and one day at the end of a portage he came very near to having a physical collapse. When he started to tell me something about his wife's sister, he could not recall her name. This, and other queer lapses of memory, appeared to frighten him more than it did us. But he rallied. Next day he seemed our mental superior, if not our physical equal.

"On the morning of October 6th, our breakfast flew right into camp. It was a plump spruce-partridge. It lit in a tree close to the fire; George's pistol cracked, and it all but fell into the waiting kettle hanging over the coals. While we were eating the prize, Hubbard told us he had been dreaming of home during the night. The fact is, nearly every day now we heard that he had been dreaming the night before of his wife or mother; they were always giving him good things to eat, or he was going to good dinners with them. It gave George and me a creepy sensation to listen to these tales as time went on.

“In working back into the Susan Valley we had a definite plan, if it might be dignified by such a name. In going out, some fifteen miles below the junction of Goose Creek and Susan River we had abandoned about four pounds of wet flour; twelve or fifteen miles below the flour we had cached a few pounds of evaporated milk, and four or five miles further down the trail we hoped to find a pail containing several pounds of lard. Hubbard hoped that we might salvage these and that they would assist us on our way to Grand Lake.

“The morning of Thursday, October 15th, we went over our belongings. As they were getting too heavy, we had decided to abandon certain staples we had hitherto considered as of vital importance. Thus we left behind my rifle and cartridges, some pistol ammunition, the sextant, the tarpaulin, fifteen rolls of photographic film, my fishing-rod, maps, blank note-book, and various other odds and ends.

“We struggled on. At midday George abandoned his waterproof camp-bag and his personal effects, that he might be able to carry Hubbard’s Winchester, which was evidently getting to be an irksome burden to the poor fellow. This relieved Hubbard of seven pounds, but he again failed before we attained our day’s schedule. With jaws set he tottered grimly on until his

legs refused to carry him; then he sank to the ground. I helped him into camp, and returned for his pack.

“Neither George nor I had sufficient strength to swing our axe in getting wood for a fire that evening, so we broke up sticks across our wobbly knees. As we reclined in the open front of the tent, at Hubbard’s request I read from the Bible. At the end he murmured, ‘I’m so happy, and oh, so sleepy!’ After that he was very quiet. I noticed he did not make his usual entry in his diary that day’s end; but I did make mine. I wrote: ‘Hubbard’s condition is pitiable, but he bears himself like a hero, trying always to cheer and encourage us. He is visibly failing. His voice is very weak and low. I fear he will break down at every step. O God! what can we do? How can we save him?’

“Next day the sky was overcast; a raw wind was blowing which penetrated our rags and set us a-shivering. At dawn we reboiled some of our old bones, also a piece of our old caribou hide. Cold and utterly miserable, we forced our way along.

“At noon we came upon our first camp above the Susan River. There George picked up one of our old flour bags. Clinging to it were a few lumps of mouldy flour. We scraped them carefully into the pot, to give a little more taste

and sustenance to the bone-water. We also found a box with a little baking-powder still in it. The powder was streaked with rust, but we ate it all ravenously.

"A few minutes later Hubbard came upon a box nearly half-full of pasty mustard. After we had each eaten a mouthful, George put the remainder in the pot. He was about to throw the box away when Hubbard held out a skinny hand toward it, his eyes full of pleading.

"Hubbard took the box, and sat holding it in his hand. Then, as if talking to himself, he said: 'That box came from my home in Congers. Mina, my wife, had this very box in her hands. Mina handed it to me as I left. She said the mustard might be useful for plasters. We've just *eaten* it instead! I wonder when I'll see her again? Yes, she had that very box in her hands—in *her* hands!'"

"Slowly he bent his head. We saw his breast heave—that poor, scrawny breast no bigger now than a boy's—and we knew tears were trickling down his hollow cheeks into his matted beard. Silently George and I turned away.

"When we reached the point near the junction of the Susan River and Goose Creek, where we were to cross the river to our last camping ground in the valley, it was near night. Hubbard had been staggering all the afternoon with

the greatest difficulty, insisting that we go on every time we broached a stop. Finally he sank to the ground, completely exhausted. George took his pack across the river. While he crouched there on the trail, poor Hubbard's face was the picture of absolute despair. I helped him to his feet. In silence we forded the shallow stream, he leaning upon my shoulder.

"Among the fir trees a little way from the river bank, we set up our desolate camp, the tent facing a big rock. More bone-water served us for supper, with the addition of a long-preserved yeast-cake.

"After the meal Hubbard said: 'Boys, I guess I'm through walking for a while, this time for sure. In the morning maybe you had better leave me here and go on and try to reach Blake's camp at the head of Grand Lake. He said he'd be in by October to begin his winter trapping. Perhaps you'll find that wet flour and milk-powder and lard. They'll help you. If Blake isn't there try to go to the post.' And so we laid our plans for the morning.

"He lay down in his blanket. After a little he went on: 'B'y, (this was a Newfoundland term of close comradeship by which he and I often addressed each other) I'm rather chilly to-night; won't you make the fire a little bigger?' I threw on more wood, and then he asked me to

read the two chapters from the Bible we had often read before—the fourteenth of John and the thirteenth of First Corinthians. But hardly had I started, when glancing at him, I saw that, as gently as a tired child, he had fallen asleep.

“I did not try to sleep myself that night. My heart was heavy with a presentiment of something dreadful to happen. I felt that I must be awake to meet it when it should come. What a nightmare of a night it was! The wind howled; a dreary, monotonous rain set in, to add to the darkness and dreariness.

“The darkness slowly faded into drab—Sunday, October 18th, had been ushered in. The trees dripped moisture; more fell from the sombre clouds. Hubbard was wonderfully cheerful, somehow,—probably to encourage George and me. While eating our breakfast of caribou-hide soup, he recited hopeful lines from various poets, and said that if we could not make the forty miles to Blake’s cabin on Grand Lake he was sure we could at least go the fifteen miles to the cached flour.

“Hubbard gave George his pistol and compass. I had my own. Each of us had a half-blanket. Then I made my last entry in my diary, placing it with other papers in my camp-bag, which I deposited in a corner of the tent. When our preparations were completed, Hub-

bard asked me to read from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians again, apologizing for falling asleep while I was reading the night before. I did so. When I was through he said: 'Thank you, b'y. That makes me feel good. I'm not worried. You must not be. God will send us help somehow.'

"It was time for George and me to go. How hard it was to say good-bye to that poor fellow who we might never see alive again! Tears welled up into my eyes. George's leather-like face was strangely drawn.

"I collected myself with an effort. Turning to Hubbard, I held out my hand. 'Good-bye, b'y; I'll be back soon,' I said. 'I'm coming back from the place where we left the flour, and bring some of it to you if it's there. I'm coming back anyhow to stay with you.' And then, as I looked into his poor, wistful eyes, I broke down and sobbed.

"I crawled over to him, and put my arm about his wasted figure. I kissed his cheek, and he kissed my cheek. George followed my example, half-Indian though he was. The situation took the heart right out of us—exposed it plainly.

"So George and I left our dear old comrade of the trail—left him alone there in the solitude of the Labradorean wilds, patiently to await our

return, fighting off the Grim Reaper while we sought food and aid. As we passed amid the trees, I took a last look back. I saw the little peak of balloon silk which had been our transient home for so many weeks. The black kettle looked very pathetic; the white mossy carpet put me in mind of a dismal shroud; the dripping, weeping fir trees were all about, veritable mourners.

“The flour-bag we were to look for was on the opposite or south side of the river. That night snow fell. Before noon of the second day we found a place to ford. The icy water came almost up to our armpits, but we got over, teeth chattering. In less than ten minutes our clothing was frozen stiff upon our bodies. We had some hot tea, and then pushed on. We simply *must* reach the flour-bag that night.

“I found it hard to keep the pace George was setting. Several times he had to wait for me to catch up. That afternoon we were lucky enough to shoot a grouse. We plucked the bird and rather than wait to cook it, we ate the head, neck, and wings raw, bones and all. The warm blood seemed to strengthen us greatly.

“But George’s long strides proved too much of a tax upon my strength. At length I told him to go ahead and look for the flour; that I

would rest and follow his trail later. He would not consent to this, and slowed down his steps to suit mine.

"It was just dusk when we reached our former camping-place where we had left the flour-sack. You can imagine how delighted we were, especially when George ran his hand under a certain bush and pulled out the bag we were looking for. We opened it eagerly.

"I think I have said that we left about four pounds of flour in this bag. Now there was an equal quantity of something, but to our disappointment it was a lump of green and black mould!

"For supper that night we had a royal feast—nothing less than half of the boiled grouse with some of the flour-mould stirred in reserving the other half grouse for morning. Thinking of Hubbard, we had a guilty feeling as we ate, but we certainly had to eat just the same.

"After breakfast next morning we divided the mouldy flour remaining. George looked critically at my share, and asked: 'How long can you keep alive on that?' 'It will take me two days to reach Hubbard,' I replied; 'the two of us might live three days more on it in a pinch.' 'Think you can live as long as that?' asked George, looking me hard in the eye. 'I'll try,' I said. 'Then,' said he, 'I'll have help for you

both—if there's help to be had at Grand Lake. Day after to-morrow I'll be there. Those fellows will be strong, an' can reach you an' Hubbard in two days. So expect 'em.' Then we parted.

“My struggles back to Hubbard are all like a half-dream to me now. I know that after Saturday night, when I unknowingly camped within a stone's throw of his tent, I lost all count of the days, and soon could not recall even the month. I traveled on and on, always down the valley. Sometimes I fancied I heard men shouting, and I would reply. But the men did not come, and I would gaze dully at the spot among the trees or rocks from which I had expected them to appear. It was snowing when I left George, and for ten days and nights the snow never ceased.

“The flour-mould nauseated me to such an extent that for a day at a time I could not force myself to partake of it. I ate the remnants of my moccasins, scorching the leather in the fire, and walked in my stocking feet. The bushes tore away the legs of my trousers completely. Strange to say, I kept the spark of life alive in me, but that was all.

“And still it snowed, night and day—sometimes gently, sometimes blindingly; but always it snowed. There were times when the feeling

was strong upon me that I had been alone and wandering forever, and that, like the Jew, I must go on until the end of all things. At night, instinctively I sought shelters under leaning rocks, in the lee of bushes, between great logs.

"One morning when I awoke I pulled my ragged blanket over my shoulders and struggled to my feet. I would surely come upon Hubbard that day!

"But I swayed dizzily; took a few steps forward, and fell. I crawled slowly back to my smouldering stump-fire. I felt an overpowering desire to sleep. A riot of disconnected thoughts ran through my head. Then I found myself dozing, and aroused myself with an effort, only to doze again and again and to arouse myself again and again. I was eager to sleep; my whole body cried for it in every nerve. But intelligence told me I must not sleep; Brain fought Body. Now one was floored, only to get up and floor the other. Tired nature gave way. Once more I dozed.

"All at once some unusual noise aroused me. With a great effort I got upon my feet, and strained my ears. There it was again! It was surely a shout! With all the energy I could summon I cried, 'Hello-o-o!'

"At first all was silent. I began to fear that my brain was tricking me again. Then over

the bank of the river came the most welcome sight my eyes had ever beheld—four swarthy men on snowshoes, dressed in warm jackets and fur caps!

“I found out afterwards that there was only one thing that saved me from being left alone to sleep myself away into eternity; that was Donald Blake’s keen sense of smell. They had camped more than a mile above me. On breaking camp in the morning they smelled the smoke of my dying fire. Taking the direction of the wind they came upon my tracks of the day before and trailed me to my bivouac, fourteen days after my parting from Hubbard.

“Shortly after finding me, two of the four trappers left, bent on making all haste to succor Hubbard. The other two men remained behind, as I was too weak to go on immediately. Hot tea and warm blankets and a blazing fire gave me great relief. Then I fell asleep. At the end of an hour I awoke, and had a little more tea and a piece of buttered bread. Oh, how good that bread did taste! And how ill it made me! It was, indeed, several weeks before my contracted stomach would accept food without distress.

I was glad to learn that George had succeeded in reaching the trappers, and that they had insisted upon his remaining behind, to be looked

after by their wives while they sought Hubbard and myself.

“Next morning those who had left returned. When I saw that they had Hubbard’s rifle I knew that the worst had happened.

“‘Yesterday evenin’ we found the tent,’ said Donald Blake. ‘The pore feller were fastened up tight inside, with pins holdin’ the flaps t’gether, an’ the tent hadn’t been opened since the snow began. When Allen an’ me looked inside, there he was—all wrapped up in the blankets, jest as if sleepin’. But he weren’t sleepin’; he were stone dead, sir—stone dead.’

“The next day I felt strong enough to travel. Following the trappers, who carried all my belongings, I plodded toward Grand Lake. Upon our arrival, George was one of the first to greet me. He was overjoyed at my safety, but greatly grieved to learn of Hubbard’s death. From a weight of 170 pounds, I found that my experience in the wilds had brought me down to a bare 95 pounds.

“Long months ensued before Hubbard’s body could be brought out of the snowy wastes. During that time I was slowly regaining health. Gangrene had developed in both my frozen feet. I was taken by dog sledge to a lumber camp and placed under the care of the camp doctor, a young man named Hardy. Doctor Hardy, be-

fore coming to the country, had contracted tuberculosis. Shortly after my arrival at the lumber camp he had a complete breakdown, and for several weeks we two lay on adjoining cots in the mess room of the camp. He told me he could not recover, and that we must expect his death before the spring thaw came. He never lost his courage or his interest in my case. Under his directions the lumber camp people dressed my feet and nursed me until I was able, toward the end of February, to be around again. Dr. Hardy died in March. To his skill I owe my life.

On the last day of February, though still feeble, I returned by dog train to Northwest River trading post. With the assistance of Thomas MacKenzie, the factor of the post, I secured the assistance of two trappers to go into the country and recover Hubbard's body. George was detailed to guide them to Hubbard's last camp, and upon my request, the lumbermen built for us a rough spruce box to receive the remains when brought down to the post.

After several unsuccessful attempts, George and the trappers succeeded in reaching the old camp about the middle of March. Hubbard's body, covered by the collapsed tent, was found under eight feet of snow. The dogs pulled it back upon the sledge. In April, when I had

sufficiently recovered the use of frozen feet to permit me to travel I transported with dogs and sledge, the remains of my dear friend one hundred thirty-five miles to Cape Charles, from whence I accompanied it home by steamer.

“We laid him to rest in a beautiful spot in the little cemetery at Haverstraw, at the very foot of the mountains which he used to roam, and overlooking the grand old Hudson which he loved so well. The mountains will know him no more; he will never again dip his paddle into the placid waters of the river; but the memory of his noble character, his simple faith, his bravery, his indomitable will in the face of all obstacles and all suffering, to go on and make discoveries of new peoples and new lands for the good of the world in general, shall live always.”¹

¹ Note: In his book, “The Lure of the Labrador Wild” Mr. Wallace tells the complete story of the Hubbard Expedition.

VII

THE BIG-GAME HUNTER

THE term "big game" is a more or less elastic one. In other words, the nimrod who has never been able to shoot anything larger than a red-squirrel would probably speak of a raccoon, if he were fortunate enough to kill one, as "big game." On the other hand, the hunter used to sallying forth after lions and leopards would consider a fox as very small game. But, generally speaking, "big game" is supposed to include all mammals larger than a fox.

If you were to cross the seas into the wilds of the Old World, especially the more tropical portions of it, you would find a wide range of big game. There is the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, the lion, the tiger, the jaguar, the leopard, the hyena, the jackal, the tapir, the buffalo, the zebra, the cheetah, the wart-hog, the antelope, the gazelle, the water-buck, the wildebeest, the hartebeest, the aardwolf, and the great-eared fox. And right here at home, in North America, you would find the

grizzly-bear, the black-bear, the brown-bear, the polar-bear, the caribou, the bison, the moose, the elk, the wapiti, the deer, the bighorn, the pronghorn antelope, the cougar, the timber-wolf, the coyote, and the red-fox.

At the time when we first became a nation, nine-tenths of the territory now included within the limits of the United States was wilderness—a primeval forest and prairie teeming with wild game. Just before the outbreak of the Revolution, small bands of hardy pioneers first began crossing the Alleghanies, and roamed far and wide through the lonely, danger-haunted forests lying between the Tennessee and the Ohio Rivers. They waged a ferocious warfare with Shawnee and Wyandott, who would force them back upon the East again, and during this eternal strife the white hunters depended almost entirely upon the wild animals of field and wood for the food they ate and the clothing they wore upon their backs. While the first Continental Congress was still sitting, Daniel Boone, first and foremost of all American hunters, was leading his groups of tall backwoods riflemen into the beautiful rolling country of Kentucky, where the war with the red man was fought even harder than it had been along the Ohio, so hard, in fact, that both races alike grew to know it as “the dark and bloody ground.”

Step by step, often leap by leap, the frontier was pushed farther westward; and ever before its advance fled the bronzed natives, fiercely contesting every inch of the ground, which they considered their own by right of first possession. When the Revolutionary War was at its height, George Rogers Clarke, himself a mighty hunter of the old backwoods type, led his handful of hunter-soldiers to the conquest of the French towns of the Illinois. Clad in their picturesque fringed and tasselled hunting-shirts of buckskin, tanned with their own hands from hides of animals shot down with their own unerring rifles; with coonskin caps on their heads, and deerhide leggings and moccasins; and with powder-horns made from the headcrest of some bison which had fallen a prey to their marksmanship,—they stopped at nothing in satisfying their curiosity to go on and on and on.

Soon after the beginning of the present century, Louisiana came into our hands. Then the most daring of the hunters and explorers pushed through the forests of the Mississippi valley to the great plains, steered across the vast seas of grass to the Rocky Mountains, wormed their way through the rugged defiles of rock and timber, and onwards to the Pacific Ocean. In every work of exploration; in all the earlier battles with the original lords of the western and

southwestern lands, whether Indian or Mexican, such adventurous hunters played the leading part; while close behind came the swarm of hard-fisted, dogged border-farmers—a masterful race of good fighters and kindly-souled men, from whom many of us have sprung.

Fearless Davy Crockett, as honest and straight-forward as the day is long, was one of these pioneer hunters and leaders of men. He was perhaps the best shot of his day, loved and admired by all white men and all women and children; hated and feared by all painted savages. We feel an exaltation and shed a tear as we recall this brave fellow's heroism in meeting death in the ruins of the Alamo. Even more notable, perhaps, was that other mighty hunter of the time, Sam Houston, who ran away to the Indians when a boy, and who, when still a youth, returned to his own people to serve under Andrew Jackson in a number of memorable campaigns against the Creeks, the Spaniards, and the British. Houston rejoined the red men, became one of their leading chiefs, and once more hearkened to the cry of distress from his own kind. This time it was to lead the noble Texans in victory against that infamous oppressor, Santa Anna, which resulted in Houston's election to the Presidency of the new Republic, a signal honor indeed.

Gradually the typical hunter and Indian fighter ceased to be a backwoodsman; he merged into the plainsman, the mountaineer; for the frontier, east of which he had never willingly gone, had been pushed beyond the Mississippi. Restless, reckless, and hardy, he spent years of his life in lonely wanderings through the Rockies as hunter and trapper; he guarded the slowly moving caravans along the dangerous Santa Fé trail, sallying forth in the face of hostiles to bring down game with his deadly rifle for the sustenance of the members of his party, both as regards food and clothing. If an isolated settler's cabin were threatened by the red men, he was one of the first to bring warning and raise his weapon in helpful defense. Such a man was the renowned Kit Carson—the best, the bravest, the most modest of all plainsmen and Indian fighters. Again and again Kit Carson crossed and recrossed the continent, from the Mississippi to the Pacific; he guided, and killed game for many of the earliest military and exploring expeditions of the United States Government; he himself led the troops in successful attacks against the Apache and the Navajo; and in the Civil War he was a colonel in the Federal army.

After Kit Carson came many other famous hunters. Most were pure-blooded Americans, but others were Creole Frenchmen, Mexicans,

and some came from the ranks of the so-called civilized Indian tribes, notably the Delawares.

Soon after the Civil War the life of these hunters, taken as a class, entered on its final stage. The Pacific coast was already fairly well settled, and there were a few mining camps in the Rockies; but most of this Rocky Mountain region and the entire stretch of plains country lying between the Rio Grande and the Saskatchewan, still remained primeval wilderness, inhabited only by roving hunters and trappers, by formidable tribes of Indian nomads, and by the huge herds of game on which they preyed. Beaver swarmed in the streams, and yielded a rich harvest to the trapper. But trapping was no longer the mainstay of the adventurous plainsman; for him a bigger game had loomed up—no less than the bison or American buffalo. So many were there of these great lumbering beasts that at times their masses darkened the horizon line.

As the transcontinental railways were pushed toward completion, and the tide of settlement rolled onward, robes made from the thick hides of the buffalo became of increasing value. The hunters forthwith turned their attention to the chase of the great clumsy beasts, riding in close and slaughtering them by hundreds at a time, though they often stalked them afoot and

brought them down from ambush with their long-range Sharp's rifles.

By the close of 1883 the last buffalo herd was destroyed; the beaver were trapped out of all the streams, or their numbers so thinned that it no longer paid to follow them. The last formidable Indian War had been brought to a close; the flood of the incoming whites had washed over the one-time jealously guarded lands of the red man, and he had been put into selected corners under the watchful but kindly eye of Uncle Sam. The frontier had come to an end; it had vanished. With it went also the old race of wilderness hunters, the men who spent all their days in the lonely wilds, who killed game as their sole means of livelihood.

Great stretches of wilderness still remain in the Rocky Mountains, however; the Cascades of the Pacific coast also contain them, and the Alleghanies of the Eastern States are not without a strong touch of the primeval. And while the beaver and the bison are now a game to be talked about rather than seen, there yet remain in the solitudes I have named considerable numbers of valuable and destructive animals of the big-game variety. And the lives of these beasts—many of which were named at the outstart of this chapter—are still placed in jeopardy by the hand of the skilled trapper and hunter.

But he is a new sort, not the old type. This modern hunter does not always confine his attention to the animals of his own land. New ways of traveling have made the hundred miles of to-day no more formidable than the mile of yesterday; so the modern American hunter of big game is found almost as often stalking the wild creatures of the African jungle or Indian canebrake as he is found trailing the huge denizens of his own rugged fastnesses. In the same way, European hunters frequently visit the magnificent forests of North America in quest of specimens. It is a game in which both parties seem to derive the utmost pleasure, while the world at large becomes more animal-wise because of the discoveries these men of the wilds make.

Such hunters are made up principally of three classes. The more numerous are those whose services are bound to nobody, who hunt when and where they please, whose livelihood is gained largely from the sale to furriers of the skins they take. Such hunters usually stick around home ground, as they seldom get together enough money to travel far in quest of the game they seek.

The second class of big-game hunters are the men who have plenty of money, either inherited or earned from some other source than their guns. With them hunting is a passion and a hobby;

they love the zest and adventure of the chase, as a boy loves the zest and excitement of a baseball game. As a rule they are representative citizens, well-educated, progressive, with a strong leaning toward the scientific side of things. They not only take great pleasure in shooting wild creatures, but they have a greater pleasure in securing specimens new to books and the knowledge of man—information which they like to pass on to our museums and similar disbursers of biological knowledge. You can readily see that these men become an all-powerful factor for good to the world in thus enriching its fund of learning about animals. Many a scientific treatise and school text-book, many a public institution, owes much to the free-will contributions of this class of hunters.

And third, we have the purely scientific hunter himself—the professional chap, the man who hunts for some organization of men who pay him a regular salary for hunting, and who send him to the far corners of the globe in quest of anything on four legs which is new and worth studying. Of course these are the hunters to whom the scientific world owes its greatest debt of gratitude, for their business is gathering new and interesting facts about mammals. They are usually sent out by the scientific departments of their own country, although in some few in-

stances private interests employ them. In either event they are not only the smartest men on the subject of zoology and taxidermy who can be found, but they are also skilled in gunnery, in every trick of woodcraft and woodlore; and they are brave to the backbone, muscular, keen of eye, and ready for any emergency. These men go thoroughly equipped with the best of everything for their work. They carry field-glasses for distant observation, expensive cameras for recording interesting photographs, chemicals for preserving skins and bones, field books for jotting down sketches and information; and of course their guns are of the most powerful and efficient kind, and their knives the keenest of well-tempered steel. They never hunt alone, as their peril is of too grave a character, besides which their extensive outfits, and later their trophies, demand numerous servants or assistants to handle and transport.

And now, when you stop to think of it, hasn't a half-century made a wonderful difference in the types of big-game hunters? Fifty years ago the old-timer brought down the bear, deer, lion, or tiger, for his own or his family's personal use—the flesh to satisfy hunger; the pelt from which to fashion his clothing. To-day the pelts and flesh which are taken, very rarely are utilized by the hunter or his kin. If the skins do

not eventually go to the rich as ornamental robes, rugs, and furs, then they find their way into museums as mounted specimens. And as a rule the flesh itself is left to feed carnivorous animals still prowling about the scene of the killing.

Uncle Sam kills wild animals, however, with still another purpose than scientific study. This is done to protect the crops and domestic animals and fowls from those beasts which like to ravage such things. By making war on such predatory creatures as wolves, coyotes, cougars or mountain-lions, wildcats, and lynxes, the Government saves many thousands of dollars yearly to farmers and ranch-owners in the wild regions of the country. For instance, it is said that the value of live-stock and wool destroyed annually by predatory animals in the United States is about twenty million dollars. Farmers suffered more or less patiently under this affliction until the World War broke out. Then every pound of meat and wool became a matter of such great importance to the people that Uncle Sam sent out his agents, with gun a-shoulder, to do all they could to abate the nuisance.

So to-day the Biological Survey has between four and five hundred paid hunters whose sole duty it is to hunt and trap wild animals of a harmful kind. Last year these professional

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nimrods made a haul of about 32,000 skins and scalps. These trophies were divided among the various animal species as follows: Wolves, 584; coyotes, 27,100; mountain-lions, 149; wild-cats, 4,123; Canada lynxes, 43. By practicing the strictest business methods, the Government is able to sell much of the flesh and fur of these animals, realizing therefrom a tidy sum running well up toward a hundred thousand dollars a year.

As a rule, the hunters in this work are secured by Uncle Sam from the districts in which they hunt, and many of them have a very meagre book-learning, though their knowledge of wood-craft is of the broadest, as it needs must be if they are to be a success at their task. Their force is also strongly augmented by the numerous Forest Rangers of the Government who, in addition to guarding the National Forests from timber thieves and that dreadful scourge, fire, make it a daily duty to kill all predatory animals they possibly can. The regular hunters themselves use about two hundred traps each, and often as many as five or six ponies. The traps are set at strategic intervals along a line reaching from fifty to one hundred miles. As may be imagined, it keeps the hunter busy making his rounds, especially in bad weather, when the snows are deep and the storms violent.

Not long ago, in a conversation with Roy Stendel, Forest Ranger at the station at Water Cañon, Datil National Forest, New Mexico, he told me the story of an encounter with cougars which will give you some idea of the constant risks this class of men run when they turn hunters of predatory animals.

"The night of March 3d, 1915, it snowed very hard at Water Cañon," said young Stendel, who is a sturdy, smooth-faced, boyish-looking fellow. "It snowed, without let-up, all night long. And, for good measure, it kept it up all the next day, too. When the snow ceased falling toward dark, it was knee-high and as fluffy as fine feathers.

"As I had been shut up in the cabin for a whole day—which was a long time for a Ranger to be so situated—I shouldered my old .30-40 Winchester on the morning of the 5th, slung my camera over my shoulder, and set out to look for cougars. For a couple of miles I saw nothing except a cow's trail. Then I came abruptly upon a cougar's footprints. The big cat was headed down around the mesa toward the flat, most accomodatingly providing me with a broken trail toward home. So down the mountain I went, feeling right cheerful.

"Presently I began to realize that my cougar was taking unusually short steps. Studying the

matter a little and examining the footprints, I was soon convinced that he had been joined by a second cougar, and that I was following two of them instead of one. It was only when the one behind occasionally got out of step with the leader that this fact became evident.

"Following carefully for about a mile, I came to where the two cougars had broken into a run. This indicated that I had been discovered. I proceeded cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout ahead. Pretty soon I heard a limb crack. Looking up quickly I was rewarded by seeing the flash of about six inches of a cougar's tail as he sprang out of one of the little pines ahead of me.

"The snow was so deep I could not make very good headway, but I ran forward as fast as I could, floundering up to my waist on the hillside and trying to get the animal in a favorable position for a shot.

"Suddenly something seemed to tell me to look around behind me. I did so—and what do you think I saw? Nothing less than the second cougar coming leisurely along the back-trail in my direction! Let me remark that he was a mighty big mountain-lion, was not more than seventy-five yards off, and that he kept right on coming when he saw that I was looking his way.

"You just bet I proceeded to forget all about

the first cougar right then and there—at least for the moment. A little excited, I took a rather hasty shot at Cougar Number Two's head. Later I found out that this bullet cut a furrow in his neck. He paid not the slightest attention, except to utter a snarl and come on faster than ever.

“A second shot, also aimed at his head, had no better effect. By this time he was only about forty yards from me and exhibiting the finest set of ugly-looking teeth I ever saw in any cougar's mouth. There was no question about his determination to go over the trail I was in, regardless of me, and as I too felt rather stubborn about forsaking it, I saw I would be wise to try a third shot, and that right quick.

“This time I aimed for his broad, tawny-colored breast, just below the base of the neck, and pulled the trigger. He came right on, as if I was snapping paper-wads at him. But only for a little way. Then he stopped, showed me his teeth, suddenly whirled about, and started back the other way, still in the trail. But I could see that he was not going so fast; and feeling positive that my last shot had struck a vital spot, I expected to witness his collapse at any moment.

“Following along after the wounded cougar, with my rifle ready for instant use, I let the

beast go plowing through the snow. Finally he stopped at the base of a big spruce tree, and seemed considering whether or not he should go on or attempt to climb it. As I came closer, he turned around, lashing his long tail from side to side and crouching with his belly fair in the snow, while he gave me another free exhibition of two rows of long, white teeth.

“At almost the same instant I saw the other cougar. He was in the tree just behind and above the wounded animal. Evidently this chap had circled around to the back-trail when I scared him out of his first perch, and was now ready to join forces against me with his comrade.

“For the first time I began to feel a little uneasy. And this feeling grew as I realized, with a start, that I had neglected to feed three cartridges into the magazine of my Winchester, in place of the ones I had fired, and that it now held only two. Besides, I knew I would be in a nice pickle there in that deep snow if I had to do any dodging and running. So I watched those two cougars like an eagle, feeling a little trembly, for, you know, I could not see both of them at the same time, and had to switch my gaze entirely off one in order to fasten it upon his companion. You never saw a pair of eyes do faster twisting than mine were doing for a few minutes; at the same time I began to fumble

to open the action of the rifle and stuff those three cartridges into the magazine. I was so wrought up that if a twig had popped behind me, I would have jumped right out of my boots if they had been a trifle looser fit.

"Well, I managed to squeeze those cartridges in, and then I felt a lot easier. As soon as the last chunk of lead was in place, I slowly elevated my gun and drew a bead on the cougar up in the branches. As the crack of the rifle rang out, I saw him give a big quiver and clutch spasmodically at the limb upon which he was crouched. 'I got you that time, old boy!' I cried. And it did seem so; for half a minute later he came tumbling down, square on top of the other cougar. This was such a surprise that the animal below was knocked off his feet, and the next moment both cougars went rolling together down the slope, end over end, scattering the light snow in every direction.

"The cougar I had first shot at was first to stop. The other kept on rolling a few rods; then he likewise came to rest in a declivity. Neither one got up. In fact, neither moved a muscle, so far as I could see. There was no question in my mind that both were dead.

"I followed down the slope in the great swath the animals had swept with their heavy bodies. Before the first cougar I stopped, unslung my

camera, and began to run out the bellows preparatory to taking a picture of my trophy just as he lay. Dissatisfied with the view I would get with the animal in his present position, I began to whistle cheerfully, and planted a foot on his foreshoulder with the idea of turning him slightly by a strong shove.

“When I did begin to shove, that cougar suddenly lifted his head partially and opened up a gaping mouth within three inches of the aforesaid foot. Well, sir, the foot didn’t stay there long. I quit whistling, too! The fact is, I backed away so fast that I fell backward in the snow, and snapped the camera at the placid blue sky and green-needled branches over my head!

“Forsaking the picture-machine, I scrambled to my feet. I grabbed up my rifle from the trunk of the tree against which I had stood it, and assumed a defensive attitude which must have been comical for the moment had there been another person present to have witnessed it.

“Mr. Mountain-Lion really gave me some excuse for my attitude, however. He actually managed to struggle to his feet, and to bowl along for several yards in my direction. Then he stopped, glared at me with baleful, bloodshot eyes, and once more displayed his fine set of teeth as he uttered a rattling snarl.

“I saw that he was able to stand only by a

superanimal effort; that it was only a question of a few seconds before he would keel over again, probably for the last time. Even as I brought my gun up with the idea of putting him out of his misery, his legs gave way and he sank down in the snow. His eyes closed, his limbs twitched a moment, and then he lay perfectly still. This time I was quite sure he was dead, but I made doubly certain by prodding him with my gun barrel. Then I pulled the beast around in a favorable position for taking his picture, and secured several satisfactory views.

"This done, I went down the slope, and stopped before the other cougar. I thought I could likewise improve on the position of this beast in a photographic sense, and, as he was dead to all appearances, I took hold of his tail to turn him around. As I did so there was a chain-lightning sort of movement on his part; his sturdy legs drew up close to his body and flew outward again; his thick neck twisted; I caught a fleeting glimpse of death-infested green eyes gleaming for the last time; saw the interior of a deep, red throat encircled by white fangs. Then the head dropped; the powerful jaws closed about a two-inch sapling which was luckily in closer proximity than I; there was a crunching, a growling, and the sapling fell—gnawed off as if it were made of putty! In one of the pictures

I subsequently took of this animal, my tracks may be seen fairly close together going up to him. Going away, only a few footprints, very far apart, are to be observed,—and great scissors! how the snow is plowed up in that trail of departure.

“I started the other cougar’s body down the slope toward the second animal. My aim was good. When the heavy carcass hit the dying mountain-lion, the latter let go of the sapling, set his teeth in the furry neck of his old comrade, and both went tumbling down-grade for a distance of fully fifty yards, a great ball of hair and flesh, while snow matted into their fur and flew in every direction. When they came to a stop against the trunk of a big spruce, neither one of them ever kicked a leg or twitched a tail again. I went down, saw that both were dead, took some more pictures, then made my way back to the station.

“There I secured two fellows, Bill and Tom Watson, to help me bring in my trophies. As this happened down on the Rio Grande, where real snows are rare, we had no sleigh available, and had to hitch up to a wagon. Then we found that we could not get a horse up the mountain-side in the snow, but we did succeed in getting old Henry, the mule, up there about four o’clock that afternoon. The cougars were both males,

and weighed about 250 pounds each, having an average length of an even nine feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. They were so heavy that it was all we could do to get them up and lashed to old Henry's back. We had a sweet time of it, too, in getting them down to the wagon, for it was over a mile and there were lots of rock slides in between; but we did it, and that night for supper we Ranger folk had the first cougar meat we had ever tasted. It was not half bad, at that—far better than some tough chickens you buy at the city market!”

Of the carnivores of North America the bears are probably the most hunted, excepting the polar-bear, which is so inaccessible to the white race that it is not much sought. When polars are hunted they are usually taken on ice-floes or islands to which they resort for their food. When angered by pursuit, or when wounded, this bear is quite likely to turn on the hunter, and then becomes a dangerous antagonist.

The Alaskan brown-bear group includes the great Kodiak-bear, which is by far the largest of the existing carnivores and probably often exceeds a weight of 1200 pounds. They live chiefly in the mountain fastnesses, and are most frequently seen and shot along the streams where they catch salmon in the spring of the

year. Powerful rifles, firing soft-nosed bullets, are chiefly used in hunting this huge beast.

The grizzly-bear's temper has undergone a great change since he first came into contact with civilized man. The early explorers and frontiersmen have left records which show that in their day the grizzly was naturally ferocious and quite happy at the chance of starting a fight whenever a human being hove in view. To-day the animal is inclined to make off at full speed the instant it suspects the presence of man. It does this so promptly and adroitly that even in a "bear country" as many as ten bruins will make a complete and unseen escape where one will be detected. A she-bear with cubs is likely to invite or even force a combat when she sees a hunter nearby, as intuition tells her the man is an enemy to her young; and any grizzly, if wounded or at bay, is likely to make a stand or attempt an onslaught. But even in a charge two animals may act in a totally different manner, one turning back if shot, or stopping to whine and bite at his wound; while the other may continue to charge until it is killed or succeeds in knocking down the hunter. One bear may bowl a man over with a single cuff of his great paw, and then take a notion to retreat; another bear may be satisfied by mouthing the hunter or giving him two or three half-hearted bites when



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BEAR HUNTERS' CAMP

he is down; and a third bear may lie on its victim for a half-hour, ferociously biting him to death and afterward tearing him to pieces.

Charles J. Bayer, predatory animal inspector of the Department of Agriculture, tells of the end of a 1000-pound grizzly which had been killing valuable domestic stock for several years in the vicinity of Dubois, Wyoming. This immense bear—called “Silver Tip” by the cattlemen and settlers, because of the splash of silvery hairs in the black coat on his haunches—was so successful for a while in evading sight that, although he had been killing numerous cattle and sheep, no man could say he had seen the animal, and much doubt existed as to whether the killer was really a grizzly or not.

“But in the winter of 1918,” Mr. Bayer states, “more tangible evidence came in. A trapper named Bob Levac one morning came around the corner of his cabin and met this great grizzly face to face. One was as much surprised as the other; but Silver Tip was the first to recover. Before Levac could raise his gun or pull a knife, the bear gave the one-hundred-and-eighty pound Frenchman a pat on the shoulder which sent Levac tumbling as if a mountain had toppled over on him. Though his shoulder was almost dislocated and ached like fury, Levac had presence of mind enough to play ’possum. It takes nerve

to shut your eyes and pretend you are a corpse when you're not, and to let a monster bear do anything to you he takes a notion to do. But Levac did it; he knew that was his only salvation. Afterwards he said he kept wondering just in what part of him the first bite would come, and where the second bite would come, and the third one, and how many of them he could stand before he was a goner.

“Well, old Silver Tip soon proved that he wasn't the kind of bear to run away after that one cuff, anyway. He began pawing the prostrate man, with his muzzle close to Levac's bearded face—so close that the trapper could feel his hot breath and get the drip of saliva from his red tongue. Ugh! just think of it! I tell you, it took nerve to lie there—yes, sirree, it must have taken a *lot* of nerve! But Levac compelled himself to do it.

“Pretty soon Silver Tip commenced hitting the trapper a little harder, hard enough to jog him from side to side. And then came a blow that rolled the poor fellow over completely. It hurt so that Levac almost yelled out with pain, but kept from it by biting into his tongue. I guess the grizzly must have been suspicious of him, and was testing him out a little to see if the spark of life really remained. Then the bear, not yet satisfied, began to mouth him along the

arms, biting deeper and deeper. Of course this was excruciatingly painful to Levac, for every pinch of the powerful jaws was bringing out his blood in little trickles; but the man didn't even moan. If he had had a knife about his person he would not have stood it. His gun, also, was too far away, where it had fallen, for him to reach. He saw he must endure it.

"Presently the grizzly began rolling Levac over and over in the snow, stopping at intervals to give him a testing nip or two in the arms or legs. Then Silver Tip changed his tactics. He picked the trapper up by his clothing, and shook him like a terrier would a rat.

"All this time Levac's dog—a fox-hound—had been off in the brush chasing game. The dog now appeared upon the scene, and noting the predicament of his master, began to dash forward at every opportunity, snapping at the flanks of the grizzly. Silver Tip made several blows at the hound, any one of which would have crushed in his ribs had it struck; but the dog was too quick. At last, quite infuriated when he received a gash in a hind leg from the hound's razor-like teeth, Silver Tip deserted his human prey and made off after his animal tormentor. Into the timber both animals vanished.

"This was Levac's golden opportunity. He got painfully and stiffly to his feet, picked up his

gun, and then limped into the cabin, where he bandaged up his wounds as best he could.

"But his dog never came back. On his return from Mayo, where he had gone to have his injuries given expert attention, Levac found the luckless hound's skeleton. Wolves had cleaned off the flesh; but the crushed skull and some old bear's tracks of unusual size told the mute story of Silver Tip's guilt as the real killer.

"When Levac's story came to us, we determined to send a man after this great bear which was doing so much damage, as evidence had been piling up lately showing that it must be this animal which had been killing live-stock, destroying camps and fire-boxes belonging to the Forest Service, and frightening the whole countryside into fits. However, the hunter we sent out failed to accomplish anything, and a second man was despatched up into the district in the spring of 1919. He, too, worked hard to get the bear, but without success.

"Hunter Dan Rowley was then recommended to me as an especially good shot who was familiar with the ways of bears. We put him on the trail of Silver Tip in the spring of 1920. For a long time he was unable to find any fresh signs of the grizzly, or to get news of any cattle or sheep freshly killed by him. But about the middle of July that summer he came upon a cow

which had been killed a short time before by a large animal, presumably Silver Tip himself.

“During the next four weeks, Rowley applied himself to following up the trail of the big grizzly—not by track, of course, but by hearsay and report. This was not a very difficult task, as during this time he ran onto fifteen head of cattle mauled by the bear, and every one of the animals had been killed in the same manner—by a crushing blow between the eyes, from the grizzly’s open paw. In most cases the bodies of the cattle had not been mutilated, except that practically all had been gouged of their liver, a toothsome relish for the average grizzly. Great holes in their sides showed how the livers had been gotten at. Not a scrap of one had been left in or about any carcass.

“By the middle of August, Hunter Rowley was sure he was in the immediate neighborhood of the big bear. On the 15th, he set a No. 6 bear-trap on a fresh trail of Silver Tip’s, covering it up well with leaves, and hanging a calf’s liver just above it in plain sight. Attached to the trap by a strong chain, also covered with leaves, was a ‘drag’ made of a log five inches in diameter and twenty-four feet long.

“A few days later, when the hunter visited the trap, he saw that evidently he had been successful at last. The ground was all torn up, the

trap was gone entirely, and seven feet of the drag had been broken off and probably carried away with the grizzly. As Rowley followed the trail of the manacled animal through the forest, he found many trees six and seven inches through which, having been in the bear's path, had been broken off or uprooted. In other places, where wind-fallen trees obstructed Silver Tip's course, he had torn out the under logs to form a passage way for himself and his unwelcome burden, the drag.

"At length, fully eight miles from the spot where he had gotten into the trap, the big grizzly was found. He was dead. He had struggled on and on, against formidable obstacles all that way, tearing out hunks of hair on sharp limbs, and getting weaker and weaker as the drag caught on this log and that, this tree and that, and signs showed each time it had thus entangled he had come back to free it with his cunning paws and mouth, or jerk it loose where he stood.

When put on the scales he weighed just half a ton. His immense front paws measured 8½ inches across, and his hind feet were 12 inches long."

Carl E. Akeley, a famous big-game hunter and naturalist of the United States, has this to

say of an expedition which he made to European hunting-grounds in 1909:

“We left New York in August, with a commission from the American Museum of Natural History to secure specimens of a group of African elephants. Our first serious work was begun on the Uasin Gishu Plateau. There we hoped to be able to secure the smaller specimens, cow and young elephants, and we also dared to hope that a young bull elephant might be found on the plateau or in the forests of Mount Elgon. But for two weeks we searched in vain. We then devoted a month to hunting in the region of the Victoria Nile between Masinde and Foweiras, where we shot two bulls of enormous size, but with tusks weighing only about eighty pounds.

“One evening in Uganda, when rather discouraged after a day of unsuccessful effort, we suddenly heard the squeal of an elephant some distance away to the eastward. The squealing and trumpeting increased in frequency and distinctness until, in an hour’s time, we realized that a large herd was drifting slowly in our direction. By eleven o’clock they had come very close—some within two hundred yards of camp—and on three sides of us. The crashing of trees, and the squealing and trumpeting as the animals fed,

quarreling over choice morsels, resulted in a din such as none of us had ever heard before from elephants. Our men kept innumerable fires going for fear that the elephants might take a notion that night to raid the plantain grove in which we were encamped, and to step on a few of us with their enormous feet, which would have been as disastrous as if a steam-roller had done the trick.

“At daylight the next morning, some of us were off with the utmost eagerness, to begin the hunt. The herd had drifted down to the forest side, forty minutes’ walk from camp; in fact many of them had entered the forest. For a couple of miles we traveled through a scene of devastation such as a cyclone leaves in its wake. All around us lay eight-foot grass trampled flat except for here and there an ‘island’ which had been spared; half of the scattering trees had been twisted off like a piece of soft taffy in a boy’s hands, and their trunks shone white and stark, denuded of all bark and limbs and branches.

“When about to cross a little gully, we thought it wise to stop and study the situation. A mass of rocks gave me a good lookout elevation, and from this point of vantage I discovered a cow-elephant only twenty yards away, and others all about in the high grass between us and the timber.

“There was clear passage to a rocky elevation a hundred yards to the left, for which we made. While standing there, seventy-five feet above the level, I received an impression of Africa which will never be effaced from my memory. There was not a breath of wind; the forest, glistening in the morning sunlight, stretched away for miles to the east and west and up the slope to the north. Here and there in the high grass, which intervened between our perch and the forest edge, were many elephants, singly and in groups, feeding and loafing along, the last of them blotted out in the dark shadows of the dense forest-side itself. From the gulley, which we had but just left, there stalked twenty-five or thirty of the great beasts, their bodies glinting with a fresh coat of mud and water from the pool where they had drunk and bathed. As is usual with large herds, they had broken up into small bands upon entering the forest, and now, as the last of them disappeared into the cover of the trees, a fuller appreciation of the surroundings came upon me. From a mile or more in either direction there came a reverberating roar and crash as the great hordes of monsters plowed their way through the tangles of vegetation, smashing trees as they argued, played, and fed, along the way.

“Where the little stream at the bottom of the

gully entered the forest, troops of black and white Colobus-monkeys were racing about the trees, shrilly scolding the huge invaders of their domain. From the tree-tops deeper in the forest, two or three troops of chimpanzees yelled, baboons barked, and great-hornbills did their best to drown all other noises with their own discordant protests.

“All at once a cow-elephant at the edge of the forest just in front of us uttered her peculiar shrill scream of warning. Not only her own kind, but all the other forest folk, paid heed; and in an instant all was silent over that vast stretch of grass and trees, where but a moment before the noises had been so appalling.

“Then came a rustling sound—very gentle, like that produced by leaves stirred by a vagrant breeze, only to increase in volume until presently it was like a mighty windstorm howling through myriads of tree-tops.

“I looked about to see whence it came, scouring the forest far and near with my glasses. But not a leaf seemed stirring. Then I realized the truth: that the mighty sound was made by countless elephants on the move, hastening away from danger—made by the scuffling of their ponderous feet among the dry leaves on the ground; by their great sides crowding back

other leaves, equally dry, attached to the bushes and saplings along their course.

“With my gun-bearers I went down into the forest. Trails crossed and crisscrossed in all directions, so that it was impossible to follow a certain trail any distance. A band of a dozen or so elephants got our wind, and passed us in confusion at close range, but the bush was so dense that I had but small glimpses of them and did not care to risk a shot.

“A mile into the forest brought us to an irregular clearing, almost bisected by a ‘peninsula’ of forest. At the base of this tongue I nearly ran against a young bull—one of a considerable number, as I soon discovered. The whole herd began working toward the point of the ‘peninsula,’ and I ran along the outer edge to head them off. Just as the leader emerged from the point, they saw or winded us,—shifty, uncertain breezes had sprung up,—and they turned back, at which I ran into the timber to try for a better view of them. I soon found myself facing a cow which, solicitous for her very young calf, had wheeled about, all attention and menacing.

“Fortunately, at the moment we were partially screened behind a clump of small trees. As we remained motionless, the cow’s fears were

soon allayed. Turning, she gave the calf a boost with her trunk, and followed after it and the herd, uttering occasional motherly commands to it, apparently, to 'hustle along, my dear.'

"Hurrying out and around the point, I found that the herd had gained the clearing and rounded itself up in close mass formation, obviously conscious of the presence of an unseen enemy—ourselves. There were about twenty-five elephants, mostly cows; and just as I was on the point of backing off to a safe distance, after taking several pictures, I espied a fine bull, with beautiful tusks, on the near side of the line. A clump of bushes offered concealment for a closer approach, and by this means I got up to within twenty yards of him, from whence I got a good photograph. As his front leg was thrust forward, offering an excellent vital shot at the heart, I fired both barrels of my powerful rifle in quick succession.

"Instantly all was commotion in the herd. I seized my second rifle, and expecting them to charge, retreated very hastily to the top of an ant-hill, from which I could better view the herd.

"Then it was that I witnessed a scene such as I had heard described by natives and which I had been keen to verify. The bull I had shot

had fallen thirty yards from the spot where I had hit him. Around him were clustered a number of cows, every one of which was doing her level best to raise him to his feet with tusks and trunks; the remainder of the cows were doing patrol duty, rushing about in an increasing and uneasy circle, searching for the source of trouble. That meant *me*; so I retired to a safer distance.

“For over an hour the bull’s cordon of protectors and first-aid volunteers hung around him, until he expired. Then they swung sadly off, and we came forth to claim our trophy. We found that this bull stood 11 feet 4 inches high at the shoulders, and the tusks weighed 95 and 110 pounds respectively, while the circumference of the front foot around the sole was 67½ inches.

“But I was not done with this great herd. The following day we went into the forest again, and soon came up with its rear, although in a cover so dense that a close inspection could not be made. We worked about them for hours, and finally succeeded in driving them out into the open; but unfortunately the grass was high and I had scarcely succeeded in gaining a point of vantage when, with angry grunts, they doubled back to the forest.

“As I turned to follow, my attention was called to a commotion in the bush at the edge of

the timber some four hundred yards to the left. Another herd was coming out into the grasslands! From the top of a nearby ant-hill I saw them distinctly as they passed over a rise fifty yards away. There were eleven cows. I waited a few moments, thinking that, as often happens, a bull might follow in their wake. The cows had passed on to a distance of about four hundred yards, and I was about to leave the ant-hill and return to camp, when, from the direction of the cows, there came a low, ominous rumble like distant thunder. We knew a charge was coming.

"A hasty glance around convinced us that there was but one thing to do, and that was, to stand and meet the charge right where we were, as here we could have at least the advantage of witnessing the entire advance of the elephants. If we tried to escape to one side, or to the forest, we knew we could not see them over the high grass and bushes before they would be upon us.

"The rumbling was repeated two or three times, increasing in volume. It was followed by a wild shriek, uttered by a single cow, whereupon ten others took it up, making a frightful, blood-curdling din for our ears. Then the herd suddenly charged toward us.

"They came half-way, and stopped. It was easy to see by their confused actions that they

had lost the wind. But it was only a moment that our hearts fluttered hopefully. The elephants once more caught the scent, and roaring and screaming with redoubled energy, came plunging on.

“It was a disconcerting spectacle for us, to say the least. Their great ears were at full spread, like so many electrified fans; their ponderous bodies swung ominously at every forward thrust of the stout gray legs; their thick trunks thrashed wildly; the white tusks gleamed wickedly in the bright sunshine; their little eyes seemed to spit fire; and from their pink mouths continued to come those unnerving, horrible screams. I remember that I felt very homesick just then!

“We now saw that, were they to continue in a straight course, they would pass our position by about forty yards, for they had not yet actually seen us; then a dash on our part to one side, and we could lose them and be safe. But when they were nearly opposite us, they either got their eyes on us or winded us afresh, for they wheeled straight toward us, with renewed shrieks and trumpeting.

“A shot from my big cordite .404 rifle stopped the leader; but encouraged by the others, she came on, only to be knocked down by my second shot. Luckily we kept out of sight. As soon

as she fell, the others paused, and began sniffing around her. Then, to our great relief, they helped her to her feet, and the next moment all were bolting away. Even the old cow I had shot made an attempt to follow, and limpingly succeeded."

During the last few decades in Africa, hundreds of white hunters and thousands of native hunters have been killed or wounded by lions, buffaloes, elephants, rhinoceri, and other large and ferocious beasts. All are dangerous; each species has to its gruesome credit a long list of mighty hunters slain or disabled. Among those competent to pass judgment there is the widest difference of opinion as to the comparative danger in hunting the several kinds of animals. Probably no other hunter who has ever lived has combined Selous's experience with his skill as a hunter and his power of accurate observation. He has killed between three and four hundred lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinos, and he ranks the lion as much the most dangerous and the rhino as much the least. Governor Jackson puts the buffalo first in formidableness; Drummond considers the honor belongs to the rhino; while Samuel Baker speaks strongly for the elephant.

On March 23, 1909,—the same year Akeley



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A HIPPO HUNT IN THE CONGO REGIONS

had his adventure with elephants—Theodore Roosevelt, then one of this country's most prominent statesmen and foremost amateur big-game hunters, sailed from New York at the head of a scientific expedition organized in the interests of the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum at Washington. In addition to himself the party consisted of his son Kermit, a young man just entering college, and three naturalists: Surgeon-Lieut. Col. Edgar A. Mearns, U. S. A., retired; Mr. Edmund Heller, and Mr. J. Alden Loring. On landing they were met by R. J. Cunninghame and Leslie Tarlton, both famous hunters, and as they worked their way inland from Mombasa they made frequent sojourns at the homes of English residents, who accompanied them upon many highly interesting and successful forays into the surrounding country.

Everywhere throughout the section they were crossing, in the neighborhood of Nairobi, were signs that the lion was lord and that his reign was cruel. Ostrich farms were great sufferers from the bold marauders, and cattle and sheep were also a frequent prey. Here and there were wild victims, too, such as the half-devoured carcasses of the kongoni, zebras, and hartebeests.

"One day," writes Mr. Roosevelt in his book *African Game Trails*,¹ "we started from the

ranch-house for an all-day lion hunt. Besides Kermit and myself there was a fellow-guest, Medlicott; our host, Sir Alfred, and his wife and daughter, also Percival, who had with him a little mongrel bull-dog and a Masai "boy," the latter a sort of native servant of Percival's.

"After lunch we began to beat down a long donga, or dry water-course, shouting and yelling, in the hope of scaring out a lion or two. Soon we came upon lion spoor in the sandy bed; first the footprints of a big male, then those of a lioness. Presently the dogs—for, besides the little bull, we had a large brindled mongrel named Ben, whose courage belied his looks—began to show signs of scenting the lions; and we beat each patch of brush harder than ever, the natives throwing in stones, while we stood ready, fingers on triggers.

"After a couple of false alarms the dogs drew toward one patch, their hair bristling. In a moment one of the boys called, 'Simba!' (lion), and pointed with his finger. I shifted my position, and peered eagerly into the bushes until I caught sight of a bit of tawny hide. As it moved, there was a call from my comrades to 'shoot,' for at that near distance, if the lion charged, there would be scant opportunity to

¹ Quotations from *African Game Trails*, by Theodore Roosevelt, are made by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribners' Sons.

stop him. So I fired into what I saw. There was a commotion in the bushes, at which Kermit also fired.

"Immediately there broke out on the other side, not the hoped-for big lion, but two cubs the size of mastiffs. Each was badly wounded, and we finished them off. Even if unwounded, they were too big to take alive.

"This was a great disappointment, as it was well on in the afternoon, and there seemed not much likelihood of another chance at a lion that day. Percival set out ahead, for the house, and the rest of us trailed along by another route. Presently we reached another donga, with occasional big brush patches along its shallow-watered, winding bed. Almost as soon as we reached it our leader found the spoor of two big lions; and, with every sense acock, we dismounted and approached the first patch of tall bushes. We shouted and threw in stones, but nothing came out; and another patch showed the same result. Then we mounted our horses again, and rode toward another patch a quarter of a mile off. I was mounted on *Tranquility*, the stout and quiet sorrel.

"This patch of thick brush we also cast stones into. The response was immediate. Loud growls came out of the shrubbery; there was the sound of cracking twigs.

“Instantly we dismounted, and waited, our guns ready. Then right in front of me, thirty yards off, a big maneless lion leaped out of the patch. *Crack!* It was my Winchester which spoke, and as the soft-nosed, big-calibre bullet plowed forward through his flank, the lion swerved so that I missed him with my second shot; but my third bullet went through his spine and forward into his chest. Down he came, sixty yards away, his hind quarters dragging, his head up, his ears back, his jaws open; his lips drawn back in an ugly snarl, as he faced us. Kermit, Sir Alfred, and I fired, almost together, into his chest. His head sank, and he died.

“At the same time that this lion had come out on the left of the bushes, the other had appeared from the right of them. The latter had not been hit, and we saw him bounding off across the plain, six or eight hundred yards away. A couple of shots were sent after him, only to miss. So we mounted our horses, determined to run him down if it were possible. The going was slightly downhill; we gained rapidly. Finding this out, the lion suddenly halted and came to bay in a slight hollow where the grass was rather long.

“Kermit and I tried shooting from our mounts, but at such a distance—150 yards—this was ineffective. Then we dismounted, but

could not make out the animal in the long grass with sufficient distinctness to insure a good shot.

“By this time Old Ben, the dog, had arrived, and, barking loudly, was strolling around the lion, which paid not the slightest attention to him. Just then my black sais, Simba, came running up to me and took hold of the bridle—a most plucky action, for he was entirely without a mount and there was no other sais or gun-bearer anywhere near, the others having fallen behind. The lion now took a notion to stand up, looking first at one horse and then the other as our party gathered up. His tail lashed to and fro, his head was held low, while his harsh and savage growling rolled thunderously over the plain.

“Seeing Simba and me on foot, he all at once turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker. Resting my elbow on Simba’s bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger. The bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one foreleg in the air. He recovered in a moment, evidently very much hurt, and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I thought he was on the point of charging, so I fired once more. This shot broke his back, and the next killed him outright.

“It was late before we got the lions skinned.

Night fell, and the stalwart savages who carried the bloody lion pelts strapped to poles, chanted in unison as they followed us home—chanted the native hunting-song in that monotonous, rhythmical manner of their kind, so weird to the white man and so inspiring to the black.”

VIII

THE WILD-LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER

THOSE are wonderful pictures which George Shiras, 3d, has taken. In getting these photographs of birds and wild animals in their native haunts, he has displayed three qualities common to all famous wild-life photographers—courage, resourcefulness, and a marvelous amount of patience. Had Shiras, and other camera hunters, shot *down* a hundred times as many birds and animals as they have shot *at*, their names never would have been known to us. Their “guns” have recorded life instead of taking it; their “weapons” may frighten, but they never maim nor kill; and the trophy of a hunt is a trophy hard-earned, well-earned, and capable of bringing to its owner a joy that contains not one single twinge of remorsefulness.

George Shiras, 3d, comes from a paternal ancestry who have been as much devoted to the wilds as himself. For instance, his grandfather, George Shiras, 1st, trod the shores of Lake Superior from the time he was a boy until he was

eighty-nine years old. And his father, George Shiras, 2d, who is a Justice of the United States Supreme Court and an ardent fly-fisherman and nature-lover, still continues his annual trips up into this charming, beforested country of Northern Michigan, although the old gentleman is now in his ninety-first year.

It was my good fortune to meet George Shiras, 3d, at his pretty little home just a few days after his return from a successful picture-taking jaunt around the headwaters of the St. Marys River. He was in a most receptive frame of mind for my bombardment of questions, brimming over with enthusiastic remembrances of recent experiences, and was not at all reluctant to recount stories of his wanderings with a camera.

"Mr. Shiras," asked I, very early in our talk, "were you ever a hunter? That is, did you ever carry a gun for the sole purpose of taking the life of a bird or wild animal?"

He looked sober, as he replied: "I would rather you had not asked that question. I like to forget that part of my woods life. But since you have asked, I will be frank enough to admit that I used to tread the woods with a gun instead of a camera, although I shall never do it again. In this connection let me say that a sportsman's life consists largely of three elements—anticipa-

tion, realization, and reminiscence. First, there is the look forward to the trip by rail, by canoe, and then perhaps a tramp on foot into the heart of the wilderness. This is followed by the camp and its pleasant surroundings, and that memorable day when the early morning sun casts a glint upon the branching antlers of a mighty moose as, half-concealed in the thicket, he furtively browses his way along; the breathless wait until the neck or shoulder becomes exposed; the shot—and then success, which may come instantly by death, or slowly and intoxicatingly by a scramble after the wounded beast on a blood-stained trail.

“What a fine thing it would be for all such so-called sportsmen if they could realize that what is game to the rifle is game to the camera! Nearly every hunter will admit that the instant his noble quarry lies prone on the earth, with the glaze of death fast-dimming the once lustrous eyes, the graceful limbs twisted in the convulsions of death, and the tiny hole emitting the crimson flow of life, there comes the half-defined feeling of repentance and sorrow.”

I nodded in sympathy. I, too, had once been tortured by conscience as I had looked down at my prey. Shiras, knew what he was talking about!

“If a fellow has that feeling, he had better

quit doing the thing that causes it," went on Shiras. "Much of the game that is killed is taken for the pure so-called sport of it, rather than for purposes of food or scientific study; and that is all wrong. Such fellows deserve a pang of remorse every time they shoot down one of God's wild creatures—and they get it! Surely no sane man travels a thousand miles, indifferent to time, labor, and expense, to get a few hundred pounds of wild meat, which in all probability is not nearly so toothsome as the domestic cuts in the markets of his own home town. Every camera-hunter will admit, even though he has been a successful sportsman, that there is more immediate and lasting pleasure in photographing a deer at twenty yards than there is in driving a chunk of lead through his heart at one hundred yards. Then think of the unlimited freedom of this noiseless weapon! No closed season, no restriction in numbers or methods of transportation, no license, no posted land, no professional etiquette in the manner of taking your game. You can pull on a swimming moose or a bear floundering in the snow; you can take a crack at a spotted fawn as it disports about its fond mother; you can bag Daddy Blue-jay as he brings a worm to his wee children in the nest. Or you can string out your cameras, with a



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PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OREGON BOBCAT

thread across the runway, and gather in the exposed game-laden plates at nightfall without any scruples of being called a pot-hunter."

"You'd make a regular hunter ashamed of himself," I remarked; "if not that, then mighty envious."

"By and by," continued Shiras, "you will have a collection of pictures affording far more enjoyment than all the mental ghosts of slaughtered quadrupeds and all the moth-eaten relics of the gun that were ever assembled."

"Then do you not think that the time has come when the photographing of wild life must be recognized as a legitimate sport?"

"I certainly do," was the sententious reply of my companion. "There never was a time in the history of the world when a greater curb has been put on nimrods and more encouragement offered to picture-takers than to-day. Travel has become easy, even into comparatively remote parts of the universe; cameras are inexpensive, not very difficult to learn to operate; and there is an increasing market for good pictures. These conditions have resulted in giving us quite an array of famous wild-life photographers, among whom I might mention Dugmore, Dimock, Wallahan, Chapman, and Kearton, whose intimate pictures of creatures of the woods have

undoubtedly done more to influence the public against a wanton slaughter of the innocents than any other single thing."

"Mr. Shiras, what attributes would you say a man ought to have in order to become a successful wild-life photographer?" I asked.

"First—patience; second—ingenuity; third—a considerable knowledge of the birds and animals he seeks. Indeed, the photographic sportsman is required to stand greater hardships, expose himself to greater danger, and must be far more proficient in the difficult art of stalking, than the man who hunts with a rifle. Shooting animals is so much easier than photographing them that there is no possible comparison. As I intimated, for years I was as enthusiastic about shooting as any fellow could be; to-day, after twenty odd years of hunting with a camera, I have lost all desire to kill. It is not sufficiently exciting—usually too easy to be interesting. Every animal that is near enough to be successfully photographed is near enough to be shot with a good revolver; but every animal that can be shot cannot always be snapped; in fact ninety-nine out of every hundred savage animals that are killed are probably too far away for the camera-man to register on his sensitive film or plate. In all cases the camera requires all the proficiency, and affords

all the pleasure, that a steady hand and a deadly weapon ever gave a lover of the gun, and more besides. It is only within the last few years that compact photographic appliances, quick shutters, rapid dry-plates and films, have made possible successful work on large game—or some of us might have reformed long ago.”

“I understand you were a pioneer in this form of photography,” I remarked.

“I believe they do say I was among the first to make a specialized study of wild-life photography,” was the modest admittance. “But whatever my contribution toward an album of wild-life pictures, started along about 1890, other nature-photographers have more than kept the ball a-rolling. The truth is, a year or two after this date Wallahan, of Colorado, on his own initiative and with an ordinary tripod camera, succeeded in getting a remarkably beautiful series of the mule-deer during their descent from the mountains that fall; and later, with better equipment, he recorded many other animals in his State. He was followed by Chapman.”

“Is he not the same Chapman who is one of our leading ornithologists?”

“The very same. And Chapman began picturing his first birds in the early Nineties. At the present time his collection of self-made photographs is not surpassed by any individual’s

in the world. Chapman's exploits were followed by similar ones by Kearton, of England, who soon became the foremost bird-photographer across the seas."

"But," I protested, "you were not idle yourself all these years, Mr. Shiras. Pray tell me what *you* were doing—what you have been doing from 1890 to the present time, some thirty odd years."

He laughed pleasantly, arose, and returned with a large album marked "Night Pictures," which he laid across my knees. "A portion of those thirty odd years have been spent in getting the negatives from which these prints were made," said he. "Other portions of my spare time have been put in taking hundreds of other night pictures, many of which have appeared in American magazines. In the beginning I was captivated with daylight photography in the wilds. Now, though I still take such photographs, the lure is as nothing compared to the charm and witchery of having the animals themselves take their pictures for me in the dark of the forest night."

I had turned back the album cover and secured a glimpse of the first night picture—that of a lithe-limbed little doe feeding on the bank of an inland lake in whose limpid waters the jack-light had projected a wonderfully alluring

midnight reflection of the animal. The Stygian background; the softly-etched outlines of the deer in the middleground, as it browsed in entrancing innocence on the short herbage leading up to a moon-flooded bunch of marsh reeds; and the inverted image of the night-wanderer in the foreground of cool waters, held me spellbound. As George Shiras made a movement to speak, involuntarily I raised a warning hand toward him and whispered, "Hush!" as though he might say something to alarm the feeding doe.

For ten or fifteen minutes I turned from page to page of the book without a word, intensely interested and absorbed. Such unusual pictures! Such rare, such intimate views into the very thoughts, almost, of the birds and animals before me! I realized, without the naturalist telling me, that here, and here, and here, and here, I was looking at wild creatures in their native haunts, wild creatures which were acting in a perfectly natural manner—acting as they acted among themselves, and when they were alone, or when alarmed by a suspicious sound. You couldn't look at those pictures of contentment and peace and startlement without a terribly guilty feeling, if you had ever killed an animal without need. You couldn't look at them—ever!—and then go out and shoulder a gun again.

I saw a ruffed grouse, clucking and spreading her tail as she plucked fruit from a wild-cherry tree; I saw another grouse, with crop filled with mountain-ash berries, dozing in the sun-struck top of a tree at the edge of the woods; I saw a yearling buck which had unconsciously posed for the first successful flashlight photograph of a wild animal ever made. I saw more. I saw a flashlight of a mother deer and her twin fawns, all wading in the still waters when people sleep—a picture which took the Gold Medal at the World's Fair in Paris, 1900, and the Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. I saw a wonderful picture in which a buck, a doe, and a fawn had become startled, and had been caught by the camera in the air at once—not a hoof touching the ground by at least three feet, as they took prodigious bounds in as many different directions. It seemed as if these beautiful creatures were impelled by invisible wings, so easy was their glide through space. How wonderfully suggestive of suppleness was the contour of those floating bodies! How airily and gracefully were held the slender legs, awaiting the ground-strike, expectant of the lightning-like rush off through the dark woods to a spot of greater promise of safety!

I saw more. I saw the picture of a thieving doe taken by herself in the act of eating cab-

gages at night in a settler's garden. I saw a lone beaver repairing a dam at midnight. I saw another beaver industriously girdling a black-ash tree, with which he intended to build a dam. I saw still another beaver, plastering his home with mud. All in all, what I looked at in that album was a galaxy of night-life in the great forest which was so eloquent of wild and untamed creatures that it seemed to me I must have been set down in their midst.

My host, explained each picture as I came to it, and a more entrancing series of short stories I never expect to hear again. When we had reached the back cover of the album, he went into another room and returned with an old-style box camera, which he put in my hands with the remark: "This is my first camera. It came into my possession in the late Eighties, and is called the 'Schmidt Detective camera.' The lens is a high-grade rectilinear of the Dallmeyer stamp, as you will note. The shutter is fairly rapid, and can be set and released by this string and button on the outside of the camera. This apparatus, crude as it may be in general appearance, quite equals the modern cameras in short-range effectiveness; in fact, for my early purposes it was quite ideal, as the plate-holders and lens are inclosed in a light-tight, waterproof box.

“Using this camera during the second season I was able to get several good pictures of deer. The lens, however, was of such short focus that it was necessary to get within twenty-five feet of an animal for satisfactory results, and this was difficult in bright sunlight. So then I tried sitting in a blind near a runway, or where the deer came to feed; but the shifting currents of air usually indicated my presence before the quarry approached close enough, and they bounded away.

“During subsequent seasons this difficulty was overcome by running a thread across a runway or the beaches, with the camera concealed a short distance away and accurately focused on the spot the animal must pass if he tripped the shutter. In this manner I obtained some very excellent pictures. Later, when leaving the camera out all day, it could be reset for night with a flashlight connected. Thus it was at work at times for twenty-four hours at a clip—an important advantage when you are in a remote wilderness for only a brief time.

“Another of my methods was to place two or three cameras in different parts of a slough; and when an animal passed in front of one camera the shutter was released by pulling a string suspended through screw-eyes on saplings and running thence to a scaffold in a tree overhang-



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PHOTOGRAPH OF A COYOTE, INHABITANT OF THE DRIEST PART OF
THE UNITED STATES

ing the water. If it were a deer which sauntered along, I would give a shrill whistle, and he would come to a startled pause, with an alert look, which made a capital picture when I pulled the string."

"What led you to attempt photographing deer, Mr. Shiras, as your very first subjects?" I asked curiously. "I should think it would have been much easier for you to have gotten pictures of birds, porcupines, rabbits, and the like. Isn't a deer one of the most elusive photographic subjects?"

"Well," he said, smiling, "the explanation is simple. Of course a deer is one of the most difficult animals to photograph; but, as I have already said, I was previously very fond of hunting deer with a gun, and when the revulsion came and I took up the camera for a 'weapon,' I quite naturally made my first shots with the new tool at the animal I loved most of all to stalk."

"How did you happen to take up night-photography?"

"Having made daylight pictures of deer in various ways, I began to wonder if it were not possible to make pictures at night, when the deer were much more active and could be approached more easily than at other times. I spoke to my guide, Jake Brown, about this, and he was much

interested, but jokingly advised me to shoot the deer first and take its picture afterward. This shows what little faith Jake had in the possibilities of taking an animal's picture after night-fall. But I meant business, and set to work improvising the first flashlight apparatus ever used on a wild creature. A small hole was made in a tin plate. In the hole I placed a strip of oiled paper which would burn readily when ignited underneath; and on top was placed a quantity of magnesium-powder.

"So far as getting within range went, my first effort was entirely successful. Jake and I paddled slowly along the shore of Whitefish Lake, with a jack-light in the prow of our canoe, hoping the light would illuminate a deer and hold him spellbound long enough for me to operate my flashlight and camera. At the lower end of the lake, we suddenly espied our deer, sure enough,—a handsome buck. But just as the lower end of the paper fuse began burning, the buck ran off with a snort of disapproval, the flash taking place after he was out of sight among the trees. Jake guffawed loudly at this, and I was irritated enough to have pushed him out backwards into the lake had he been a good swimmer, which he was not. That same night I managed to get a shot at a doe, the negative showing a well-defined body and a blurry head.

Other attempts at flashlight work the following night were marked by similar poor results; my pictures were next to worthless for the same reason as the first, my powder being too slow for so active a creature as a deer.

“During the ensuing winter I learned of a flashlight apparatus designed for taking pictures in theaters, ball-rooms, and other large interiors. It consisted of a metal standard supporting three circular alcohol lamps, into the flames of which could be projected a spray of magnesium-powder by means of a rubber bulb connected by tubing to a cup containing enough powder for a half-dozen such flashes as I was used to. This apparatus, with its great power of illumination and ease of manipulation, seemed just the very thing I wanted for my own work, so I quickly invested in one of them.”

“The modern flashlight ‘guns’ I have seen are made somewhat upon that same principle,” I remarked.

“Yes; it was a good one, but it had its defects in detail, as you shall see. On the first dark of the moon on the following July, Jake and I left camp in a canoe, with the new outfit in the bow. As we rounded the first bend, a pair of glowing eyes attracted our attention, and in a moment I had set the three lamps ablaze and covered the jack-light. When we approached, the deer

jumped to one side. This maneuver required changing the canoe's course, for I had not then in use a revolving tripod table, capable of covering any sidewise movement of an animal, such as this one you just looked at. As I turned to whisper paddling instructions to Jake, my elbow unfortunately caught on the rubber tubing, and the entire flashlight apparatus was toppled over into the bow. The fall detached the cap of the reservoir; all the powder spilled out, some going on my wet rubber boots (wet from a recent portage,) and the rest went into the bottom of the canoe, where the lamps set it on fire.

"Well, sir, there was a tremendous explosion of the dry powder in the bow. At the same time it ignited the damper portion on my boots, causing such a furious and brilliant spluttering, and such a cloud of stifling smoke, that I leaped overboard for relief. That was Jake's chance to laugh at me again—and the way that fellow did roar, sitting in the stern safely out of reach of the powder, was a caution! I thought he would tumble out of his seat, the way he rocked and took on. Standing in the water waist-deep, I made no attempt to clamber back in the canoe until that rank smoke had cleared away and the pyrotechnics had exhausted themselves.

"In the succeeding months, experiments were

made with a new powder, called 'Blitz-pulver,'—a compound possessing great brilliancy and rapidity,—but no suitable apparatus for touching it off had been devised. Somehow, the idea of a device in the shape of a pistol suggested itself to me. During the winter I made a tin box an inch deep and seven by four inches in length and width. Under the box was a trigger. When the finger pressed this, gunlike, it tripped a spring which forced a firing-pin against a capped but empty pistol cartridge. This cartridge's further end communicated with a pill-box containing a half-ounce of Blitz-pulver powder.

"It was in July, 1891, when with this contrivance, I obtained the first successful flashlight ever made of a deer. John Hammer, a Norwegian, was my paddler upon this occasion; and by some strange coincidence the photograph was taken only a few feet from the very spot where, as a boy, my gun had cracked and brought down my first buck.

"The yearling buck I now saw viewed the approaching jack-light with unusual curiosity, raising and lowering his head, as if to look under or over the light. Just as his neck was craned and his stately head elevated, I pressed the trigger of my queer little pistol. There was an immense

flash, the deer and myself being equally blinded, for at that time I had not learned the advantage of closing one eye when the explosion was expected. How eagerly I hurried back to camp to develop that plate! How my heart jumped with gladness when I saw on the glass the perfect image of the little buck, with the foreground of reeds and the background of alders and cedar—the picture you saw in this album only a moment ago!”

“This night-photography in the wilds must be alluring sport,” I observed. “I would give a good deal to accompany you on one of these expeditions, Mr. Shiras.”

“You are right; it is a most alluring sport—one that beats gunning all to smithereens; and some day I shall be glad to have you go along with me and my guide and see just how the work is done. For your information now I will mention some of the things a wild-life photographer runs up against. Selecting a dark, warm night, a flashlight-hunter prepares his cameras, lights the jack-lamp, loads his flashlight apparatus with magnesium-powder; and in his canoe, with his paddler, he pushes out into the silent, brooding waters of the lake or river. The paddle sends the light boat ahead so easily that no sound is heard except a gentle ripple, unnoticeable a boat’s length away. The wooded banks are

wrapped in deepest shadow, only the sky-line along the crest showing their course.

“At the bow of the canoe the bright eye of the jack-light is turning from side to side, manipulated by your own hand. It cuts a channel of light through the banks of darkness, bringing into silvery relief, as it sweeps the shores, the trunks of the trees and the delicate tracery of the foliage.

“Soon your ears detect the sound of a deer as it feeds among the lily-beds that fringe the banks. Knee-deep in the water, the deer is moving contentedly about, munching his supper of succulent green leaves—but this act is a closed book to you until, suddenly, the lantern turns inquisitively on its pivot and the powerful rays of the light flood the shore-line whence the strange noises have come.

“Then two bright balls shine back from under the overhanging foliage: a hundred yards away the deer has raised his head and is wondering what mysterious luminous thing this is which lies out yonder on the surface of the water. Invisible of body and limbs, his eyes seem ghostily suspended in the opaque curtain of shadow lying at his back.

“Straight toward those burning balls of fire your paddler sends the canoe, in firm, silent strokes. Now you are only seventy-five yards

away; now only fifty. The movement of the canoe is checked till it is gliding forward almost imperceptibly. At this point, if you were a hunter with a gun, there would be a red spurt of fire from under the jack-light, and the stricken deer probably would be struggling and plunging toward the brush as its life-blood ebbed away; but there is no sound or sign of life—only the slowly gaining light.

“Twenty-five yards now! You are revolving in your mind the question, Will he stand a moment longer? You have raised the flashlight apparatus well above any obstructions in the front of the canoe; the powder lies in the pan ready to ignite at the first pull of the trigger.

“Closer comes the boat. Still those translucent eyeballs in the shadows ahead continue to watch your jack-light, quite fascinated by it.

“Now! Your finger crooks over the trigger. It begins to press ever so gently, while your heart thumps excitedly—far more excitedly than if you were holding a firearm. *Bang!* That sound, as sharp and thrilling as the crack of a rifle, is the explosion. In answer to it a great fan of dazzling white light spreads out from you. With lightning-like rapidity it bathes the waters ahead—encompasses the stag, the banks, the trees; all stand sharply out for a moment in a veritable deluge of noonday light. And then a

veil of inky darkness descends, blotting everything completely out of sight.

"Just a mere twenty-fifth of a second has elapsed since you pressed the trigger; but it has been long enough to trace the exact likeness of the deer on one of the plates of the camera. The startled animal goes bounding off into the forest, and what a strange story he will carry back to his kind!"

"Mr. Shiras, what is the range of illumination of these flashlight powders, in taking animals at night?" I asked, arousing myself, with an effort, from the rapture of his vivid description.

"About fifty feet," came the reply. "Meaning, that is the normal range. Of course a heavier charge can be used—and often is used in conjunction with a long-focus lens—and then good work can be done up to twice that distance. A curious and interesting fact in this connection is that the direct and collateral rays of the magnesium-powder have an extraordinary power, when it comes to those at a distance seeing them. Homesteaders living four or five miles beyond my camp have reported noticing the sudden glare of my light in the sky overhead. By way of a test, one night I fired off an ounce of powder in a spot where I was surrounded by high trees, and watchers at Marquette, twenty miles distant, stated they not only saw the reflection, but said

that it extended along the sky-line for a long way and gave much the appearance of heat-lightning."

"I presume you have numerous contemporaries to-day in this flashlight photography?" I propounded.

"Lots or them, indeed; and I am glad it is so. It was a number of years after I began this kind of camera work, however, before any one else seemed to care to try it. Then Nesbit and Dugmore, of this country, became interested. They were followed by Schilling, of Germany, who, in turn, was followed by a host of others. All of these men, notably those I have specifically mentioned, have been successful in the work and have made some valuable contributions to natural science, contributions which could have come from no other source than a camera."

"Have you ever had any very narrow escapes, Mr. Shiras, in taking pictures of wild animals?" I asked.

He laughed. "I can't say that I have. You see, they have invariably been glad to get away the moment they heard the click of my shutter, or the explosion of my flashlight."

"But surely you know photographers who have been less fortunate in this respect?"

"Oh, yes! There is Radclyffe Dugmore, for example. Dugmore nearly lost his life a num-

ber of times while photographing the wild beasts of British East Africa. He made some wonderful pictures on that trip, pictures equalling if not excelling the famous ones of Schilling, taken in the same territory some years before. If you would like to meet Mr. Dugmore, I shall be glad to give you a letter of introduction, as he is a personal friend."

Of course I was delighted at this proffer. We talked a while longer, and then I took my departure, with the letter to Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F. R. G. S., tucked in my pocket.

But it was several months before I was to have the pleasure of an interview with this great outdoor photographer, for when I was not busy with other affairs, Mr. Dugmore was immersed in important duties; and when he was at liberty, I was not. In the meantime, however, I managed to glean considerable other interesting information in regard to nature photography, more particularly that done with that most modern of photographic equipment—the moving-picture camera.

I learned that few pictures have required more patience or downright courage in the taking than the detailed studies showing the life and habits of the little honey-bee. Although this bee is noted for its industry and ingenuity, patience is not among its virtues. It deeply re-

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sents any intrusion into its private affairs. Thus in taking such pictures, the camera-man often has to grind away, without making a whimper, while bees attack him on all sides.

The bees cannot be transferred to the studio, and the photographer must work outdoors early and late, in all kinds of weather, to catch characteristic studies. He may have to wait for hours, with his camera loaded and focussed, until they swarm. Every detail of the life of the bee, the building of the combs, the care of their queen, the killing of the drones, and the gradual accumulation of honey, has been photographed in many hundreds of feet of film. It is a satisfaction to know, too, that such hard work receives its reward, as a rule, and that this and kindred films have sold for as much as \$10,000.

Likewise, many thousands of feet of film have been used in studying bird-life, often under extraordinary conditions. Should the operator wish to secure a "close-up" of a bird's nest, hidden away on the face of some steep cliff, for instance, he must be an experienced mountain-climber and take his life in his hands in the undertaking. Some of the most interesting films of this kind have been made by suspending the photographer by a rope. The camera is hung around his neck, or strapped to his body, and the film is exposed by the man touching a



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PHOTOGRAPH OF CALIFORNIA CONDORS, THE RAREST
BIRDS IN THE UNITED STATES

button, which sets a tiny compressed-air motor to going. Thus the operator's hands are left free for an emergency, such as defending himself against the attack of the mother and father bird, for maintaining his position by clutching the rope, or for holding himself away from the face of the precipice.

It is not an uncommon thing to find a photographer who has spent years in taking a single film of a somewhat difficult subject. An example of this kind is an English woman who was two and a half years in making a thousand feet of film illustrating the life of the moorhen, which included the mating, the building of the nest, the laying of the eggs, and the hatching and rearing of the young.

Another moving-picture photographer journeyed to the Arctic regions, and was frozen in for two years, simply to obtain a good film of the life and habits of the polar-bear. The search took him far across the ice-fields, with his outfit packed on a dog-sled; and before his return to civilization he suffered great hardships, and several times almost lost his camera and valuable films.

When I finally had the good fortune to meet Mr. Dugmore in New York, at one of the big hotels, he gave me, as I had hoped he would, some very interesting tales of photographing wild

animals of the most ferocious and formidable kind.

"I think," said Mr. Dugmore, as he thoughtfully stroked his Van-dyke beard with a lean, brown hand, "that perhaps no class of pictures makes such an appeal to the imagination as the studies of wild animals in their native haunts. To steal up close to lions, tigers, and elephants demands dauntless courage on the part of the camera-man, and great skill in manipulating the instrument, as well. The old circus 'thriller,' in which the trainer entered the lions' cage, was a simple performance by comparison. The photographer must resort to the most extraordinary devices in his work if he is to 'come home with the bacon,' and he must never think of growling if he has to wait several months to get a single picture he wants.

"Whether a man carries along an ordinary camera or a moving-picture outfit, long and expensive journeys must be made in India or Africa to get these pictures of the jungle beasts. The wild animals' haunts, of course, lie far off the ordinary lines of travel, and the jungles must be traveled on horseback or afoot in order to reach them. With the aid of native runners the game must be stalked with the utmost care, for those animals have such a keen scent that it is impossible to get near enough to photograph them if

you are down-wind from them. I know one ingenious fellow who deceived the jungle animals by concealing himself on a self-constructed floating island, which appeared to be merely a mass of boughs drifting with the stream. His camera was set up on a stout floating base which took the place of a tripod. On the first trial the game was frightened away by the clicking of his motion-picture camera. He removed the film, and for five weeks thereafter ground the empty camera whenever the animals came near. Finally they got used to the noise, and paid no attention to it. Then he quietly replaced his film, and two weeks later went away with a wonderful series of pictures."

"What sort of a camera do you use in your jungle work, Mr. Dugmore?" I asked.

"The best kind of a camera, as I have found it, is the long-focus reflex type. Equip such a camera with a convertible lens of high speed, also with a telephoto lens for auxiliary use, and you have an ideal outfit. Either plates or films may be used, although I have a preference for the latter on account of their lightness and unbreakable nature."

"Would you mind stating what prompted you to make your first trip into the jungle?"

"Not at all. Glowing tales told by my brother, who made a march from Mombasa to

Uganda, back in the late Nineties first aroused in me a desire to see this great animal paradise. Later, Schillings's book, *Flashlights in the Jungle*, appeared, and I saw photographic proof of what I had heard and read. I made up my mind to start for British East Africa just as soon as I could acquire a little more knowledge in the difficult subject of wild-animal photography, in which I had become passionately interested to the neglect of my gun. I realized practice alone could give this knowledge. For several years I had hunted in the forests of eastern North America, using a camera in place of my rifle, and I continued my practice with the camera up to within two weeks of my departure for Africa. Since I could not buy an instrument which seemed suitable, I devised several. Armed with the best of these, and a complete outfit for developing my pictures in the field, also an elaborate flashlight outfit operated by electric batteries, I left New York toward the end of November, as happy over my prospects as a boy looking forward to a trip to the circus.

"A short stay in England enabled me to complete certain details of my outfit. When I arrived at Nairobi, the outfitters with whom I had arranged for my trip met me at the station, and I received permission from the authorities to take pictures on the Reserve, an immense tract cov-

ering ten thousand square miles; but I was given to understand that I was not to kill any animal except in self-defense, as gunning was unlawful. Guided by the advice of my outfitters, I made up a small 'safari,' or party, of twenty porters, a headman, a cook, a camera-bearer, and a Masai guide. My wife and two boys were also along. The train took us as far as Kiu.

"We camped not far from the station, and enjoyed our first night under canvas in tropical East Africa. Never were any foreigners more surprised at the conditions. We had imagined there would be countless insect pests and suffocating heat, instead of which the February night was cool and refreshing as an early autumn night at home. What seemed more surprising, there were no insects of any kind to annoy us. We sat outside watching the big clear moon, and wondered at it all. Was this an exceptional night? or could we expect such superb conditions to prevail throughout our trip? We found out later on that hot nights were almost unknown, and insect pests so rare that we were only bothered with them for a very short spell toward the end of the rainy season.

"It was not long before we got into the game country in earnest. We saw plenty of zebra, wart-hogs, ostrich, fringed-ear oryx, some Grant-gazelles, and Thomson's-gazelles, giraffe, harte-

beest, impala, and a few rhinoceros. One afternoon we arranged two flashlight cameras near one of the water-holes along the Olgerei River. Early next morning we visited them—to find that they had been sprung by some nocturnal birds which we were not especially desirous of taking.

“This was the beginning of a long series of flashlight trouble, and we finally gave up all attempts at having animals take their own pictures at night near water-holes, as such endeavors were thwarted by the meddlesome birds.

“After getting some very good pictures of zebra, we broke camp on February 9th and started back toward Kiu, taking a new route. We had proceeded less than a mile, and were going through some rather high grass when my Masai guide, who was leading, stopped with great suddenness, and said in a low voice, ‘Kifaru!’ This means *rhinoceros*. Sure enough, not twenty yards in front of us lay a large rhinoceros. He was fast asleep, his big gray-brown back showing plainly above the waving grass.

“For some unaccountable reason or other we had not loaded our guns that morning, and we had a strong feeling that this should now be done in the greatest haste, and before any attempt was made to take the beast’s picture. Jim Clark, my companion, began loading the shotgun with a

charge of buckshot and a ball, and then filled the cylinders of his .45-calibre revolver while my gun-bearer slipped cartridges into my powerful double-barreled .450-calibre cordite rifle.

“As they finished these provisions of safety, I carried my camera a little to one side, so as to obtain a better view of the animal in case he should awaken and charge. What ever aroused the brute I do not know, for we were very still; but no sooner had I attained my position and raised the hood of the camera to focus him than his huge body gave a heave and he was up and glaring at us.

“It seemed incredible that so large an animal could move so rapidly. But I was not to be done out of my picture; so, as the rhino rushed toward Clark with an angry grunt, I focused on him. At the same instant I pressed the release that made the exposure. My thrill of triumph was accompanied by the roar of the shotgun. Clark was trying to stop the animal with a charge of buckshot! He might just as well have shot so much sand against its tough hide. The creature came on without even hesitating.

“Seeing the futility of his first shot, Clark fired a 12-bore ball from the left barrel; then, elevating his revolver, he began firing right into the rhino's head as the animal rushed past him not six feet away.

"The brute made straight for my Masai guide, who stood quietly enough, awaiting the charge. In the meantime I was endeavoring to put a second plate in position, so that I might get a picture of the actual encounter."

I gasped at such evidence of coolness and singleness of purpose! "But, Mr. Dugmore," I said, "I should think you would have been so frightened you would have dropped your camera and used your cordite rifle."

"That would not have brought me any more pictures," he answered, with a smile. "I had come clear to Africa to get pictures, and such a wonderful pose as this one was not to be lost. Besides, I had every confidence in the ability of the native to take care of himself; and my gun-bearer would save him in a pinch, in all probability. Well, when the rhino was so close to the Masai that he could have reached out and touched its big horn, he jumped aside with wonderful dexterity, and the animal went plunging past."

"Owing to the erratic and swift movements of the animal I was unable to get it in focus immediately. Indeed, before I could do so, it had turned and was charging madly in my own direction. I now realized that if I got my second picture it would doubtless be one in which I figured as a principal instead of the Masai!

"In my hurry I did not put my plate-holder all

the way in, as I afterward found out to my great disappointment, for it was light-struck. But I got his approaching image sharp on the ground-glass, and when he was less than seven yards from me, snapped the shutter.

"Then, as quick as lightning I whipped out my revolver, and prepared to spring aside. But the agile Masai ran up at that crucial moment, and drove his long spear in the side of the rhinoceros. Then, carrying the spear with it, the animal turned from me toward Clark, who put another bullet into its head. This decided the bewildered and sorely wounded creature to leave us alone, and off it went, heading directly toward the badly terrified caravan. The wretched porters, seeing the imminency of trouble, dropped their loads and ignominiously bolted. My Masai chased the retreating animal so closely that, when it turned toward the porters, it saw its old enemy within a few yards, armed with a long knife. That was too much for the rhino, which forgot all thoughts of revenge and made off into the tall grass and trees."

"Did you get any lions' pictures on this trip?" I asked.

"Some very excellent ones," was the response. "Later on, when we were in the foothills of the Ithanga Mountains, our first night in camp was made interesting by the roaring of such beasts.

From every direction came the hollow, gruesome sound. This was music to our ears, for of all the animals in East Africa the lion was the one which I wanted most to photograph.

"The following day we built a thorn 'boma,'—which is a rough shelter made of the limbs of the thorn-tree, and which will temporarily ward off the attack of a lion upon the inmates within,—and twelve yards from the boma we placed the carcass of a freshly-killed zebra. Near the body two cameras and a flashlight were concealed, and when night came we entered the prickly shelter with great hope in our hearts.

"Nothing happened, however, to break the long watch—nothing except the distant roar of lions again, which at one time came quite near. The next night we were less hopeful. There was no moon; dark, heavy clouds hung low in the sky; the blackness of the hour was almost overwhelming.

"I took the first watch, and lay with my head on the ground, in order that I might be able to see any approaching animal against the very indistinct sky-line. There was scarcely any wind, so I rather hoped to hear anything that might come, even if I could not see it.

"For about two hours I had been straining both eyes and ears, when suddenly, to my astonishment, a huge lion appeared against the

murky backgrounds of the heavens. He was standing close to the carcass of the zebra when I first discovered him, and I could not understand how he could possibly have come without being seen or heard. Yet there he stood, the king of beasts, the most feared animal in Africa and the world, not twelve yards away!

"My excitement was beyond the power of words to express. As far as I could judge the big creature was staring toward the boma, and it was with a decided trembling that I reached over and whispered the startling word 'Lion!' to Jim Clark, who was fast asleep.

"Fortunately he awoke without making any noise. Leaning over me, he had his first look at the animal. Much as I wanted a photograph I felt almost afraid to fire the flash, for what should we do if he attacked us? After a flashlight goes off you can see nothing for several moments, so the lion might have rushed upon us without our observing his act, and once upon us it would be too late to offer a defense.

"We finally decided that the best plan would be for us both to shoot as I pressed the electric button. While we were getting ready for this the lion seized the zebra, and without the slightest effort turned it around. Fearing that he would carry it off beyond reach of the cameras as they were focused, we hurriedly took aim, and as I

touched the button, we both fired. The two shots rang out simultaneously with the explosion of the powerful light, but whether or not the lion was hit we could not tell in the succeeding curtain of blackness.

“But in a moment we knew he was not killed, at least; for the clearing light showed him gone. From a point about a hundred yards away he then began roaring in a manner that made us most uncomfortable. It was not long before he was joined by his mate, and the pair kept up the most frightful roars I have ever heard. Occasionally they seemed to move farther away, but they would come back again, and each time they did this we would fancy they were surely coming to pay us their respects.

“You can’t blame us for not crawling out of the boma right away to reset the cameras and flashlights. But we did this disagreeable job after a while, and then lay back in our shelter of thorns, with fingers on our guns, listening to the angry tumult out beyond. From the sounds we were presently of the opinion that other lions had joined the first two, for there appeared to be at least five of the brutes in a throaty concert. None came near the cameras, however, the remainder of that night.

“With the first gleam of dawn we started for camp, as I could scarcely wait to develop my

exposed plates. My delight was unbounded when, on examining the negatives after they had come out of the developer, I found that I had really secured two excellent photographs of this lion at a distance of twelve yards.

“In spite of the peril we had faced, my success made us eager for the day to pass, so that we could once more try our luck in the boma. But that night things did not work out well for us. Instead of a visit from lions we had to content ourselves with watching a miserable hyena, which came several times to the bait. Constantly afraid, almost trembling of limb, he would come to the carcass after much hesitation, greedily gulp down a lump of torn flesh or a mouthful of entrails, and vanish for some time before returning for another repast. The whirr of the wings of some nocturnal bird appeared to frighten him as much as the sound of lions, and when Clark and I moved a little to tantalize him, he shot away in the darkness with the speed of the wind. What a life such a cowardly creature must live! Ever afraid of his own shadow, shunned by all animals save the jackal, with whom he often associates in his filthy feasts, his hang-dog expression and skulking ways are truly symbolical of the lowest in animal character.

“The next night we were again on duty in the boma. As usual, I was taking the first watch—

lying with my head on the ground, after my fashion of the first night. Scarcely anything could be distinguished in the darkness, and I was trying to decide whether a hazy object some distance away was an animal or a bush, when I felt rather than heard some creature moving near the dead zebra. With the aid of my night-glass I made out the prowling forms of a hyena and two jackals.

“For about half an hour they remained in sight. Evidently they could smell us, and were afraid to begin their meal. Then, without any apparent reason, they vanished. It seemed probable that they had winded a lion.

“Some time elapsed, and I was beginning to think my conjecture was wrong, when I was startled by a heavy thud, and I saw that two large lions had landed on the zebra’s carcass. Evidently they had stalked the dead animal as though it were a living beast, and crouching low as they stole up, had been invisible against the sky-line, while the spring had been so quick that my eyes failed to register either its start or its progress. The stealthy and absolutely silent approach of these two big beasts through the parched grass made me realize with what ease they could stalk a man, no matter how alert he might be; and my respect for their prowess increased greatly.

"The first sound after they had landed on the carcass of the zebra was the rending of the skin, as they tore great pieces from the flank in their endeavors to get at the flesh. It was a terrible sight for one man to witness alone, and so close, out there in the open, that it made the cold chills run up and down my back till I actually shivered.

"But I meant to secure a splendid picture of the two beasts if there was any way to do it. I awoke my companion. After one look, Clark agreed with me that it would be best for us to adopt our former tactics of shooting the moment the flash was operated. Of course any degree of accuracy would be out of the question, since it was so dark we could not see the sights on our gun-barrels. But it was a sort of safeguard in lieu of something better.

"At the determined signal I pressed the electric button, and we both fired. *The flash did not go off!* Instead, there came a fierce growling and snarling, followed by the swishing of grass; and when the light grew better I saw that our lions had disappeared.

"What a dismal failure we had made of this wonderful opportunity! What could be the matter with our flash, anyhow?

"We were discussing the situation, and I was in the act of going out to the cameras to see what

was wrong, when Clark grasped my arm in a startled way. Looking in the direction he pointed, I saw a dark, moving form not more than twenty-five yards away. Was it one of the lions coming back? If so, we could only believe that it was coming for *us*. It seemed unnatural that any animal would return for any other reason, after it had been fired at only a few minutes before. We both felt a strong sense of alarm, and fingered our guns nervously.

“Turning my night-glasses toward the slowly-advancing creature I saw that it was really a lion. I found myself shivering at thought of what would have happened had I left the boma, as I had been on the point of doing.

“To our great relief, the newcomer stopped and sniffed of the body of the zebra when he came up to it. As there was no chance to photograph the lion, and there was a possibility that he might come on and attack us at any moment, Clark and I decided to shoot. We fired together, my companion using the .450 cordite and I handling the .275 Mauser.

“The combined sound of those shots was almost deafening. Then came an intense silence—a silence that was almost overpowering to our highly-wrought nerves. Had we hit the animal in a mortal place? There would have been some sound of a death struggle if we had. Had we

missed him? We ought to have heard the rushing noise of his flight, in that case.

"We waited for several minutes; then, unable to stand the suspense any longer, we crawled out of the boma, armed with an electric lamp and our rifles. It was not a particularly wise proceeding on our part, for we were inviting an easy attack should the beast be only slightly wounded or have a mate nearby; but curiosity impelled it. First we examined the cameras, finding that we had unwittingly broken one of the wires while placing shrubbery about them. Then, turning the light to the ground in the vicinity of the carcass, we were amazed to find the body of the lion—and he was stone dead! The little .275 bullet had entered his head directly between the eyes, and death had been instantaneous."

Mr. Dugmore then went on to tell me how, while he and his companion were skinning the lion the following morning, the porters arrived to carry back the blankets and other articles. Their delight was great when they found that their leader had really killed a lion of considerable size. Nothing would satisfy them but that Dugmore should be carried bodily back to camp, perched on the shoulders of first this twain and then that twain of stalwart blacks. Shouts and songs announced their approach. In camp the

skull of the lion was lugged about while the natives executed the fantastic movements of the lion-dance. Now and then the ghastly jaws of the beast were opened and closed by the negro who bore the skull, an act which always increased the violence of the chanting refrain.

IX

THE TRAPPER

TWO men, each attired in deerskin hunting shirts and coonskin caps, stood silently watching a colony of beavers industriously at work in a small stream near the headwaters of the Missouri. A pale moon lit up the work in a telling manner. It silver-tipped the thick, shiny coats of the little animals which were emerging from the water in quest of new material; and it likewise fell aslant of other busy creatures which were patiently gnawing a deepening girdle around certain desirable trees along the banks. Across the stream stretched a cunningly laced dam of trees, roots, and weeds, reinforced with clay hard-packed from many a beaver tail, and constantly growing in bulk and strength.

Behind their leafy screen, the men—John Colter and Henry Potts,—leaned on their long rifles and watched the animated scene with keen interest and sparkling eyes. Finally Colter turned to his companion with a low word, and they resumed

their journey back to camp with the same swift, velvety tread with which they had, a few minutes before, come upon the beavers at their work. Colter's voice soon broke the night quiet.

"Potts," said he, "wasn't that a sight to set a trapper's blood to jumping?"

"It sure wur," assented the shorter man, with unusual gusto. "Doggone it, Colter, we've seen rafts o' beaver ever sence we struck into this country! It well-nigh tempts an old trapper like me to up an' quit the party an' lay over hyar fur a spell. By jingo! I'd do it, too, ef I had comp'ny o' the right sort."

John Colter sprang in front of the speaker, placed a big hand on each of his shoulders, and looking him steadily in the eye, said quickly: "Henry Potts, how would *I* do fur thet comp'ny?"

"Do you mean it, John?" cried Potts, catching his breath.

"Sartin."

"Then it's a go," decided Potts; and as they continued onward they enthusiastically talked over their future plans.

All this happened away back in 1804, and the party to which John Colter and Henry Potts belonged was none other than the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark, who were exploring a route through the Rocky Mountains to the

Pacific coast. Colter and Potts, especially the former, were experienced trappers and expert woodsmen, having lived practically all their lives on the American frontier, where danger from wild animals and hostile redskins had been a daily condition. Thus far they had been of great aid to the exploring party, and it goes without saying that, when they announced their intention of remaining near the headwaters of the Missouri to trap beaver, every effort was made by their leaders and comrades to dissuade them. But their minds were set; they waved the others good-bye, wishing the expedition God-speed.

Both trappers knew, as their recent companions had pointed out, that they were running great risks in thus staying behind, for this section of the country was as rampant with hostile Blackfeet Indians as it was with fur-bearing animals—an hostility which lately had been vastly increased because Captain Lewis had shot down a thieving warrior of the tribe. But the bold spirits of Colter and Potts only arose, bristling and antagonistic, at mention or thought of human opposition to their enterprise. No fear of arrow or tomahawk would ever deter them in their cherished undertaking; nor could the obstacles of nature make them hesitate!

Using great caution, however, after they had obtained a supply of traps, the two trappers

tread the banks of the stream, maintaining a sharp lookout for Indians as they visited their locations and gathered in their rich spoils. Several times they saw passing bands of the redmen, and once very narrowly escaped detection, dropping in the bushes just in the nick of time. These experiences showed them that they must be even more cautious, so they decided to keep in concealment daytimes and resort to visiting their traps very early in the morning before the Indians would be likely to be roving about.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called the "Jefferson Fork." Into this poured a small stream, six miles up which they had recently been securing a most encouraging haul of beaver from their double-spring traps, forged on the anvil of an American frontier blacksmith. These traps were cleverly concealed in each instance in the slides of the animals, where such slides led down to the water's edge, and were fastened to a root or other natural anchorage by a small chain which the trappers were always careful to conceal by leaves and debris.

Early one morning, just at daybreak, John Colter and Henry Potts embarked in the birch-bark canoe they had finished a few days before, and began ascending the Jefferson Fork on their daily examination of their traps. Soon they

turned into the narrower stream, and paddled silently and watchfully along the northern shore, where the bank rose high and heavily timbered. Colter was in the stern, Potts in the bow. Both men were using a paddle, in long, steady sweeps, while their rifles lay ready for instant use in the bottom of the craft. Somehow each of them felt a strange presentiment that something of a perilous nature was lurking near, but beyond speaking in lower tones than usual and watching both banks with unwonted sharpness, neither trapper gave any sign of his uneasiness.

Keen as were their eyes, they failed to detect, just ahead on both sides of the high banks, scores of painted men whose own black eyes glittered behind bushes and the trunks of trees, while their owners impatiently waited for the moment when the canoe should draw nearer and their chief should give the word for the attack on the hated pale-faces.

On came the unsuspecting trappers, yard by yard, until—

Suddenly the most frightful yells and whoops burst forth from each side of the river. Simultaneously several hundred Indians appeared on each bank. One tall redskin, of markedly majestic bearing, advanced and held up a commanding hand, at which the cries ceased as quickly as

they had begun. In broken English this ferocious-looking fellow demanded that the canoe-men should immediately come ashore.

Colter and Potts saw that they were in a decidedly tight fix. They knew that it would be suicide to attempt to flee either up or down stream, for with the banks lined with savages all bearing guns or powerful bows which they knew how to use, it was manifest they could not proceed a dozen yards before some of the many missiles which would be discharged at them would find their exposed bodies.

So there was nothing to do but comply. Crestfallen and greatly disgusted with themselves for having so easily fallen into the trap, they paddled slowly toward the nearest bank. Before the canoe could be run aground, one of the impatient Blackfeet rushed out into the water up to his knees and seized the rifle of Potts, in the bow. Too late, Potts made a grab for it; the Indian plunged ashore with a yell of triumph, undoubtedly considering the gun to be his own particular trophy.

The very boldness of the savage's act incensed the fiery Colter. Forgetting all else, he drove the canoe forward after the retreating Indian with all the strength of his sinewy arms. As soon as the prow touched the grass and mud of the shoreline, he sprang past his companion, gun

in hand, and leaped upon the coppery body of the exulting Blackfoot. The latter was taken completely by surprise. He was sent staggering; the confiscated rifle was twisted out of his hands as if he had been a child with a child's grip. The next thing he knew, his white attacker was handing the rescued gun to its rightful owner.

At once Potts, seeming to forget his friend, and impelled by a sudden frantic desire to escape before it was too late, began to paddle the canoe out into the stream. This act left Colter on the edge of the bank, alone, and surrounded by a semi-circle of the enemy, all of whom showed anger at the way he had treated the member of their band who had taken Pott's gun.

But, with Potts endeavoring to escape, the attention of the savages was for the moment diverted to him. Scarcely had he begun to move out in the river when a score of arrows were discharged at him, accompanied by a chorus of excited yells. Other arrows, at the same time, were discharged by the vigilant Indians on the opposite bank.

Several of the feathered barbs struck the canoe, and one hit Potts in the shoulder, making a very bad wound. Realizing the futility of resistance, Colter now cried to his companion to come ashore and submit to capture; but Potts, driven mad by the injury he had received, paid

no heed to these importunities. Instead, he raised his gun, took aim at one of the foremost Blackfeet on the side which he had just left, and pulled the trigger. Simultaneously with the report of the firearm, the Indian gave a shriek and crumpled up, a bullet through his heart.

This was the occasion for renewed yells from the Indians—yells of the most blood-curdling kind. As the air shivered with the mad medley of sound, arrows by the score, with a few bullets, began falling around the unprotected occupant of the canoe, and in less time than it takes to tell it the poor fellow's body had become a veritable pincushion for a half-dozen accurately aimed wooden bolts.

Colter turned his back to the scene, with a shudder. Hardly had he done so than he himself became the center of attention from the irate savages, whose vengeance apparently was not yet satisfied. His own gun was seized by the very Indian from whom he had wrenched Potts's. Not yet tamed enough to permit the savage to have it in this summary manner, Colter jerked the weapon out of his hands, and with a mighty push sent the painted warrior heels-over-head into the river. His wrath appeased, he then stepped up to the tall chief and calmly presented the weapon to him.

The catastrophe to their fellow-warrior was

hugely, though silently, relished by the Indians as a whole. Their stoical bronzed faces spread, as the wet and muddy fellow scrambled ashore, and many a guttural sarcastic remark was directed his way in the next few minutes, while it was plain to be seen that Colter's intrepid act had raised him considerably in the estimation of every Indian except the victim himself.

Colter was now relieved of his long hunting-knife, stripped naked, and tied to a tree, while the savages prepared breakfast. The trapper had an understandable knowledge of the Black-foot language, and by keeping his ears open, discovered that he owed his predicament to the fact that Indian hunters the day before had stumbled upon one of his and Potts's traps, had learned by the signs that it had been set by white trappers, and had been laying in wait for them to pay a visit to the locality.

The captive was offered some broiled venison, which he ate heartily despite the ill-favored look-out confronting him. In fact he was so cool in the face of the torture which he must have known would be meted out to him before the day was over, that the Blackfeet were almost awed by his demeanor. They had had a few white captives before this, but never one quite so indifferent to his fate as this young man. They felt that had he only been born in a tepee, with a skin of their

own color, he most assuredly would have been a great and powerful chieftain.

Immediately after partaking of the meal, the Indians put out their small individual fires, and gathered around in council to decide as to the disposition to be made of the trapper. Most of their talk Colter, by reason of his proximity, could overhear. Cruel as were some of the measures advocated to be dealt out to him, he gave no evidence of sensing them. Some warriors proposed burning him at the stake; others thought he should be made to swim across the river while those on both sides used him as a target; others—the majority—favored a contest, whereby so brave a man might have a slight, *very* slight, chance of saving his life by winning.

The chief, also, was for this nobler sort of punishment. Striding up to Colter he seized him by the shoulder. In broken English he demanded: "White beaver-man, um good runner?"

Colter was too well acquainted with Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He knew that he was to run for his life—to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though he was really noted among his own kind for his swiftness of foot, he knew that it would never do to acknowledge this fact, as he would then be given less opportunity to escape. So he said, with a hopeless-appearing

shake of his head: "White beaver-man run like sick squaw; go heap bad."

As he had hoped it would do, his stratagem gained him some vantage-ground. He was led by the chief out into the plain. Four hundred yards from him stood two-score young Blackfeet warriors, the picked runners of the band, armed with spears and knives only, which they were to use if they could come within striking distance of the fugitive. Their bodies, nude except for a breechclout, shone with fresh applications of bear's grease; their faces, hideously decorated with mineral and vegetable colors, showed every confidence in the outcome.

When the chief, farther back with the rest of the Indians, hoisted a blanket on the point of his spear, John Colter crouched for the first spring of the race that should mean life or death to him. When that gay-colored blanket suddenly fell, he shot forward like a stone out of a catapult. At the same moment a tremendous yell arose from his redskinned contestants behind, and a fainter but more voluminous chorus of cries swelled up from the main body of savages.

Colter ran far differently from any "sick squaw" those Blackfeet had ever seen. He seemed to fly rather than run; in fact, he was astonished at his own speed. As it became evident to his pursuers that he was gaining on them at

every leap and bound, a cry of rage filled the air at the deception which had been practised upon them. They redoubled their efforts to overtake the white man; but still the fleet-footed Colter increased his lead.

Six miles of prairie lay ahead before he could attain the protection of the heavy timber along the boundary of the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri—a timber in whose wealth of tangle and wildness he hoped he could conceal himself once he had gained it. This was a long way to go for a young fellow running on foot for his life. How could he ever hope to make it? A single stumble—an unexpected injury to a leg—the turn of an ankle—would bring disaster; the plain, too, abounded with the prickly-pear, which wounded his feet at almost every jump.

Only by the lessening strength in the cries of those coming after him did Colter know that he was gaining on the Indian runners. He did not dare to look around lest he should lose a precious inch or two of the lead he had obtained. At first he had been in momentary dread of a thrown spear or knife reaching him, but now he was sure there was no further danger from that source if he could only maintain his gait. True, the main body of Indians might take it into their heads to give chase on their ponies, in violence of their agreement not to use such mounts, and this

thought caused the trapper much uneasiness; but he hoped for the best.

Not until he had run half-way across the plain did John Colter venture to turn his head. Then he saw something that proved rather disquieting. While the main body of the Indian runners were a considerable distance behind, with several scattered here and there between, one swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards in his rear.

Colter realized, with a sinking heart, that this redskin had gained on him from the beginning; that the Indian was really a remarkable runner, a faster man on his feet than he himself. He foresaw but one outcome: eventually the Black-feet must come up within striking distance—then what? Well, then he must either be struck down, like a pig running from slaughter, or face about and give combat to the armed warrior with his defenceless hands.

Discouraging as was the prospect, the trapper was not the kind to relinquish hope as long as breath remained in his body. Therefore, he strained himself to the utmost to increase his pace. So prodigious, in fact, were his efforts that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, staining his bare breast. He felt a sudden weakness from this hemorrhage, but his iron will-power kept him going. Sometimes he was so

faint his eyesight blurred and he ran as a blind man, but his heavy legs kept pounding away in a mechanical sort of way, carrying him nearer and nearer to the coveted fringe of forest.

When he was within a mile of the timber, he was cognizant of the fact that his strength seemed to be slowly returning instead of diminishing. Also he became aware, as his senses sharpened, that he could now hear the sound of footsteps in his rear. He had no need to look to satisfy himself whom it was. But he did look, nevertheless, impelled by a sudden intuition of immediate danger.

What John Colter saw, of course, was his Indian pursuer—the swift fellow who had been gaining on him right along, slowly, surely. But what the savage was doing just then held even greater significance for the trapper than what he had been doing. For in the Blackfeet's coppery hand, poised over his head, was the long shaft of his befeathered spear, and the wicked-looking flint point was in the final stage of its aim at Colter's back.

As quick as a flash the trapper wheeled about and dove at the Indian's legs. The Blackfeet was taken completely unawares. Before he could strike or prevent it, the white man had swept his feet out from beneath him, and he fell heavily forward, his spear sticking in the soft

ground and breaking off so that the major part of the shaft was left in his hands.

Colter acted once more with lightning-like speed. Springing forward, he pulled out the pointed section of the spear, and with a movement equally quick drove the point through the Blackfeet's greasy breast. With a gasp the savage fell back dead.

Then the trapper sped onward once more, freed at last of what seemed the greatest menace to his freedom. Looking back, a little later, he saw the other Indian runners stop to inspect their fallen comrade, heard them howl with the bitterest rage, and then saw them continue the pursuit.

Their delay, however, over the warrior he had struck down made it possible for the white man to place a still greater distance between himself and his enemies. He gained the skirt of cottonwood trees flanking the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the cool waters.

In midstream was an island, against the upper end of which driftwood had lodged in such a way as to form a natural float. Colter swam to this, dove under it, and came up near its middle, where he was able to cling and find a breathing space between two logs.

Scarcely had he secured this concealment than there appeared on the bank he had just left nine or ten of his pursuers. They spent a few mo-

ments examining his footprints on the bank, then, whooping and yelling to announce their discovery to others who were arriving, they plunged into the water and swam toward the island. Through the chinks in his refuge, Colter saw them search the entire island, sometimes passing within a few feet of him. Then others went on to the opposite shore, to look for possible tracks there; but returned presently to announce that their recent captive could not have touched that side at all and must either be on the island or have drowned in his attempt to swim across.

With his heart in his throat, Colter now witnessed another and a closer search of the island. Indians passed and repassed the collection of driftwood shielding him; one redskin even stepped out upon one of the larger logs, and kicked some of the refuse aside with his foot; but the trapper was then completely immersed and well screened under another portion of the floating debris. He thought his charged lungs would surely burst before the Indian stepped off; but he did not stay long, and the fugitive was able once more to get a breath of fresh air.

Fortunately, none of the searchers seemed to think that the trapper could be in so unlikely a place as under the driftwood, with only his nose sticking above water. So, when the last search failed to reveal him, or any trace of him, they

must have considered that he had given up his life to the river itself, for by nightfall they went away and he saw them no more.

John Colter then dove again, and this time came up in the open water beyond the débris. Half swimming and half floating, he worked his way down stream with the current for a little way, following which he gained the bank. He was so chilled and tired out that, in spite of the danger of discovery attendant upon it, he determined to make a little fire. Without a shred of clothing, without a match or any other possession helpful to the process, this idea of Colter's might well be considered an idle and hopeless one. But he was a most versatile wood-craftsman; therefore, in a very short space of time he had gathered some dry balsam sticks which he ground down to shape on sharp river stones until they were fairly efficient fire-making implements. A bow was made from a broken green limb, but he was considerably put to it to fashion a thong for it, which was finally done by using the bark of a very tough vine. A little inner bark of the root of a dead cottonwood, finely shredded by pounding between two stones, made good tinder. Colter spun his crude drill swiftly and steadily with the bow; smoke soon began to rise from the hearth-piece as a result of the friction; presently the fine tinder broke into

a spark, and then, by careful nursing and blowing, the trapper had a little flame springing up. To this he added heavier tinder, then fine dead twigs followed by broken branches.

Colter regarded his fire with that sense of triumph every Boy Scout feels upon acquiring his first blaze by a similar primitive method. But this man had performed the trick under far greater difficulties. If he had had a knife in his possession, or a rawhide thong, how much easier of accomplishment the job would have been! Now, with a sigh of relief, he stretched out beside his cheerful blaze, basking in its radiated heat and comfort until he finally succumbed to sleep.

The next morning, alone, naked, without gun, food or canoe, in the midst of an unbounded wilderness, John Colter awoke to face a prospect none too bright. His only chance for any real relief lay in his reaching a trading-post of the Missouri Fur Company, which was situated on a branch of the Yellowstone River many miles away. Even should he elude the numerous roving bands of savages, days must elapse before he could hope to reach this post, days during which at times, unless he provided himself with some sort of garments, he must traverse considerable stretches of prairie, his naked body exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day and the chills

of a shadowed earth by night, while his unprotected feet must stand the lacerations of countless cutting things of the forest and plain. Though he might see game in abundance around him, he had no means of acquiring it, and for food he must depend largely upon roots and berries.

Defiant of all these difficulties, thanking his Creator that he was still alive to meet them and not dead like poor Potts, Colter pushed resolutely forward, guiding himself in his trackless course by those signs and indications known only to Indians and backwoodsmen. As he progressed, he managed to fashion for his body a very crude covering, which he formed by lacing together, with pliant vegetation, various sections of birch-bark. He even captured some trout with a rough spear made from a needlelike bone taken from the leg of a deer's skeleton which he found where the wolves had stripped it of flesh. And after braving dangers and hardships enough to break down the spirit of anybody except that of a western pioneer, he arrived safely at his destination, startling the inmates of the trading-post with the incongruity of his garb.

The skins of animals were the first materials used by mankind for clothing. Before Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden

they furnished themselves with garments made from the soft, velvety, tanned coats of wild beasts. In the eleventh century furs had become fashionable throughout Europe. Later, extravagance in the use of furs had grown to such an extent that Louis IX had *746 ermines made into a lining for one of his surcoats*. In these times the use of the choicer furs—such as sable, ermine, gris, and Hungarian-squirrel—was restricted to the royal families and the nobility, to whom they served as distinctive marks and badges of rank.

In our own country the early settlers of the northern provinces soon learned the value of the furs of the numerous animals which peopled the extensive rivers, lakes, and forests, of these vast territories. They collected the skins in eagerness, and found an increasing demand for them as immigration from the mother country increased. Trinkets, liquors, and other articles sought for by the native tribes, were shipped from Quebec, and from there up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, which soon became the great trading-post of the country. English capital grew interested, and many influential and wealthy Britons connected with the government of Great Britain—among them Prince Rupert and Lord Ashley—finally obtained from King Charles a charter of incorporation giving them

full trapping and trading rights of the wilderness in the neighborhood of Hudson Strait, extending from Hudson Bay westward to the Pacific, and northward to the Arctic Ocean, excepting that occupied by the French and Russians.

Thus was organized the famous Great Hudson Bay Company, which even to-day is still one of the largest fur-trading organizations on the globe. The annual shipment of furs is something amazing, going to all parts of the world through the central mart at London, where sales take place in March and September of each year. The United States itself uses close to 200,000 mink skins and 800,000 muskrat skins every year, to say nothing of lesser quantities of the furs of the silver-fox, the red-fox, the wild-cat, the raccoon, the marten, the mink, the beaver, the opossum, the fisher, the muskrat, the skunk, the rabbit, the squirrel, the lynx, the otter, the wolverine, the badger, the bear, and the wolf. Of these the silver-fox pelt is the most valuable, averaging \$100, and is greatly sought after by the trappers. "Bunny" brings the least price of all, with an average of three cents per skin.

To be a clever and successful trapper, much more is required than is generally supposed. The mere ability of a person to set a trap ac-

according to printed directions sent out with it by its manufacturer, forms but a small part of his proficiency in the art. Unless he enters deeper into the subject, and learns something of the nature and habits of the animals he intends to catch, his traps will be set in vain, or, at best, will meet with only indifferent results.

The study of natural history becomes here a matter of the utmost importance, bringing to the trapper not only a wealth of unceasing interest and pleasure, but an increased revenue in dollars and cents. Unless he thoroughly acquaints himself with the habits and whims of his intended victims, the cunning and sagacity of the animals will often outwit his shrewdest judgment. The sense of smell, so acutely present in most all wild creatures, becomes one of the trapper's most serious obstacles to contend with; at times this function really seems to be supernatural, so unfailingly does it manifest itself under the most unpromising of conditions.

The skilled trapper in all cases avoids touching the trap with his bare hands, as a means toward baffling the animal's scenting ability. On the other hand, the average amateur will set and reset his traps in vain, and finally retire from the pursuit in disgust, from the mere want of observing this rule. Animals of keen scent are quick to detect the slightest odor, and to

such animals the human skin leaves a strong and unmistakable trace which they can smell several feet away. A pair of clean buckskin gloves, worn by the trapper, will generally effectually prevent the leaving of human scent when setting traps.

In the art of trapping, the bait is often entirely dispensed with, the traps being set and carefully concealed in the runways of the various animals sought. These by-paths are easily detected by an experienced trapper, for they are indicated either by footprints or other indisputable evidences of the species, such as gnawed bits of bark or roots, the width and locality of the spoor, and so forth.

Natural channels, such as hollow logs or crevices between rocks or fallen trees, offer excellent situations for steel traps, and a good trapper is always on the *qui vive* for such chance advantages, thus saving himself much time and labor which would otherwise be spent in the building of artificial enclosures and lead-ways.

The most effective baits are those which are used to attract the animal through its sense of smell rather than through its vision. These baits are known to the profession as "medicine" or scent-baits, and possess the most remarkable power of attracting the different species from great distances, and leading them almost irresist-

ibly to any desired spot untainted with a human presence. Among these medicine-baits are the barkstone or castoreum, of great value in catching beaver; the oil of anise, used as a general dope; fish oil, much in vogue for treating bait left for water animals; musk, used in taking otter and muskrat; and oil of skunk, a powerful scent attractive to almost all woods animals.

When the trapper sets a line of traps, he usually establishes what he is pleased to term a "trail." This is nothing more nor less than a scented course along the ground, from trap to trap, or several trails radiating outward from a certain trap, over which has been drawn a piece of meat, a dead fish, or a chunk of wood, which has previously been copiously treated with the medicine. Some trappers accomplish this result by smearing the scent upon the soles of their boots instead of using a string or rope and the afore-mentioned kinds of drags; then, when they walk along, the scent is left upon the leaves, dirt, twigs, rocks, and grass upon which they have trodden.

The first thing to be considered by the trapper when he plans a winter's campaign is the selection of the trapping-ground, and he usually finds it most desirable to choose a locality where travel by water can be resorted to as much as possible. Otter, mink, beaver, and muskrat are

among the most desirable game for him, and as these are all amphibious animals, a watered district is therefore much to be preferred. Lakes, ponds, and streams, bordered by wild woods in sparsely settled portions of the country, are the best possible grounds for general trapping, and the mountain lakes are especially good.

The trapper generally attends to the building of his cabin before the trapping season commences in October. He makes his shanty as weatherproof as possible, cuts up a good store of dry wood for the stormy days of winter, and piles it either inside the main structure or in a lean-to adjacent to it; sees that a good water supply is available; stocks up with warm clothing, traps, and provisions, not forgetting snowshoes; and last, but not least, constructs himself a good boat if he has not purchased one and brought it into the region. This craft may be either a birchbark, canvas, or cedar canoe; a homely dug-out, or the French lumberman's bateau, according to his choice as influenced by the nature of the watercourses he means to traverse.

Often the route of the trapper extends as much as fifty miles, and along this course he may lay as many as 150 traps, usually of the regulation steel type, although he often resorts to such made-on-the-spot devices as dead-falls and twitch-ups to accomplish his ends. The steel

traps are equipped with two jaws, smooth or toothed as required, and are of varying spreading capacity, reaching all the way from four inches in the No. 1, for muskrat and similar small animals, to sixteen inches in the No. 6, for large bear. Weighted down with his burden of traps and other paraphernalia, a trapper often carries as much as sixty pounds. But he seldom traps alone. From two to four make up the average trapping party, one member generally being left behind in camp to take care of valuable equipment and furs stored there.

Although it is not universally known, the United States Government and the authorities of every game-bearing State are very extensive trappers—not individually, of course, but through their scientific organization of wild-animal hunters and trappers. And, as I have already stated in the chapter dealing with *The Big-Game Hunter*, Uncle Sam takes the life of wild game with an entirely different purpose than the ordinary trapper. Where the typical trapper catches animals with the sole idea of profit derived from the sale of furs, Uncle Sam and the State catch with the intent of destroying pests injurious to the farmer's poultry, livestock, and crops. The pelts thus taken, as befits any progressive and economic great country like our own, are afterward sold, the proceeds often an-

nually amounting to more than \$100,000, an amount which, applied to the cost of maintaining the enterprise, is certainly not to be lightly considered.

The U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey has close to five hundred hunters and trappers, under salary, whose sole duty it is to hunt and trap predatory wild animals on Government property. In all the National Forests many of these hardy, skilful fellows are to be found, not only in the winter but also in the summer, for it is primarily the animal they want and not its pelt. Coyotes form the bulk of their catch, with wildcats next, and wolves third. Just imagine seeing 27,000 coyotes cooped up in one pen! Of course nobody ever did, but that figure represents the number of such animals killed last year by Government hunters and trappers.

The menace of predatory animals is, of course, concentrated in a few western and northern States, but the rodents—such as prairie-dogs, ground-squirrels, jack-rabbits, rats, and mice—know no State boundaries; they are everywhere, and the killing of these pests is, therefore, of even greater importance than the more dramatic business of annihilating wolves and “bobcats.”

State hunters and trappers operate under the game-warden of the commonwealth, bearing no responsibility to the Federal department. They

are paid by the State to trap within their own boundary, and money derived from the sale of furs goes toward the upkeep of the work. In Michigan last year a small party of State trappers under "Ping" Foster spent the winter on Isle Royal, a game preserve in Lake Superior, and when they came out in May they had to their credit 27 wolves, 67 lynx, 50 mink, 50 fishers, 2 foxes, and 1 marten.

No feature of this quest of the Government trappers after predatory animals is more exciting than the chase of the timber-wolf, that gaunt creature of the primeval forest whose teeth are as sharp as needles and whose cunning is unsurpassed by any animal excepting the wily fox himself. His cousin, the prairie-wolf, while smaller, is also a formidable antagonist when cornered or encountered in a pack of his own kind. In the early days this wolf hung on the flanks of the buffalo herd in great numbers, tearing open the jugulars of the old bulls, the strays, and the calves. Now, with the buffalo of the plains, a picture of the past, both types of wolves have turned their attention to the domestic animals of mankind, becoming a veritable nuisance. Although greatly reduced in numbers, there is scarcely a wild stretch of timber anywhere in the country that does not harbor one or more bands of these marauders ready to

pounce out upon the first helpless man, woman, child, cow, sheep, pig, or chicken, which they can find. Indeed, their appetite for beef is so enormous that the Biological Survey estimates it costs as much as \$1,200 a year to let every one of them stay alive. Under such conditions can we wonder that the Nation and State put a bounty of \$25 or more on every wolf scalp? Even where only one lone wolf is left in a vicinity it is as bad for the residents as one lone small-pox germ; for it has been discovered that in such cases the solitary wolf steals a march on civilization by mating with a dog and raising a litter of wolf-dogs, which are just as destructive as pure-bred wolves and sometimes much worse.

As an instance of what an injurious force to civilization the wolf is, I will refer to the story told me a short time ago by "Hank" Williams, of Custer, South Dakota. Hank is one of the most experienced trappers the Biological Survey has in its employ, and has nosed about the fields, forests, valleys, streams, lakes, and hills of his native State until he knows its physical and mammal characteristics from A to Z. When I asked him how it was he came to catch the famous "Custer wolf," which for nine years had terrorized the four-legged members of the ranches for a hundred miles around Custer, and had baffled the owners and trappers until they

were almost in a state of despair, he laughed modestly and said:

"I reckon you been readin' the newspapers about that old wolf! Huh? Well, my friend, they got matters twisted a bit, like they gen'ly do; but I've got the time right now, an' if you'll jest take it easy in that rockin' chair Betty has pushed out fer you, while I fuss with this oil-can and rusty trap hinge, I'll tell you the real facts in the case.

"Y'know, we're right in the heart of the Black Hills here, an' the rugged nature of the ground, coupled with plenty of timber, makes a capital hidin'-place for wolves. In years gone by they used to hide away in the rocks an' undergrowth of the wooded heights, and in the caverns along the gullies, and swoop down of a night in big packs, square onto the settlers' livestock, gettin' a whoopin' fine pickin' whenever they chose. Sence those days combined efforts of the stockmen and trappers have cut down their ranks, but there's still a considerabl' lot of the varmints left to make life a burden around the ranches, an' it's my pa'ticklar business to see that this burden grows less every year.

"As a rule, the wolves hit here and there in random sort of fashion. At heart they are cowards, an' will rarely approach very close to a ranch-house, preferrin' to make their killin's

out of hearin' of it. But about nine year ago it was noticed that sheep and cattle was being mauled very close to habitations sometimes, an' when Smith over here an' Jones over there begun to report killin's of the same kind—throats torn and gashed in the same way, with evidence that not more than one or two creatures could 'a' been engaged in the job—folks took notice an' said as how it must 'a' been done by the same wolf, an' as how he was one of the boldest and fiercest they had ever found the tooth-marks of."

"Was this wolf never seen at that time?" I asked.

"Not fer awhile, but he was a little later. A couple of cowboys, rushin' out when they heard the bellows of their frightened cattle one night, saw a huge gray wolf, the biggest they had ever seen, go scampering away from a dying cow on the edge of the herd. They fired, but missed. A few months later this same chap, the 'Custer wolf'—he was called that because he seemed to hang so persistently about the town itself—was seen by another cowboy, as Mister Wolf was finishing a feast of beef. This time a mighty good shot was afforded, an' the cowboy was a crack man with a rifle, too. He got in two shots with his repeating Winchester; but that darned wolf sprung away as if the gun had not been turned his way at all!

"It was the same old story when other fellers got a glimpse of him in the months an' years that followed. Every one of 'em swore, after a fruitless bang or two at his vanishing form, that he bore a charmed life an' would never be killed by a bullet. Trappers that trailed him, that shot at him, that set out traps an' poisoned meat fer him, only come back home with long faces, and said he was still at large. They begun to side in with the ranchmen and range-riders an' say he was the cutest old wolf they had ever seen, an' that they was of the opinion he had come from a matin' of wolf an' mountain-lion, he was so big, crafty, an' bold.

"One day the next fall a trapper named Ben Trunkley, while out in the hills lookin' for the the old codger, suddenly run on him with his mate, which, to Ben's astonishment, proved to be a docile-lookin' mountain-lion. Ben ups with his gun, an' got in a shot at the mountain-lion, the wolf bein' too fast fer him. He knew he hit the lion because he trailed her some distance by the drops of blood she left behind, but he didn't find her.

"Two years later, while still on the trail of the Custer wolf, he found a mountain-lion dead one morning. It had eaten a piece of poisoned meat that Ben had put out for the big wolf. As there was unusually large wolf tracks about the place,

intermixed with the lion's, an' as he found an old bullet wound in the flank of the dead animal, he was reas'nably sure he had settled fer the old wolf's mate if he had not fer the wolf itself."

"Did the wolf ever take another mate?" I inquired.

"I reckon not; at least he was never seen with a mate after that," said the trapper. "But her loss did not seem to dampen his malicious spirit any; fact is, if anything, it seemed to make him more bitter toward the belongin's of the ranchers, fer there was not a week passed durin' the next four or five year that did not bring in some report of his depperdations. Everybody wondered at his craftiness. The Gover'ment declared he had killed more than \$25,000 worth of livestock. He would be here one night, suckin' the life-blood from the throat of a sheep or cow, an' the next night he would get credit fer doin' the same sort of trick fifty miles the other side of the Hills. Range-riders an' ranchers said there was no use shootin' at a phantom that the devil protected, an' when they would hear the Custer wolf's ghoulish an' sinister wail in the dark hours of the night, as he scented a fresh victim, they'd finger their belts in a helpless an' terrible nervous sort of way. Once stockmen thought they had located him. They called a round-up. But that wily wolf escaped. He

didn't always kill to eat, either. His lust fer blood got to be as bad as a sheep-killin' dog's. He'd slaughter an' mutilate, it 'pears like, jest fer the ornery fun o' doin' it—lots o' times. Cattle an' sheep would be found alive with a leg broken, an ugly tear in their flanks, an eye gouged out, a tail chewed off. Kids was afraid to go an' come from school; mothers frightened their children into obedience by sayin' the Custer wolf would get 'em if they was naughty any longer. Their dads jest nacherally toted a gun along whenever they went out at night. The price on that wolf's head was raised from \$100 to \$500, an' the stockmen that posted it said they'd gladly pay it to the first chap that could bring in the Custer wolf's scalp."

"And all this time you were—where, Mr. Williams?" I put in.

The trapper laughed, and looked up a moment from the trap upon which he was working. "Where was I all this time?" he repeated. "Well, my friend, I didn't have a chance to make a fool o' myself like the rest of 'em did! You see, I happened to be with the boys over on the French fighting-front while all this was goin' on, an' I only knew about it in letters from home. But somehow I jest couldn't feel that that wolf bore a charmed life an' was a favorite of the devil, even if he did cut up as bad as the Old One

himself, an' so I jest ached to get back an' have a fling at the animal with my own traps, or a square shot with my trusty Newton rifle."

"According to the newspapers you got that chance," I commented, with a smile.

"So I did. It came around as soon as I was mustered out of service. Then Uncle Sam offered me a new job—that of hunter and trapper right here in my own State. It was the very kind of work I wanted, an' I could 'a' shouted with joy. I came back here a full-fledged trapper, with orders from the Government to get that troublesome wolf at any cost.

"That was in March, 1920. You might think it would be a hopeless sort o' task to find a lone wolf in a big an' unbroken wilderness such as lays around these parts, an' it would be to the ordinary man; but when a feller knows their ways an' the sort of haunts they lean to, it ain't nowise so hard if he has plenty o' time at his disposal, an' I had that, because the Gover'ment told me to put in every blessed minute a-huntin' that scallywag.

"The first thing I did was to clean up my rifle and a bunch of No. 5 steel traps. Then I scented my shoes, to remove the human odor, and set out to lay my traps in the most likely-lookin' spots. In selectin' these places I worked on the theory that a wolf usually travels in a

circle not greater than 150 miles, an' that he never kills twice in succession in the same locality. I didn't place any poisoned bait, fer the very good reason that I knew such a crafty old geezer as this chap had long ago learned to tell it by a single whiff. An' I was very careful in handlin' my traps, too. As I set each one I stood on a calf-hide, an' handled it with blood-soaked gloves.

"In spite of my precautions with the traps, it remained for my eyes to catch their first glimpse of the Custer wolf in another place than in one of my steel-jawed contraptions. A couple of weeks later, I traced him by signs into the Pelgar Mountains, an' found he had cleared out two old wolf dens an' made himself a new one, which ran fifty feet back under the hill. Campin' near this spot, I kept very quiet, an' watched every day fer him to emerge or enter.

"On April 1st I sighted him, only to find that the clever old rascal had enlisted two coyotes as guards, one traveling on each of his flanks an' keepin' all the way from a hundred to two hundred yards away from him. This maneuver made it impossible fer me to get close enough to shoot the wolf without alarming his attendants. I saw I was baffled—at least fer that time. But I determined to start the ball a-rollin' fer another meetin' which might be under more fa-

vorable circumstances if I worked things right. So I drew a bead on the coyote nearest me. At the crack of my gun, the animal gave a yelp, leaped in the air, an' came down never to rise again.

"You know what happened next. The wolf gave a few lightning-like bounds and vanished in the brush ahead, likewise the coyote on the far side of me. But I was tolerably well satisfied. The next time, I told myself, I would either get the other guard or the old tartar himself. If I didn't get the wolf then, why the third time I would have him at my mercy—unless he renewed his coyote protectors.

"It was almost a week later before I saw the wolf once more, an' as the plaguey luck would have it of course I was on the side occupied by the surviving coyote. I tried to work around the animal, but in doing this made a little noise. With a warning yelp to her lord she started to dash away, but I was too quick fer her and laid her out with a bullet through the head.

"After that the wolf deserted his den, cunning old codger that he was. Fer a time I saw him no more. But twice during the month of May I found traps which I was sure he had sprung. July 3d, to my unbounded admiration, I discovered that he had *laid down* upon one of them in a gully—fer all the world as if to tan-

talize me. The act had sprung it, prob'ly as he intended, an' had clipped a little wisp of his gray hair from his haunches, which I accepted in the spirit it was sent. I was baffled, but his clever tricks amused me to the core. Sometimes I felt as if so crafty a beast really deserved to be left to live.

"But then he scuttled out of the vicinity like the gray phantom he was, and when reports commenced to come in about his ruthless killings in new places in the county, I got hard-hearted again an' recalled my orders from headquarters to bring in his scalp at any cost.

"In August he was back ag'in, an' pulled the old stunt on me of springin' one o' my traps by sprawlin' his big body on the pan. I kin imagine him laughin' to himself each time he done that."

"He must have had a humorous streak in his make-up as well as a most sagacious one," was my comment.

"You're right there, friend; old Custer surely did, to judge from his actions. But his time was close; those were some of his last didoes. About the middle of September, usin' every bit of craft I could muster, I set a new line of traps in a section o' the hills I expected him to frequent next, spendin' long hours at the job an' fussin' over trivials as I had never thought o'

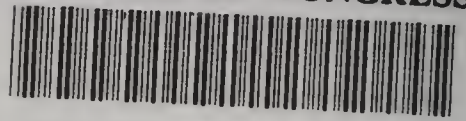
fussin' before. It told. I plodded along one mornin' to find one of the traps gone. I had weighted it down with the customary 'drag' attached to the chain,—you know trappers don't dare to secure a trap to an immovable object in taking big game, or the animal will gnaw off a leg an' escape,—an' in this case I had used a five-foot section of cottonwood bole. The ground was all mussed up around where the trap had been. I was proper excited, fer I was sure when I found the trap I would also find the long-sought wolf.

“When I had proceeded along the trail, marked by drops of blood an' a general disturbed condition of dirt an' grass an' moss, fer perhaps a hundred an' fifty yards, I came to a lacerated windfall root on which the drag had caught. There it was, with all the chain attached; but the wolf had managed to break the swivel an' go on with the trap.

“It was the same old story ag'in—always escapin'. But maybe, thought I, I would get him yet. As long as the trap itself was attached to his foot or leg, there was ground fer hope. So on I went once more, followin' the trail. Would you b'lieve it, I tracked that varmint through gully an' over hill fer a full three miles before I sighted him! The minute he saw me he stopped, an' made a frantic effort to gnaw off

the foot that the trap had gripped; but I was too quick for him. My old Newton went to my shoulder; it barked, and the Custer wolf keeled over at last. I found that he was not near so big as folks had imagined in the distortion of their fears—not as big as even I had imagined. Fact is, he was a little smaller than the average wolf, weighin' only ninety-eight pounds. An' he was an old wolf, too. The fur at the ruff of his throat was snow-white. But gee-whillikens, mister, that boy was a superbly-formed fellow! As I turned him over with my foot I did not wonder that he had performed such feats of destruction and sagacity as he had done during the last nine years of his life."

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